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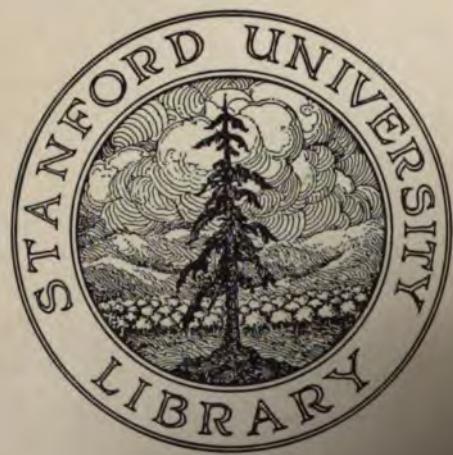
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DHE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
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VOLUME THE FOURTH



EDWARD

VENT GARDEN



SHANGHAI DOCUMENTATION

THE
VIRGIN
MARTIR,
A
TRAGEDIE,
AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS

times publickely Acted with great
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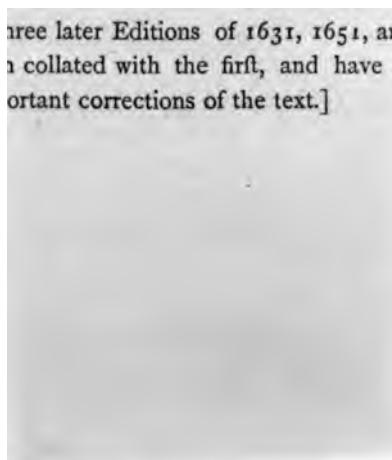
By the seruants of his Majesties Reuels.

Written $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Phillip Meffenger and} \\ \text{Thomas Dekker.} \end{array} \right\}$



LONDON,
Printed by B. A. for Thomas
Jones. 1622.

three later Editions of 1631, 1651, and 1661 collated with the first, and have supplied important corrections of the text.]





The Actors names.

D*ioclesian,* } Emperours of Rome.
Maximinus, }
A King of *Pontus*.
A King of *Epire*.
A King of *Macedon*.
Sapritius, Governor of *Cæsaria*.
Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians.
Sempronius, Captain of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antoninus, sonne to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.
Harpax, an euill spirit, following *Theophilus* in the
shape of a Secretary.
Artemia, daughter to *Dioclesian*.
Caliste, } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Christeta. }
Dorothea, The Virgin-Martyr.
Angelo, a good spirit, seruving *Dorothea* in the habit of
a Page.
A Brittish-Slave.
Hercius, a Whoremaster, } Seruants to *Dorothea*.
Spungius, a Drunkard. }
A Priest to *Jupiter*.
Officers and Executioners.





THE Virgin Martir.

Actus primus. Scene 1.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to *Cæfarea* to night ?
Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theophilus. The Emperour in person ?

Harpax. Do I live ?

Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange the marches of great
Princes,

Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are step by step observ'd ; and loud tongu'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment :
And were it possible fo great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be fo near ;
The Governour cannot be fo unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret means, he shoud have notice
Of *Cæfars* purpose in this ; then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.

Harpax. At your pleasure.

Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never
fail'd me
In things more difficult, but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant
from me,
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
No nor the power they serve, could keep these
Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open ; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Caliste,
Chrifleta.*

Harp. Look on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could fay this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forfaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I croſſ'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild perfwafions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and fo reclaim'd them :
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they undergone it) *afide.*
They are now votaries in great *Jupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay, the most abſtrufe ones
Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you, Hayl *Ioves Flamen* :

The Virgin Martir.

7

Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion?

Priest. And are constant in it :
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgement ;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answ're all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear daughters.

Caliste. We dare dispute against this new sprung
fect

In private or in publick.

Har. My best Lady,
Persever in it.

Christeta. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

Harp. Brave resolution :
I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I young again : to your devotions.

Har. Do —————
My prayers be present with you. *Exeunt Priest and*
Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.* ————— daughters.
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steeeld'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame :
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torn by dogs :
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unsatisfied think their torments easie.

Har. And in that, just, not cruell.

Theo. Were all scepters
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities might be cal'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,

And rooter out of Christians,

Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour,

Sapr. Keep the Ports close, and let the guards be
doubl'd,

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a fword, or in his houfe to have one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir.

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots ;
And know, when we are mercifull to them,
We to our selves are cruell.

Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.

Theop. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who, the Emperour ?

Har. To clear your doubts, he does return in
triumph,
Kings lackyng by his triumphant Chariot ;
And in this glorious vi^ctory, my Lord,
You have an ample share : for know your son,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleshd his maiden fword, and dy'd
His snowy Plumes so deep in enemies blood,
That besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know

No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head answere the forfeit.

Sap. Of his victory

There was some rumour, but it was assured,
The army pass'd a full dayes journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was so determin'd;
But for the further honor of your son,
And to observe the government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence
The Christians are purf'd, he makes his stay here:
For proof, his Trumpets speak his near arrivall.

Trumpets afar off.

Sap. Haste good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Semp. I am gone.

Exit Sempronius.

Sapritius. O I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish good Theophilus
This knowing scholler, send your fair daughters,
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty. *A lesson of Cornets.*

Theoph. Fetch them, good Harpax.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus, and Mairinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Dioclesian with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his son, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, loud shouts.

Diocle. So, at all parts I find Cœfarea
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious souldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people

Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour ;
The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd Rome to her greatnessse, and proclaim'd
her

The glorious Mistresie of the conquer'd world :)
But above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cesar*,
Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equal
To *Loves* in heaven ; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Gyants war ; whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kils
As did his thunder ; all that I have done,
Or if my strength were centupl'd could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But if in any thing I have deserv'd
Great *Cesars* smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods)
That make him what he is : my zeal to them
I ever have exprefsed in my fell hate
Against the Christian feſt, that with one blow,
Aſcribing all things to an unknown power ;
Would ſtrike down all their temples, and allows them
Nor ſacrifice nor altars.

Dioel. Thou in this
Walk'ſt hand in hand with me, my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this moſt forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cesar*,
If your imperial Majefty ſtand pleas'd
To ſhowre your favours upon ſuch as are

The boldest champions of our religion ;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choise committed ; and for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equall nearnesse to himself, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dio. What are these ?

Sap. His Daughters.

*Art. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair
ones ;*
Exceeding fair ones : would 't were in my power
To make them mine.

*Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your service else :
On these (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship ; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority :
And as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them (in the most horrid form)
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy.*

*Art. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack ?*

*Theo. I did ; but must
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father ; to help Justice
Religion slept in, under which ods
Compassion fell : yet still I was a Father ;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with stripes, spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they
would*

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pitty
On my gray hairs. Now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember, those whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrifie, were o'recome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be assur'd,
I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour where the cause commands me,
To any other; but as rocks be deaf
To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'st thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
Touching the gods, tis lawfull to descend
To human cares, and exercize that power
Heaven has confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*,
Should not with all extremities undergoe,
What can you urge to qualifie your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?

Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
And had command ore others; we confess
Our Grandfathers paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not onely to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse
The famisht mouth if it attempt to feed;
Or such whose fettters eat into their freedomes,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
The last examples to prove how uncertain
All humane happiness is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoke which now is highest
In Fortunes wheel, must, when she turns it next,

Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sefostris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery ; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madnes :
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever us'd
Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny ; scepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In scorn train'd up in base Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen : in the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Dioctre. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usefull ; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off : but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firm to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety, but to whom ? Not cowards,
Or such whose basenesse shames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Æpire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courtesie can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies : such I found you
Before I made you mine ; and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune ; had you borne your selves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easie for you : but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Æpire. Mock us not *Cæsar*.

Dioctre. By the Gods I do not.
Unloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,

To *Diocletian*, and the power of Ro
Empire. All Kingdomes fall befor
Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar*.

Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets o
And in it I most happy. Queen of f
Imperious fortune, mixe some light di
With my so many joyes to seafon then
And give them tweeter relish ; I am gi
With true felicity, faithfull subjects here
Here bold Commanders, here with new
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Ar*
My only child, whose love to me and d
Strive to exceed each other.

Ar. * I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to t
As a daughter and a subiect.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia* ;
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow
A jewel of all things to me most pretio
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee fro
The chief joyes of creation, marriage ri
Which that thou mayst with greater plea
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but
Amongst thefe Kings, forgetting they we
Or these rememb'ring not !

To match where they affect not: may my life
Deserve this favour.

Diocle. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fixe min eyes and look no farther.
But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive addition;
To raife desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatness with a Prince, that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choice is to be made, where shall I feek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Have stood next to you, that have interpos'd
Their brests, as shields of proof to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their bloud
To crown your brows with Lawrell.

Macrinus. Citherea
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

Har. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her eyes on me,
Fair *Venus* son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other;
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

Arte. Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a block when such an Angell courts thee.

Artem. I am no object to diuert your eye

From the beholding,

Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze vpon
That took not first flight from the Eagles airy,
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reurence, Lady, I behold you,
And shall do euer.

Artem. And it will become you
While thus we stand at distance; but if loue
(Loue born out of the assurance of your virtues)
Teach me to stoop so low.

Anton. Or rather take
A higher flight.

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Majestie, and with you share my beams,
Nay make you to outhine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of seruice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Ant. Refuse you, Madam, such a worm as I am,
Refuse what Kings upon their knees would sue for?
Call it great Lady, by another name,
An humble modefly, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olympus*.

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, *Antoninus*, a prov'd souldier
Is fellow to a King.

Anton. If you love valour,
As 't is a Kingly vertue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a King, there it shines brightest,
And yeelds the bravest lustre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not disgrace him that he was
Orecome by *Cæsar*; it was a victory
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did difcharge
The parts of a Commander and a souldier,

Wife in direction, bold in execution ;
You would have said, great *Cæsars* self excepted,
The world yeelds not his equal.

Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.

Epire. 'Tis a truth great Princesse,
I'le not detract from valour.

Anto. 'T was meer fortune, courage had no hand
in it.

Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good.

Sap. Spiritleſſe villain,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods
I now could kill him.

Dioce. Hold *Sapritius*, hold,
On our difpleasure hold.

Har. Why this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.

Sap. By heaven it is :
I shall think of 't.

Harp. 'T is not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay kneel not fir, I am no ravisher,
Not so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour ſafe.
Yet ſay hereafter, that thou haſt neglected
What but ſeen in poſſeſſion of another,
Will run thee mad with envy.

Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your life ſtudy to appeafe her.

Anto. Gracious Madam hear me.

Arte. And be again refus'd ?

Anto. The tender of
My life, my ſervice, not, ſince you vouchſafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me :
Pardon dread Princesſe that I made ſome ſcruple
To leave a valley of ſecurity,

To mount up to the hill of Majesty,
On which, the nearer *Love* the nearer lightening.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me ?
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, was death ? *The Fox*
When he saw first the Forreft King, the Lion,
Was almost dead with fear, the fecond view
Only a little danted him, the third
He durst salute him boldly : pray you apply this,
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Then duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia I leave you my substitute

In fair *Cæfarea*.

Sap. And here as your self
We will obey and serve her.

Diocd. *Antoninus*
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir,
Think on't ; be careful of your charge *Theophilus* ;
Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate Princes,
In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and copartner in the Empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The Kingdomes I took from you wee'l restore,
And make you greater then you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.
The anchor of the wretched, hope forsakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.

Macrin. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfeiting in the excesse of blessings,
Call their abundance want : what could you wish,
That is not falm upon you ? honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeffe, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunk in gold, and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to flarve, a painted banquet,
And no essentia food : when I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me ?
What is her love to me, Greatnes, or Empire,
That am flave to another, who alone
Can give me eafe or freedome ?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea* ;
Is she (though fair) the same day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia* ? In all their courses,
Wife men propose their ends : with sweet *Artemia*
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious :
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferiour to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near;) the Princess heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink ; your fathers fury,
Which to resist even piety forbids ;
And but remember, that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian feft, she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cherifht, and preferr'd before
All joys in *Dorothea* ; therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise,
thou art

Grofsly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
 For any man to match above his rank,
 Is but to fell his liberty : with *Artemia*
 I still must live a servant ; but enjoying
 Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,
 Rule as becomes a husband : for the danger,
 Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
 I flight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
 A Governors place upon thee, be my helper.

Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing,
 Put me unto the test.

Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
 To *Dorothea*, tell her I have worn,
 In all the battels I have fought, her figure ;
 Her figure in my heart, which, like a Deity,
 Hath still protected me : Thou canst speak well,
 And of thy choifest language spare a little,
 To make her understand how much I love her,
 And how I languish for her : Beare her these jewels,
 Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
 As to my goddes. All lets throwne behind me,
 Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
 I mean to visit her by the name of friendship ;
 No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours :
 And if my travel this way be ill spent,
 Judge not my readier will by the event. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. Turn Christian, wud he that first tempted
 me to have my shooes walk upon Christian
 soles, had turned me into a Capon ; for I am sure

now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but fit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse ; look else.

Her. But thats a kickish jade, fellow *Spungius* : have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast ? When I was a Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my cor-vetting ; a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like poulters wives, no mony, no cony.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsie-freesie tiplers, and super-naculam takers ; this *Bacchus*, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all victualing-houfes, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses, *Lansepresado* to red noses, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep scar-letted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this ?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion flinker, did I make legges to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a mans years by making these Indures ; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worse then a *Calamoothe* : when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drink a Lord ; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me : I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner flagger out of one Ale-houfe, but I reel into another : they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing chambers, jumbled together.

Her. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first Schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it fwell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon ; but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our fasting,

if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans and half Christians ; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right : the quarters of Christians are good for nothing, but to feed crows.

Spun. True : Christian Brokers, thou knowest are made up of the quarters of Christians ; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog : no, no, I am resolved to have an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistres sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hir. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Asse fellow, on which I ride to all the alms-women : what thinkest thou I have done with all this good cheer.

Hir. Eat it, and be choakt else.

Spun. Wud my asle, basket and all were in thy maw if I did : no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I sold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewedst thy self a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve & hang, or die a the pip. Our puling snotty-nose Lady sent me out likewife with a purse of mony, to relieve and release prisoners ; did I so, think you ?

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I swore they should be hanged first ; for, firra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and so I took scuruy common flesh for the mony.

Spun. And wisely done ; for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lowfie knaves, and thou to save that labour, casts it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-peecce down-ward, that white faced Monkey frights me too ; I stole but a durty pudding, last day, out of an almf-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

Hir. Wirth the durty pudding ; so he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a pagan too : the smug dandiprat smels us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he ! let him take heed I prove not his back friend : ile make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. Tis my Lady spoils the boy ; for he is ever at her tayle, and she's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book and Taper lighted ; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O ! now your hearts' make ladders of your eyes,
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches : where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language ?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your
Lady
Sent from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity ?

Ang. What way ? The Divels way, the
The way of hot damnation, way of lust :
And you, to wash away the poor mans br.
In bowls of drunkennesse.

Spun. Drunkenesse ! Yes, yes, I use to
our next neighbours man, called *Chris*,
often seen me drunk, has he not ?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh ? my c
my doings.

Ang. Avant you theeves and hollow hy
Your hearts to me lie open like black book
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my he
Hir. Or in mine ? Come amiable *A*
the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets see what sparks of wit
kindle your *Carebruns*.

Ang. Your names even brand you :
Spungius call'd,

And like a Spunge, you fuck up liquorous v
Till your foul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell ! can any drunkards legs
so far ?

Ang. For blood of grapes you fold th
food,

And staruing them 'tis murder, what's this !

Hircius your name, and Goatish is your nat
You scratch the meat out of 'em.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Hir. And she-ones for mine, we have 'em swim in sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confess, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Hir. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was co'en'd the poor ; but 'tis a common thing ; many a one that counts himself a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady ; and if you take us creeping into any of these mouseholes of sin any more, let cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who sav'd you from the tree of death and shame ?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows ; yet I hope, she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their swinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope neither my fellow
nor I am theives.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, else let
me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fish.

Dorothea. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck
their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunderbolts

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie ;
Were you both faithfull true distributers ?

Spun. Lie Madam, what grief is it to see you turn
Swaggerer, and give your poor minded rascally ser-
vants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not ; if those wretched
people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part, I'le cry
whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with so good a Lady ;
For if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians ?

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I
never

Was ravished with a more celestiall found,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art ; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary flars,
And force the wakefull Moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you :
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company :
Therefore, my most-lov'd Mistresse, do not bid
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nye me still then ;
In golden letters down I'le fet that day,

Which gave thee to me ; little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy self,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Me thought, was fild with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee my sweet boy, shew me thy parents,
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but by yon Pallace,
Fil'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven ; and, pretty Mistress,
If your illustrious Hour glasse spend his sand
No worfe then yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bleſſed day ;
We all long to be there, but lose the way. *Exeunt.*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

Mac. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theoph. Gladſt thou in ſuch ſcorn ?
I call my wiſh back.

How health and our fair Princesse lay
This night ; for you can tell ; Courtiers
That buzz all news unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courtesie ; how

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I

Theo. Once more ;

Thy head is full of Wind-mils : when do
Fill a bed full of beauty, and beelow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night ?

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No ? thou art the Manuscrip
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his se
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well fir.

Har. Honesty is some Fiend, an
hence ;

A many Courtiers love it not.

Theo. What peece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up *An*
Is broke, it runs so jarringly ? The ma
Is from himself divided ; Oh thou, the
By which I wonders fee, tell me, my *H*
What gad-fly tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That up-slinging the tail, he breaks thu

Har. Oh fir, his brain-pan is a bed
Whose flings shoot through his eye-ha

(Returning victor) be infor't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion ?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading : what (i' th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching ?

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlest *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her ruby colour : yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

Theop. And what of this ?

Har. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet : but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women do so;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffettings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, star of Court,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Theo. I now conster thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
fill'd
With *Love*s artillery, shot down at once,
To dash your Gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this ; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antoninus* foul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example _____

The. Eats through *Cæsareas* heart like liquid
poyson.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hels torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earths stage,
They would be mad till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine. Has this my hand
Set down a Christians execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures ?
And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Mafquer*
Strangle me in a dance ?

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures gainst these Christians : On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me ; to this *Dorothea*,
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
Pil'd upon Kingdomes ; there's a villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with ; I do so hate his sight,
That should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine own as I would wifh thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my businesse,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoyn'd them
To th' good of others ; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies :
Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse.

Exit.

Dor. Now fir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study
A new Arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,

There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store,
He can enough lend others ; yet much taken from
him,

The want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poornesse
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praise,
than you to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the
whitenesse

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing : could you see main armes
Make battels in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing ;
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Cesarea*, he never boasts of ;
The Sun-beams which the Emperour throws upon
him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride : no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for your friend, you sir are worthy
Of more then I will number ; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck : but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger,

Enter Antoninus.

But himself
Being come in person, shall I hope hear from you,
Musick more pleasing.

Ant. Has your ear, *Macrinus*,

Heard none then ?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chasfity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet ?
Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray sir pardon.
Ant. Good sweetnesse, you now have it, and
shall go :
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.
Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.
Ant. My true love dares not do it.
Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to Antoninus, and Gouverour of Cefarea, with him Artemia the Princeffe, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hercius.

Spun. So now, do you see ? our work is done ;
the fish you angle for is nibling at the hook, and
therefore untrus the Cod-piece point of our reward,
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our
heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your
mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much
damming neither ; I know women sell them-
selves daily, and are hacknied out for silver,
why may not we then betray a scurvy Mistresse for
gold ?

Spun. She fav'd us from the Gallows, and only

to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, weel
hang her.

The. "Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-
favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot. *Exeunt.*

Ant. Come, let me tune you ; glaze not thus your
eyes

With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glaſſ, you ſee our ſex
Do never murther propagation,
We all deſire your ſweet ſociety,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O base villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage ſweet Princeſſe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes

(Rear'd higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine,

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of
gold,
He that I love is richer ; and for worth
You are to him lower then any ſlave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So inſolent, base Christian ?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his ſervant, you ſhall boast
Y'are equal to a King.

Sap. Confuſion on thee,
For playing thus the lying forcereffe.

Ant. Your mocks are great ones ; none beneath
the Sun
Will I be ſervant to : on my knees I beg it,
Pity me wondrouſ maid.

Sap. I curse thy baſeneſſe.

Theo. Listen to more.

to which for pity such a Princeſſe
As in her hand offers me all the
Great Caſars daughter. .

Art. Slave thou liest.

Ant. Yet this

Is adamant to her, that melts to y
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog.

Ant. Perhaps

'Tis my Religion makes you knit t
Yet be you mine, and ever be you
I nere will ſcrew your conſcience f
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer,

Fret out my life with weeping at th
Would when I got thee, the high th
Had ſtruk thee in the womb.

Mac. We are betrayed.

Art. Is that your Idol, traitor, v
to,

Trampling upon my beauty?

Theo. Sirra, bandog,

Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Jupiter*
For her? our *Mars* for her? our *Sol*
A whore? a hell-hound, in this globe
Where a whole world of tortures for
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which 0
These nails shall grubbing lie f

We are both ore whelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a fouldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman ?

Ant. A woman ! a wrong'd Princesse : from such a
star
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragicall events ? My life is now
The subiect of her tyranny.

Dor. That feare is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth ; you onely dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you are dead,
There's the great fear indeed ; come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, *a guard*,
Angelo comes and is close by Dorothea.

Ar. My fathers nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength muft use ; becaufe I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou strok'st my heart,
I'le not insult on a base humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors ; but with one frown
Kill thee. Hence with 'em to execution ;
Seize him, but let even death it felf be weary
In torturing her ; I'le change thofe smiles to shrieks,
Give the fool what she's proud of (Martirdome)
In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you are, in my bosome,
Torrents so strong, that pitty quite lies drown'd
From faving this young man ; yet when I fee
What face death gives him, and that a thing within
me,
Saith 't is my son, I'm forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Art. And I deny.

Ant. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have ;
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgement, since I offer
My blood up to your anger : nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine :
Preserve this Temple (builded fair as yours is)
And *Cæsar* never went in a greater triumph,
Then I shall to the scaffold.

Art. Are you so brave, Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pittyng,
(For my part I) that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face ;
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an Eternal habitation.

Theo. *Cæsars* imperiall daughter, hear me speak ;
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry,
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cæsar*,
Build to her self a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down,
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall (on her belly) creep
To kisse the pavements of our Panim gods.

Art. How to be done ?

Theo. I'le send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no *Romans*, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Sapritius*,

Your son, and that be yours, death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rifle her estate ;
Christians to beggary brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Exeunt.

Ang. O my admired mistress ! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you : clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo*, how ist ? how ist ? what
thread spins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheel
now ?

Spun. *Comefla, comefla*, poor knave.

Hir. *Com a porte vou, com a porte vou*, my petite
garfoone.

Spun. Me partha wee comrade, my half inch of
mans flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world,
ha ?

Ang. Too well on your sides ; you are hid in
gold
Ore head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-
boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud think, that we comming forth
of the arle, as it were, or fag end of the world,
should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is
stirring.

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an asse, for
lading his own back with money, till his soul cracks
again, onely to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb
behind him ? Will not any foole take me for a wise
man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my trea-
fury, this little god with his belly full of gold ?

Spun. And this full of the same meat out of my
ambrey.

Ang. That gold wilt melt to poyfon.

Spun. Poyfon ! wud it wud ; whole pintes for healths shall down my throat.

Hir. Gold poyfon ! there's never a she-thrasher in *Cæfaria*, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it fo.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewitching her to death, who slept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easie matter to save us, she being
so well backt.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out, so she did but
part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistrefs is mine owne,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with
wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoate of her estate is unlaced I
confesse.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all
to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of siluer.

Hir. How ! a peece of silver ! if thou wert an
angel of gold, I would not put thee into white
money, unlesse I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not
a rush.

Spun. A peece of silver ! I never had but two
calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will
rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-
tokens worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, one word yet ; you now are full of
gold.

Hir. I would be forry my dog were so full of the
poxe.

Spun. Or any sow of mine of the measles either.

Ang. Go, go, y'are beggars both, you are not
worth
That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the
foles of your jests.

Ang. I'm glad I tri'd your loue, which (fee) I
want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this . . . so long as this.

Hir. Spungius, y'are a pick-pocket.

Spun. Hircius, thou haft nimb'd . . . so long as,
not so much money is left, as will buy a loufe.

Hir. Thou art a thiefe, and thou lieft in that gut
through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou lieft deeper then the bottom of mine
enraged pocket, if thou affrontst it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language ; all your gold
gone ?

Spun. Can the Divel creep into ones breeches ?

Hir. Yes if his horns once get into the cod-
peece.

Ang. Come, sigh not ; I so little am in love
With that whose losse kills you, that fee 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall share,
So you will go along with me to prifon,
And in our Mistris forrows bear a part :
Say, will you ?

Both. Will we ?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows
should part us.

Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if
we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds
past ;
Happy are men when their best deeds are last.

Spun. True Master *Angelo* ; pray sir lead the way.
exit Ang.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a Layle?

Hir. Away and shift for our selves, she'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, then catch-poles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole Jayle will not fill her belly. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus III. Scene I.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, *Priſt*, Caliste, Christeta.

Sap. Ick to the death I fear.

The. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A forceresse, *Theophilus*; my son
Is charmd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

The. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any, though the Princesse were appeas'd,
All title in her love surrendred up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unlesse my son
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe

To be his lawfull wife.

Priest. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd
The reaſon of these holy maid's will win her,
You'll find her traſtable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theo. If she refuſe it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes shrikes, the Basilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones,
And never finge the ſkin, ſhall not appear
Leſſe fatall to her into than my zeal, made hot
With love vnto my gods ; I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw backe this Apoſtata,
Which will be greater honour then her death,
Unto her fathers faith ; and to that end
Hath brought my daughters hither.

Calife. And we doubt not
To do what you deſire.

Sap. Let her be ſent for,
Proſper in your good work, and were I not
To attend the Princeſſe, I would ſee and hear
How you ſucceſſe.

The. I am commanded too,
Ile bear you company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before highneſſe. *Exit Sap.*

The. Spare no promiſes,
Perſuasions, or threats, I conjuſe you ;
If you prevail, tis the moſt glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you ;
Be conſtant and be carefull. *Exeunt Theo. & Priſt.*
Cal. We are forry

Cal. We thank you :
Our visit is for love, love to your safe
Christ. Our conference must be
therefore

Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life
Falshood and he are strangers ; had y
Been blest with such a servant, you ha
Forfouk that way (your journey even
That leads to joys eternal. In the p
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would ha
To holy mediations ; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have
Your pride being at the height, how m
And wretched things you were, that fo
Of pleasure here have made a desperat
Of all your right in happiness hereaft
He must not leave me, without him I
In this life he is my servant, in the oth
A wished companion.

Ang. Tis not in the Divel,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray y
So to receive it ; and if you rememb

To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady ?
Leaving those blessings which our gods give freely,
And show'r'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to the noblie born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb or flop, (such is our Laws indulgence,)
All happinesse forfook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreat ; and (reconcil'd
To our forlaken gods) we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. by our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy : the Christian yokes to heavy
For such a dainty neck ; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a pillar,
More precious then Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupids* Image ; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet ? are you not
Divels ?
Dare any fay so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger ?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad caufe to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houfes rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
Purſu'd and pra&ctis'd, your religious rites
O call them rather jugling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell, your foul's the prey
For which the Divel angles, your false pleasures
A ſleepe deſcent by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods,
Your gold, your silver, braſſe, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you ?
Moſt pittied women, will you ſacrifice
To ſuch, or call them gods or goddeſſes,
Your Parents would diſdain to be the ſame,
Or you your ſelves ? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Califle*, by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
To have him deifi'd to posterity,
Deſire your Father an Adulterer,
A Raviſher, almoſt a Parricide,
A vile inceſtuous wretch ?

Califle. That piety
And duty anſwer for me.

Dor. Or you *Christeta*,
To be hereafter regiſtred a goddeſſe,
Give your chaf't body up to the embraces
Of Goatish luſt, have it writ on your forehead,
This is the common whore, the proſtitute,
The miſtreſſe in the arts of wantonneſſe,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of deſires
That are immodest.

Christeta. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you ;
Shall I turn ſtrumpet ?

Dor. No I think you would not ;
Yet *Venus*, whom you worship, was a whore ;
Flora the Foundreſſe of the publick Stews ;
And has for that her ſacrifice : your great god,

Your *Jupiter*, a loofe adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister : read but those
That have canoniz'd them, you'l find them worse
Then, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
In mens most base affections ? subiect to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are ?
Here *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull,
The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*.
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of *Troy*
As a day-labourer ; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus sheep for bread ; the *Lemnian* smith
Sweats at the Forge for hire ; *Prometheus* here,
With his still growing Liver feeds the vulture ;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains ;
And thousands more, on whom abused errour
Beslows a deitie : will you then dear fislers,
For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
To things of lesse power then your selves ?

Calife. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashion'd ?
By sinful men ? Ile tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt* being to erect
The Image of *Ojiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials
To finish up his work ; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be ador'd, and serv'd himself his idol,
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies : but being overthrown,
Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods,
Subiect to humane fury) he took down
The fenceleſs thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which Eunuchs wash'd
His Concubines feet ; and for this fordid use

The Image of great *Jupiter* borne before them,
Sue for accessie.

The. My foul divin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light,
Their mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

*Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Incense a
Censers, followed by Caliste, and Christeta, leading
Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind ;
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort ;
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you never had falm off : I am ravish'd
With the exceſſe of joy, speak happy daughters
The bleſt event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.

The. O my dear girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*,
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Most willingly :
Do you refuse it ?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

The. My own child still ; here set our god, prepare
The incense quickly : come fair *Dorothea*,
I will my self support you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to *Jupiter*.

Dor. I shall do it

Better by their example.

The. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice ;
Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
Make a joint offering.

Chri. Thus. *They both spit at the Image,*
Cal. And thus. *throw it down, and spurn it.*

Har. Profane
And impious, stand you now like a Statue ?
Are you the Champion of the Gods ? Where is
Your holy zeal, your anger ?

The. I am blasted,
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion : I would I had no fight too ;
Or if my eyes can ferve to any use,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a sea of tears,
To expiate this madnesse in my daughters ;
For being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other.
For my sake, hold a while thy dreadfull thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accurst act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
The. Peace damn'd Enchantress, peace. I should
look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much out-strip my
tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts ; but nature
To you that have falm once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Iove* ?

Dor. Alack poor *Iove*,
He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the ancientl godling ; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the thief that stole away

Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not ;
And still tis the same quiet thing.

The. Blasphemer,
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,
Thou art past hope : but for you yet dear daughters,
Again bewitcht, the dew of mild forgivenesse
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition : be your selves again ;
Sue to the offended Diety.

Chr. Not to be
The Mistresse of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much leſſe kneel ;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thouſand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly blessings : we professe our ſelves
To be like *Dorothea*, Christians,
And owe her for that happineſſe.

The. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are theſe they
You brag'd could convert others ?

Sap. That want strength
To ſtand themſelves ?

Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our caufe depends upon it,
Something you muſt do ſuddenlly.

The. And I will.
Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a juſt revenge,
And holy fury in you.

The. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already ;
Ætna is in my breft, wildfire burns here,
Which onely blood muſt quench : incenfed power,
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon

The sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleas'd,
(My fierie zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that justice, others may file murther.
Come you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Lesse pittifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kils them.*

Dor. O most cruel Butcher.

The. My anger ends not here ; hells dreadfull
Porter

Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned souls, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wasted : and when death
Closes these eies, 'twill be *Elisium* to me,
To hear their shreeks and howlings ; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of this accursed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.

Exit with Harpax hugging him.

Enter Artemia laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again,
Call back your hangman, here's one prisoner left
To be the subiect of his knife.

Art. Not so.

We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee ;
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way :
Be she your charge, *Sapritius*, now, and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistris,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius, and Hircius, ragged, at severall doors.

Hir. *Spungius.*

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totterd world?

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivy clings about my money and kils it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within dores; the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy house, sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdy house not able to stand. In the tavern, you are coufend with paltry wine, in a bawdy house by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue; or keep door rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistrefs.

Hir. Thou did'ft, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowfie breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em, which so pricks the linings of my body, and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailer to the destinies) to take her shears, and cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goose of mortality, and so presf me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler; a Cobler whose zeal fet many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvy stiches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness has gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'st thy shooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all fowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wetshod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Coblers son, by going through fitch: O *Hircius*, wud thou and I were so happy to be coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being now weary of our lives, shoud then be fure of shoomakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famish'd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of rost-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totterdemalions, rag-a-muffins, and lowfy desperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I am-an-o, I am-an-as*; consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lowrie, beggerly, thou whorlon *Affa Fietida*.

Spun. Worse ; all totterings, all out of frame, thou *Fosliamini*.

Hir. As how *arfnuck* : come make the world smart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched, honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, fouldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox : why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright ?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, look who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* ! how does my little man ? well ?

Ang. Yes, and would you did so : where are your clothes ?

Hir. Clothes ! You see every woman almost go in her loose gowne, and why should not we have our cloathes loose ?

Spun. Wud they were loose ?

Ang. Why, where are they ?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company ; they are pawnd to a broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you ?

Hir. The gold ? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has cousen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate and brought to devaslation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies ? I know which way

Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew ; I will no more,
Be mockd by you : be forry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour, eat the bread

Got with hard hands : let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then, my pitie dies. *Exit.*

Spu. Is not a shame, that this scurvy *Puerilis*
should give us lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou knowst, a long time in the
Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy ;
but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of
honesty.

Enter Harpax *aloof.*

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to
the bar of beggary ; the found of score a pottle of
fack, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster
wench, or two cats incorporating.

Har. This must not be, I do not like when con-
science
Thaws ; keep her frozen still : how now my masters ?
Dejected, drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torn,
Lean and ill colour'd, fighing ! What's the whirl-wind
Which raiseth all these mischiefs ? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O ! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selves into the service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die : where's now her praying ?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort of rogues,
And lowfie prisoners ?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan stil, I could not have
spit white for want of drink ; but come to any Vintner
now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian,
and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly serv'd ; before that peevish
Lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money

Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not ?

Hir. Oh ! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madnes,
Those dayes shall come again (be rul'd by me)
And better, (mark me) better.

Spun. I have seen you sir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant: but hark hither,
Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse flirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd ? how ? drunk ?

Har. Yes my fine boy, Ile drink too, and be drunk ;
I am a Prince, and any man by me,
(Let him but keep my rules) shall soone grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich ;
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures
As other poor knaves are ; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged —

Har. You'l say, you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any master under the Zodiack.

Har. For clothes no matter, I have a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you, now that you see
The bonefire of your Ladies flate burnt out,
You give it over, do you not ?

Her. Let her be hang'd.

Spun. And pox'd.

Harp. Why now y'are mine.
Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We have bugs sir.

Har. There's mony, fetch your clothes home,
ther's for you.

Hir. Avoid Vermine : give over our mistresse ! a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the Devill.

Har. How ? the divel ! Ile tell you what now of the Divel ;

He's no such horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, faucer-ey'd, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, than man to man
is.

Hir. Is he so! wud we two might come acquainted with him.

Har. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow,
loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything, if you have
mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to some
Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. Ile bespeak the best room in 'th house for
him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Wee'l give him no such cause.

Har. He hates a Civil Lawyer, as a fouldier does
peace.

Spun. How a Commoner?

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter
you with one foolish question: does the Divel eat any
Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver
takes him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff,
boyled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, does
he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward does a dog. A Catchpole!
he has fworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serieant his
heir, and a Yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate,
will the Porter let him come in, sir?

Har. Oh he loves Porters of great mens gates,
because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for
all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under
him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before

he hurts any man : do but you (when you are
throughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see
if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing !

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, she's brought
you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches : will the Devil keep the
door ?

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine devil ! some watchman I war-
rant ; I wonder who's his Constable ?

Har. Will you swear, roar, swagger ? he claps you.

Hir. How ? ath' chops ?

Har. No, ath' shoulder, and cries, O my brave
boy.

Will any of you kill a man ?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word ? hang, hang, tis nothing,
Or stab a woman ?

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he gives you, a pox
on't, go on.

Hir. O inveigling rascal ! I am ravishd.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turn up your glass of
youth,
And let the sands run merrily ; nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away, feed beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poor.

Hir. Ile see 'em hang'd first.

Har. One service you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your mistress *Dorothea*, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts
To tear her into shreekes, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands,
here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth,
here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there sir?

Har. No, not for hills of Diamonds ; the grand
Master

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company, should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ple you this businesse ; he her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. *Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible
number of servants. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus IV. Scene I.

*A bed thruſt out, Antoninus upon it ſick, with Physicians
about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.*

Sap. O You that are half Gods, lengthen that
life
Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes
Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* ſcience,
'T encrease the number of this young mans dayes,
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee ſhall be, a piece of Roman gold
With *Cæſars* ſtamp, ſuch as he fends his Captains
When in the wars they earn well : do but ſave him
And as he is half my ſelf be you all mine.

Doſt. What art can do, we promise, Physicks hand
As apt is to destroy as to preferve,
If heaven make not the medicine : all this while
Our ſkill hath combat held with his diſease ;
But tis ſo arm'd, and a deep melancholy,

To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sicknesse, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch ore me,
And from that observation, sure I find,
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child ? a midwife !
Mac. Yes, with child,
And will I fear lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed : stand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken flumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his arms flie open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form :
Phyfitians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibrish language ; let him hear
The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princesse strict command barring that happines)
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not.
Ile be no subiect to the greatest *Cæsar*
Was ever crownd with Lawrel, rather then cease
To be a father.

Mac. Silence, fir, he wakes.
Anto. Thou killst me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.
Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.
Anton. Where ? why do you mock me ?
Age on my head hath fluck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman¹; I to buy her beautie,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out
of pitie.

Let him have some musick.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.

Doct. Take again your bed, sir,
Sleep is a soveraign Phyfick.

Ant. Take an asses head, sir,
Confusion on your foolerries, your charms.
Thou flinking glister-pipe: where's the god of rest,
Thy pills, and base Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me ? Out you impostors,
Quacksalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skill,
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. O be your self, dear friend.

Ant. My self, *Macrinus* ?
How can I be my self, when I am mangled
Into a thousand peeces ? here moves my head,
But where's my heart ? Where ever, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, *dragging in Dorothea by the hair*,
Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress, call up
thy sp[irit]s,
And (if they can) now let 'em from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Ant. I am that spirit :
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron should hew that hand in peeces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my loves beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick ?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover ?

Ant. Would I live in blifs ?

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health ?

Ant. It is not in the world.

Sap. Is't here ?

Anton. O treasure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near ?

Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rifle

The spoils thy lust hunts after ; I descend
To a base office and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing ; make her thy
whore,
Thy health lies here ; if she deny to give it,
Force it ; imagine thou assault'ft a towne
Weak wall : too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unfeen) be witnesse to this batterie,
How the coy strumpet yelds.

Dor. Shall the boy slay, sir ?

Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to these odd bawdy
Shufflings, and indeed, are those
Little young snakes in a Furies head
Will fling worse then the great ones ;
Let the Pimp stay.

Exeunt aside.

Dor. O guard me Angels,
What Tragedy must begin now ?

Ant. When a Tyger
Leaps into a timerous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger flary'd, what tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death, I am happy so ; you hitherto
Have still had goodnes spar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not Mistresse,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose sir, your eye
Bears danger in it ?

Ant. I must.

Dor. What ?

Sap. Speak it out.

Ant. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. Plague a your trees.

Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think
ever) tasted.

Sap. A fouldier and stand fumbling so.

Dor. O kill me, *Kneels.*
And heaven will take it as a sacrifice,

But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee.

Ant. Rise ; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour ; pleafures forc'd
Are unripe apples, fowr, not worth the plucking :
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I shoule feize upon you as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villany of man did ever act.

Sapritius breaks in and Macrinus.

Ang. Die happy for this language.

Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish ideot.

Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too ; both I think are
geldings :
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, th'art no brat of mine ;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire : a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'fl thou puling ? Had a Tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crosse capers,
Had ruffled her by this ; but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Shalt tear thy flesh in peeces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceenesse durst not touch. Call out a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Ant. What will you do, dear sir ?

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would
learn
In leſſe then half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Macr. A slave is to me, what now ?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour : from what countrie
Wert thou tane prisoner, here to be our slave ?

Slave. From Brittain.

Sap. In the West Ocean ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Island ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I am fitted ; of all nations
Our Roman swards ever conquer'd, none comes near
The Brittain for true whoring : sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy Liberty ?

Sla. Do ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! I'de thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I'th face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his career backward, to paish
Me with his horns in peeces : to shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die my self : What is for man to do,
Ile venture on, to be no more a slave.

Sap. Thou shalt then be no slave ; for I will set
thee
Upon a peece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain : drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her ! is this your manly
service ?
A Divel scorns to doo 't ; tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man : I am as yet
But half a slave ; but when that work is paſt,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves ; do't thy ſelf, Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too :
Bind him, and with a Baſlinado give him
Upon his naked belly, 200. blows.

Sla. Thou art more slave then I. *Exit carried in.*

Dor. That power supernal, on whom waits my foul,

Is Captain ore my chastity.

Ant. Good sir, give ore,

The more you wrong her, your felse's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I throw

Thy harlot thus by the hair, nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and furset here his fill:

Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come, sir, at your call.

Sap. Oh oh.

Falls down.

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my Lord:

That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman Gods can strike
These fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

Dor. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Hast done this act infernall.

Dor. Heaven pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down
(I can no miracles work) yet from my foul,
Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover.

The. He flirs, help, rāise him up; my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheek is blafted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the *Lamia*
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; feize on her.

Dor. I'm here, do what you please.

The. Spurne her too 'th barre.

Dor. Come boy being there, more near to heaven
we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloody hangman ! thine own gods give
thee breath,
Each of thy tortors is my severall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hircius and Spungius.

Har. Do you like my service now, fay am not I
A master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance ! I had rather lick clean the
foles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richest sute of
any infected Lord, whose rotten life hangs between
the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute ! I would not give up the cloak
of your service, to meet the splay-foot estate of any
left-eyed knight above the Antipodes, because they are
unlucky to meet.

Har. This day Ile try your loves to me ; 'tis
only
But well to use the agility of your arms.

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.

Spun. Thoul't run into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one thaths more than my match,
and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and
will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains, hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them ; lay them on but soundly,
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.

Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beat ?

Har. Your mistresse.

Hir. How ! my mistrefs ! I begin to have a
Christians heart, made of sweet butter ; I melt, I
cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unlesse she scratch ; bum my
mistresse !

Har. Yare Coxcombs, silly animals.

Hir. Whats that?

Har. Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not
thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune ; say you fall off.
It must be done : you are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half fac'd Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of
whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me I shall have no sweet butter in
me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you
meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you passe along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold : when you are
dead,

Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring——, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I
will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers
itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, Ile take her ore the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where Ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine own ; stand by I must
not

To see this done, great businēſſe calls me hence ;
He's made can make her curse his violence. *Exit.*

Spu. Fear it not sir, her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick thwack thirly bouncing.

Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a guard attending, a hangman with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.

Sap. According to our Roman customes, bind That Christian to a Pillar.

The. Infernal furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy foul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me: me! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods: yet (so it stand
To great *Cæsarea's* Governours high pleasure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any flight sacrifice, or do but swear
By *Cæsars* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him: I desie
Your hangmen; you now shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not dear Mistrefie.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the busynesse.

Dor. You two! whom I like foftred children fed,
And lengthened out your starved life with bread:
You be my hangman! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

Strike at her: Angelo kneeling holds her fayl.

The. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaves.

Spun. Faster : I am out of breath I am sure ; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys ! are my tormentors weary In torturing me, and in my sufferings I fainting in no limb ! tyrants strike home And feast your fury full.

The. These dogs are curs, *Come from hisfeat.* Which snarl, yet bite not : see my Lord, her face Hath more bewitching beauty then before : Proud whore, it smiles ; cannot an eye flart out With these ?

Hir. No sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fix thine eye still ; thy glorious crown must come Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome. There fix thine eye still, when we next do meet, Not thorns, but roses shall bear up thy feet : There fix thine eye still. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, these bats have power to fell down gyants, yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these.

The. Cannot these force a threeke ? *Beats them.*

Spun. O ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her roare.

Beats 'other, he roares.

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves ? What are they ?

Spn. We serve that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd us to this dry beating : oh for one half pot.

Har. My servants ! two base rogues, and sometimes servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us ! Master *Harpax*, what a duel shall we be thus us'd ?

Har. What bandogs but you two, wud worry a woman ?

Your Mistresse ! I but clapt you, you flew on :
Say I should get your lives, each rascal begger
Would, when he met you, cry out hell hounds,
traitors

Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your sight : 'tis your best courfe
Now (had you secref kniues) to stab your felves,
But fince you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your best course.

The. Why stay they trifling here ?
To gallows drag them by the heels ; away.

Sp. By the heels ! No fir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

Har. Dispatch them.

Exeunt.

Spu. The Divel dispatch thee,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph ; *Theophilus*,
See this witch made away too.

The. My foul thirfls for it ;
Come I my self thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exit.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Ant. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer ?
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,

To make a glad return from whence it came ?
Is it *Macrinus* ? *A scaffold thruſt forth.*

Mac. By this preparation
You well may reſt aſſur'd, that *Dorothea*
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
The abſtract of all sweetneſſe that's in woman ;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my laſt leave both of this light, and her :
For ſhe being gone, the glorious fun himſelf
To me's *Cymerian* darkneſſe.

Mac. Strange affection !
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.

Ant. Nay weep not,
Though tears of friendship be a foveraign balm,
On me they are caſt away : it is decreed
That I muſt die with her, our clue of life
Was ſpun together.

Mac. Yet fir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing onely what ſhe ſuffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To adde to calamitie, an eye-witneſſe
Of her laſt tragick ſcene, which muſt pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. O *Macrius*,
'Twould linger out my torments elfe, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too :
What iſtrument more glorious can I wiſh for,
Then what is made ſharp by my conſtant love,
And true affection ; it may be, the duty
And loyal ſervice, with which I purfu'd her,
And feald it with my death, will be remembred
Among her bleſted actions, and what honour
Can I deſire beyond it ?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headsmen before her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appears, more like
To heaven itself, then any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my beleef; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be serv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kind, that to maintain
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature,
Which they themselfes come short of: she ascends,
And every step, raises her nearer heaven.
What god so ere thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundlesse happinesse.

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Ant. Good sir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures, in this happy object
That I shall ere be blest with.

The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou serv'st to save thee,
Not all the riches of the sea, increas'd
By violent shipwracks, nor the unsearched mines,
Mammons unknown exchequer, shall redeem thee:
And therefore having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleasures and delights: lastly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elision* joies thou mightst have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd Apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants, let despair

Prevent the hangmans sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant. She smiles,
Vnmov'd by *Mors*, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his ineuitable hand.

The. Deridest too? Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou fool
That gloriest in having power to rauish
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me, not worth a thought;
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world;
Where circl'd with true pleafures, plac'd aboue
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No joint benumming cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for shame your Tempe; burie in
Oblivion, your fain'd *Hesperian* Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my steeps
And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With mine own hands
Ile rather strop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feaver.

The. By no means,
Let him go with her; do feduc'd young man,

And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
And when you come to that imagin'd place,
That place of all delights, pray you obserue me,
And meet those cursed things I once called daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfullnesle to me, that (with care) hasten
Your journey thither, pray fend me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of,

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute, dam thy self?

The. The gates to hell are open.

Do. Know thou tyrant

Thou agent for the devill thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can and will.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. O ! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me.

The. What's the matter ?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-
craft.

The. *Harpax*, my *Harpax*, speak.

Har. I dare not stay :

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
Hels torments are sweet flumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my fervant, cursed witch,
Gives thee a short reprieve : let her not die
Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not : what object
Is her eye fix'd on ?

Mac. I see nothing.

Ant. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,
(For thou art more then mortal) is't for me,
Poor finner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation ? and vouchsafest
(Though glorified) to take my servants hahit ;
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know I am the same,
And still the servant to your pietie.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tri'd your charity,
When in a beggars shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you beleev'd) my famish'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes ; for in such habits often
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now ; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent foul to joyes eternall,
Your martyrdome once suffer'd ; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assur'd,
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments : since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it.
And in that instant when the fword sets free
Your happy foul, his shall have libertie.
Is there ought else ?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to ;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistres.

Mac. I am amaz'd.

Ant. I feel a holy fire.
That yeilds a comfortable heat within me :
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was ;
See I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kisse.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain.
Ant. Sir I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

The. Ile quickly make a separation of 'em :
Haft thou ought else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest ;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight : strike, O strike quickly ;
And though you are unmov'd to fee my death
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies.

Her head struck off.

Ant. O take my soul along to wait on thine.
Mac. Your son sinks too. *Antonius sinks.*

Sap. Already dead !
The. Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect :
I triumph in their ends ; and will raise up
A hill of their dead carkasses, to orelook
The *Pyrenian* hills, but Ile root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world

No name of Christian.

*Loud musick: exit Angelo, having first laid
his hand upon their mouths.*

Sap. Ha, heavenly musick.

Mac. "Tis in the air.

The. Illusions of the Divel,
Wrought by some witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some high-way,
And be to Vultures, a to dogs and prey. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus in his study. Books about him.

The. I S't holy-day (O *Cæsar*) that thy fervant
(Thy Provoſt to fee execution done
On theſe bafe Christians in *Cæſarea*)
Should now want work? ſleep theſe Idolaters,
That none are stirring? As a curious Painter, *Rifes.*
When he has made ſome admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a ſearching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis ſweetned, and then hugs
Himſelf for his rare workmanſhip.—So here *fits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Lantskips
(Long paſt wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the ſubſtances. *Book.*
My Muster-book of Hell-hounds; were the Christians,
(Whose names ſtand here) alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
Or ſhall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain*, what
A thoufand wives with brats fucking their brefts,
Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and thrown to swine ;
And then their fleshy back-parts hewed with hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed starv'd
Christians.

Ha, ha.

Agen, agen,—*East-Anglas*,—oh, East-Angles
Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
1000. British Rascals, fleyed up, fat
Of purpose stript naked, and disarm'd.
I could outflare a year of funs and moons,
To sit at these sweet bul-baitings, so I could
Thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augurs out : oh ! eleven thousand
Torn by wild beasts ; two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
But far enough for reaching ; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rise*,
Tush, all these tortures are but philliping. *Confort*.
Flea-bitings ; I, before the destinies *Enter Angelo with*
My bottome did wind up, would flesh my self *a basket*
Once more upon some one remarkable *fill'd with fruit*
Above all these ; this Christian flut was well, *and*
A pretty one : but let such horror follow *flowers*.
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall heare it, her foundation at the found
May feel an earth-quake. How now ? *Musick*.

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir—so great a Roman
spirit

And does it tremble !

The. How cam'st thou in ? to whom thy busi-
nessie ?

Ang. To you :

I had a mistresse late sent hence by you
Upon a bloudy errand, you entreated
That when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)

She feels upon all joy, she would fend to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise fav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I see this Garden ?

Ang. Yes if the Master
Will give you entrance. *Angelo vanishest.*

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright cheek'd child I ever view'd ;
Sweet smelling goodly fruit ; what flowers are these ?
In *Diolefians* Gardens, the most beautious,
Compar'd with these, are weeds ; is it not February ?
The second day she died ? Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the beard of Winter ; where's the fun
That guilds this summer ; pretty sweet boy, fay, in
what Country
Shall a man find this garden—, my delicate boy, gone !
Vanished !

Within there, *Julianus* and *Geta*.—

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates shut ?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not—a boy ?

2. Where ?

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000 blessings
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing,
that brought this basket.

1. No sir.

Exeunt.

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
No ! vanish'd, and not seen ! be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essentiaill, and how ere it grows,
Will taste it.

Har. Ha, ha, ha.

Harpax within.

The. So good, ile have some more fure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, greatlickorish fool.

The. What art thou ?

Har. A Fisherman.

The. What doest thou catch ?

Har. Souls, souls, a fish call'd souls.

Enter a servant.

The. Geta.

I. My Lord.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *within.*

The. What insolent slave is this dares laugh
at me ?

Or what if the dog grins at so ?

I. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom ;
for there is none without, but my fellow *Iulianus*, and
he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. *Jupiter* ! all within me is not well,
And yet not sick.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

lowder.

The. What's thy name slave ?

Har. Go look.

At one end.

I. Tis *Harpax* voice.

The. *Harpax* ? go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.

Har. Fool, thou liest.

At tother end.

I. Hee's yonder now, my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

At the middle.

Theoph. Hee's at Barli-break, and the last couple
are now in hell : *exit seruant.*

Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloody,
And pav'd with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they flare upon me.

What was this apparition ? sure it had

A shape Angelical ; mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings ; yes they were wings,
And hence he flew ; 'tis vanished. *Jupiter*
For all my sacrifices done to him

Never once gave me smile ; how can stome smile,
Musick.

Or wooden image laugh ! ha ! I remember
Such musick gave a welcome to my ear,
When the fair youth came to me : 'tis in the air
Or from some better place ; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me fee a conscience all stain'd ore,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*

The. Agen ? what dainty rellish on my tongue
This fruit hath left ! some Angel hath me fed ;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *Eats another.*

*Enter Harpax in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of
the study.*

Har. Hold.

The. Not for *Cæsar*.

Har. But for me thou shalt.

The. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
You powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,
Guard me : what art thou ?

Har. I'm thy master.

The. Mine.

Har. And thou my everlasting slave : that *Harpax*,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

The. Avant.

Har. I will not ; cast thou down
That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drink
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gon.

The. My fruit !

Does this offend thee ? see.

Har. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll piece-meal tear thee.

The. Art thou with this affrighted ? see, here's
more. *flowers.*

Har. Fling them away, Ile take thee else and
hang thee
In a contorted chain of Ifficles
I'th frigid Zone : down with them.

The. At the bottome.
One thing I found not yet, see *a croffe of flowers.*

Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.
The. Can this do't? hence, thou Fiend infernal,
hence.

Har. Clasp *Iupiters* Image, and away with that.
The. At thee ile fling that *Iupiter*; for me thinks
I serve a better Master : he now checks me
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee ;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the axe nor me,
But sends these presents to me ; and ile travel
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg forgiuenes.

Har. No, ile bind thee here.
The. I serve a strength above thine : this small
weapon

Me thinks is armour hard enough.

Har. Keep from me. *finks a little.*
The. Art posling to thy center? down, hel-hound,
down.
Me haft thou lost ; that arm which hurls thee hence,]
Save me, and set me up the strong defence
In the fair Christians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there ;
Nor be thou shak'en with a *Cæsars* voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it ; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean, and more white then snow ;
And to that Garden where thesee blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee ; spread this brave wing

And serve then *Cæsar* a far greater King.

The. It is, it is some Angel ; vanish'd again !
Oh come back, ravishing boy, bright messenger ;
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my soul : Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudiest, thou blest spirit that leads
me,
Teach me what I must do, and to do well,
That my last act the best may paralell. *Exit.*

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,
meeting Artemia ; attendants.

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant *Cæsar*.

Dioc. Let thy wish (fair daughter)
Be equally divided ; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love, and Empire, I should say, till now
I nere had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistresse.

Art. Sir, you shew your self
Both Courtier and Souldier ; but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice ; love still is love,
His Bow and Arrows are the fame ; great *Julius*,
That to his succeffors let the name of *Cæsar*,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pharsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carkasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew

No other Lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A suppliant to the Magick of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive ;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the gods you are most excellent)
Your gravity and discretion would o'recome me,
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
Wealth, title, Empire, that my fword hath purchas'd.

Dioc. This meets my wishes : welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out-stretch'd arms, and stody to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was ; thy fate
Referv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Ep. This happy match brings new nerves to give
strength
To our continued league.

Maced. *Hymen* himself
Will bleffe this marriage, which we will solemnize
In the presence of these Kings.

Pom. Who rest most happy,
To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

Dioc. We much thank your loves :
But where's *Sapritius* our Gouvernour,
And our most zealous Provost, good *Theophilus* ?
If ever Prince were bleſt in a true fervant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they, and we, fland far ingag'd to cherish
His piety and fervice.

Art. Sir, the Gouvernour
Brooks fadly his fons losſe, although he turn'd
Apostata in death ; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the fame caufe, in my presence feal'd
His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,

Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head.

Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she fuffer'd.

Art. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highnesse laughter,
Then the least pitie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Dio. To that end I would hear it.

Art. He comes, with him the governour.

Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneſſe ;
But yet rememb'ring that you are a father,
I will forget it : good *Theophilus*,
I will ſpeak with you anone : nearer your ear.

to Sapritius.

The. By *Antoninus* foul, I do conju're you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cauſe that moves me,
Receive my ſignet, by the power of this,
Go to my priſons, and releafe all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what ſhall follow ?

The. Hafe then to the port,
You there ſhall find two tall ſhips ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor diſtrefſed foulſ,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny ;
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Diety
That they ador' will give you proſperous winds,
And make your voyage ſuch, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travel : leave me here ;
There is a ſcene that I muſt act alone.

Hafe good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.

Mac. He undertak't, there's ſomething prompts me
to it,

"Tis to save innocent blood, a Saint-like act ;
And to be mercifull, has never been
By mortal men themselves esteemed a sin. *Exit Mac.*

Dioc. You know your charge.

Sap. And will with care observe it.

Dioc. For I professe, he is not *Cæsars* friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers : welcome, my best servant,
My carefull zealous Provost, thou hast toild
To satisfie my will, though in extreams,
I love thee for't ; thou art firm rock, no changeling :
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without exceffe of bitterness, or scoffes,
Before my brother and these Kings, how took
The Christian her death.

The. And such a prefence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha ! how's this ?

The. O mark it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embassie from heaven
By a wing'd Legate ; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered :
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise up with reverence ; and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Which lying *Greece* so boasts of ; your own Matrons,
Your *Roman* Dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy reliks, in her history
Will find a second Urn : *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death desir'd to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus* *Portia*,
That swallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad ?

Dioc. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.

The. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life : this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash *Gracchi* were ; nor was this Saint
A doting mother, as *Cornelia* was :
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour funk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious ; but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his caufe
Who onely can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministring Angels to bear up
Her spotless foul to heaven ; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial musick, equall to
The motion of the spheres, she uncomel'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*
You were present at her death, did you ere heare
Such ravishing sounds ?

Sap. Yet you said then it was witchcraft,
And divellish illusions.

The. I then heard it
With sinfull ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

Dio. Why dost thou now ? Or dar'st thou in our
hearing ?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage should they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly ;
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dioc. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes
thee)

Thou could'st not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost pass'd through in the last moment,
Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great ;
Thy youth did promise much, and grown a man,
Thou madest it good, and with encrease of years
Thy actions still better'd : as the Sun
Thou didst rise gloriously, keptst a constant course
In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
When thou shouldest pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor ?

Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Do, no way is left else,
To save thy life, *Theophilus.*

Dio. But refuse it,
Destruction as horrid and as fuddain
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell flood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
Hear for my service past.

Art. What will he say ?

The. As ever I deserv'd your favour, hear
me,
And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I sue for ;
Nor is it fit, that I, that nere knew pitie
To any Christian, being one my self,
Should look for any : no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty ; I stand
Accomptable for thoufand Christians deaths ;
And were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easie pennance, and I should passe through
A gentle cleansing fire ; but that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My sute is, you would have no pitie on me :
In mine own houfe there are a thousand engines

Of studied crueltie, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his Brazen Bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail ; go fetch 'em hither :

Some go for the rack.

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pinsors torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'le supply
In punishing thy mind : fetch all the Christians
That are in hold and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did ;
They are remov'd out of thy reach ; how ere
I was determin'd for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,
Make every artery and finew crack,
The slave that makes him give the loudest shrike,
Shall have ten thousand Drachms : wretch I'le force
thee
To curse the power thou worship'ft.

The. Never, never,
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him,

They torment him.

But what shall speak his Majesty or mercy :
I am honour'd in my sufferings ; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more : alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorn :
Here purchafe the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here are arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan
To witnesse he has feeling.

Dioc. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for
ever:
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let thesee compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies again. *falls down.*

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her
Robe, a Crown upon her head, lead in by the Angel,
Antoninus, Caliste, and Christeta, following all in
white, but lesse glorious, the Angel with a Crown
for him.*

The. Most glorious Vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeld man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make hast
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me; death, till this blest minute
I never thought thee flow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keepst me from a glorious wreath,
Which, through this stormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, blessed spirits I come,
And witnesse for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a souldier in the Christian wars. *dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortur'd, but ne're
yet
A constancy like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.

[REDACTED]

The Virgin Martir. 91

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend,
In spite of hell this soul'dier's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that haft lost the day.

Exit Angelo, the divell sinks with lightning.

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt,
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and wil go on ;
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.

Flourish. Exeunt.

F I N I S.



Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly Shining in severall Magnificent
Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of
the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Ho-
nourable Cityt of *London*, on Wednesday,
October the 29th. 1628.

At the particular Cost, and Charges of the Right Worship-
full, Worthy, and Ancient Society of *Skinner*s.

Mart. lib. 7, Ep. 5. *Rufus Jo⁸, Magnos clamat noua-Troia Triumphos.*

Inuented by THO. DEKKER.



Imprinted at *London* by *Nicholas Okes* and *John Norton*. 1628.





To the Right Hono-

rable *Richard Deane* Lord Maior of the
most Renowned City of *London* : And to the
two worthy Sheriffes, Mr. *Rowland Backhouse*,
and Mr. *William Aclon*.

Honorable Prætor :
Noble Confuls.

You are (this Yeare) the Subiect of my Verse,
In You lyē hid the Fires which heate my
Braines,
To you, my Songs Triumphant I rehearſe :
From you, a thankes brings in a golden Gaines,
Since You are then the Glory of my Mufe,
But You, whom can ſhee for her Patrons chufe ?

Whilſt I reſt,

Deuoted

To your Lordſhip,

And Worſhips

In all feruice,

Tho. Dekker.





Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly shining in feuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE, at his Inauguration into the Majority of the Honorable City of *London*, on Wenfday the 29. of *October*. 1628.

WHAT Honor can bee greater to a *Kingdome*, than to haue a *City* for *beauty*, able to match with the *Faireſt* in the *World*? A *City*, *renowned* *Abroad*, *admired* *at Home*. *London*, and her Royall Daughter (*Westminſter*) are the *Repreſentatiue* body of the *general State*; for, here our *Kings* and *Queenes* keepe their *Courts*; heere are our *Princes*, the *Peeres*, *Nobility*, *Gentry*, *Lords Spirituall* and *Temporall*, with the *Numerous Communitieſt*.

London in Forraine Countries is called the *Queene* of *Cities*, and the *Queene-mother* ouer her owne. She is her *Kings* *Chamber-royall*, his *Golden-Key*: His *Store-houſe*: The *Magazine* of *Merchandise*; the *Miftres* of *Sciences*; a *Nurſe* to all the *Shieres* in *England*.

So famous ſhee is for her *Buildings*, that *Troy* has leap'd out of her own *Cinders*, to build *Her Wals*. So *remarkable* for *Priority* and *Power*, that *hers* is the *Master-wheele* of the *whole Kingdome*: As *that* moues, ſo the *maine Engine* works.

*London is Admirall ouer the Nauy royll of Cities :
And as she fayles, the whole Fleet of them keepe
their course.*

Fully to write downe all the *Titles, Stiles, and Honors* of this our *Metropolis*, would weary a 1000. pennes : *Apollo* shall haue a *New Garland of Bayes*, to vndertake it.

As thus in State, shée her selfe is *Glorious* ; so haue all our Kings held it fit to make her chiefe *Ruler* eminent, and answerable to her *greatnesse*. The *Prætorian Dignity* is therefore come from the ancient *Romans*, to inuest with Robes of Honor, our *Lord Maior of London* : Their *Confuls* are our *Sheriefes* ; their *Senators* our *Aldermen*.

The extention of a *Lord Maiors* power, is euery yeare to bee seene both by Land and Water : Downe as low as *Lee* in *Effex* : Vp, as high as *Stanes* in *Middlesex* : In both which places, he keepes personall Courts. His House is a *Chancery* : He the *Chancellor* to mittigate the fury of Law : Hee the *Moderator* betweene the griping *Rich* and the wrangling *Poore*.

All the *City-Orphans* call him *Father* : All the *Widdowes* call him their *Champion*. His *Table* lyes spread to *Courtiers*, and *Free* to all Gentlemen of fashion.

More to Proclaime his Greatnesse, what *Vice-roy* is install'd with louder popular acclamations ? What *Deputie* to his Soueraigne goes along with such *Triumphes* ? To behold them, *Kings*, *Queenes*, *Princes*, and *Embaffadors* (from all parts of the World) haue with Admiracion, reioyced.

These *Triumphall passages* are full of *Magnificence* for State, *Munificence* for Cost, and *Beneficence* for doing good. For, beides all the twelue *Companies*, (euery one of which is a gayner by this imployment :) it would puzzle a good memory to reckon vp all those *Trades-men* (with other extraordinary Profession which liue not in the City) who get money by this Action.

Then by this meanes, are every Yeare added to those that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houses, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of *London* (like a Prince) hath likewise his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wrasstling, before him, and such like.

Thus hauing (as it were in Lantschip) a farre off shewne you the Toppes onely of our *City-Buildings*; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her *Autho-
rity*, giuing but a glimpse of her *Prætor* as hee passes by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all those Ceremonies, which this great *Festiuall* day hath prouided to Attend vpon him, and doe him Honor.

The first Shew, is called a Sea-Consort.

The first Salutation being on the Water, is furnished with Persons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall *Rocke* therefore is queintly contriued: On whose highest Ascent sits *Amphitrite* Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle frindg'd with filuer crossing her Body: Her hayre long, and disheuelled, on her head, a phantaſtike dressing made out of a Fishes writhen shell, interwouen with Pearle, the shell is filuer, on the top of it stands an Artificiall moouing Tortoyfe: On each side of her, swimme two *Mermaides*. These two intic'd by the variety of feuerall instruments (ecchoing to one another) haue followed the Sea-Soueraigne, and waite vpon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the Rocke are Sea-Nimpes, and in places conuenient for them are bestowed our three famous Riuers, *Humber*, *Trent*, and *Seuerne*, aptly attired according to the quality of such Marine Persons, who play vpon Cornets.

Amphitryte is the Speaker. From whom are
deliuered these lines.

Haile worthy Praetor, (*Haile Graue Senators*)
*The Queene of Waues (leaving Gray Neptunes
Bowres)*
Waites here (*Faire Lord*) to serue you. Fames *Re-
port*,
(*So farre as old Oceanus Christall Court*)
What Tryumphes Ceremony forth would Call
To Swell the Joyes of This Grand Festiuall,
Intic'de me with my Mermaydes and a Traine
Of Sea-Nymphes hither. Here (this day) shall
Reigne
Pleasures in State Maiesticke: And to lend
A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend
Three of my Nobleſt Children, Humber, Trent,
And Seuerne (Glorious made by Punishment.)
The Siluer-footed Thames (my eldeſt ſonne)
To Grace your Tryumphes, by your Barge ſhall runne.
Your Fortunes (led by a white-handed Fate
Vp to this High Fame) I Congratulate:
Glad am I to behold you Thus Set Round
With Glories, Thus with Acclamations Crowdnd,
So Circled, and Hembd in, on Euery ſide
With Echoing Muſicke, Fishes euen take pride
To Swimme along, and liſten, Goe, and Take
The Dignity ſtayes for you, Whilſt I make
Smooth way Before you, on This Glaſsy Floore,
Vſhering your glad Arriuall to the Shore.
To Honors Temple now you haue not farre,
Hye, and Come backe more Great than yet you Are.
On,

And ſo the Cornets playing one to Another, they
goe forward. If her *Maiestie* be pleased on the
Water, or Land, to Honor Theſe Tryumphes with her
Presence; This following Speech in *French* is then

deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Presentations,
All the Couer, being let thicke with *Flowre de Luces*
in Gold.

MADAME,

VOicy, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos
Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L'eau est
Couverte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L'Air;
E L'Air est Rempli de Mille Echos, & Retentit de la
douce Musique, que leur voix resonne, pour Attirer vos
oreilles favorables à les Escouter. Puis vous avez sur
la Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudissent pour
Ioy & Allegresse quelles ressentent de voir vostre Majesté
dans la Ville. L'Element du Feu, Bruit & Tonne
vosstre Bien Venue. Vos Subjecls accourent à grand
Foule, raus de voir les Graces qui ont choisi leur
Throfne sur vosstre Front. Toutes les Delices d'Amour
se Iouent sur vos paupieres, La Rose d'Angleterre, & les
Fleurs de lis de France S'entrebaijent sur le Vermel de
vos Ioués. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuse
comme L'Ete, Autant Fruitleuse que la vigne. Que
Seurte garde, & Enuironne vosstre Chariot le Iour;
Et le Sommeil dore Dresse & orne vosstre Chambre de
Nuict. Viuez longuement: Viuez Heureuse: Viuez
aimee, & Cherie. Bonte vous garde; Vertu vous
Couronne; Et les Anges vous guident.

Thus Englisched.

ROYALL LADY,

BEHOLD, the foure *Elements* waite vpon you to do
you Honor: Water hath prouided Floating
Tryumphes to Dance in the Aire: In the Aire are a
Thousand Echoes with Musick in their Mouthes, to
Intice you to heare them: On the Shore shall ten
thousand paire of hands giue you Plaudits in the
City: The Element of Fire, Thunders aloud your

welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to see the *Graces* Inthroand on your *Forehead*: All the *Delicacies of Loue*, playing on your *Eye-lids*, The *Roses of England*, and the *Lillies of France*, Kissing one Another on your *Cheekes*. Be you healthfull as the *Spring*; Glorious as *Summer*: Fruitfull as the *Vine*: Safety runne along your *Chariot* by Day; *Golden Slumbers* dresse vp your *Chamber* at Night.

<i>Liue long,</i>	<i>Goodnesse Guard you,</i>
<i>Liue happy,</i>	<i>Vertues Crowne you,</i>
<i>Liue beloude;</i>	<i>Angels Guide you.</i>

The second Presentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor.*

A Person in a rich *Romane Antique Habit*, with an ornament of Steeples, Towers, and Turrets on her head, Sits in a quaint Arbor, Interwouen with feuerall Branches of Flowers.

In her *Left* hand, she holds a golden Truncheon (leaning on the ground) to shew that shees a *Leader & Conductresse of a Mighty People*: Her *Right Hand* (thrusting through the *Arbor*) takes hold of a Tree, out of which spread *Twelue Maine and Goodly Branches*.

This *Lady* (thus fitting) Represents *London*: The Tree (guarded, and supported by her) The 12. *Superior Companies*.

Vpon euery particular *Branch*, is bestowed the *Armes* of some One of the *Twelue*, exprest in the True Cullors within a faire shield. The highest *Branch* of all (as ouer-topping the Rest at *This Time*) bearing the *Armes* of the *Skinner's* in a more large and glorious *Escuchion*.

Among the *Leaves* in the *Top*, is a *Tablet*, in which is written, in letters of gold, *Viuite Concordes, Liue in Loue: or Agree in one.*

Ouer the Person, Representing *London*, is likewise Inscribed in golden Capitals, This,

Me cunctus Lauro perducit ad astra Triumphus.

Each Triumph Crown'd with Bayes,
Mee to the Starres does raize.

In places conuenient, and in a Triangular forme, vnder the twelue branches of the Tree, are feated *Minerua*, (Inuentresse and Patroneffe of Artes, Handycrafts, and Trades) in Ornments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is *Bellona* goddesse of Warre, in a Martiall habit, on her head a Helme and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield, with *Medusaes* head. Heereby intimating, that both *Artes* and *Armes*, are (in a high degree and fulnesse of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the City: And, that either of them flourish brauely vnder the shaddow and protection of the *twelue Branches*, shooting forth from that. *New Troy's Tree of Honor.*

Vpon a border of Flowers, inclosing this Tree, are fitly besflowed the *Armes* of as many of the inferior Companies in leffe Escutcheons, as for the quantity of roome, can there be hansomely placed.

Within the same Border, (where leffe Trees also grow) are presented *Peace*, *Religion*, *Ciuill Gouernment*, *Justice*, *Learning*, *Industry*, and close to *Industry*, *Honor*. For as all these are golden Columnes, to beare vp the *Glories* of the City, so is the City an indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to their Glories. And as these twelue *Noble Branches* couer these Perfons, (as it were with the wings of Angels,) so the Perfons watch day and night to defend the twelue *Branches*.

These Perfons are adorned fitting their state and condition, and hold such properties in their hands, as of right belong vnto them.

1. *Peace* hath a *Doue* on her fist, and a Palmetree Branch in her hand.

2. *Religion* is in a white glittering roabe, with a Coronet of Starres on her head, holding in one hand,

a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (embleme of prayer, by whose steppes wee climbe to Heauen.)

3. *Ciuill Gouernment* is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expresse her Vigilance: For shee must watch every houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. *Justice* holds a Sword.

5. *Learning* a Booke, and a *Jacobs Staffe*.

6. *Industry*, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Compasse, as taking paines to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.

7. *Honor* fits in Scarlet.

The Person, in whom is figured *London*, is the *Speaker, who thus salutes his Lordship*.

Ten thousand welcomes Greete you on the shore,
(My long expected Praetor,) O before
You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on Mee,
On Mee, your seond Mother, (London.) Shee
Whom all Great Brittaines Citties, stile their Queene,
For still I am, and haue her Darling beene.

The Christian World, in Me, reads Times best stories,
And Reading, fals blind at my dazzling Glories,
But now the Snow of age, couers my head :
As therefore you, by Mee haue vp bin bred,
You (Sir) must Nurse me now: With a quicke eye
View then my Tree of Honor, branching high
For hundreds of past yeares, with 12. large Stems,
Twelue Noble Companies, which like 12. Iems
So shine, they adde new Sun-beames to the Day :

Guard all these 12. maine-Boughes ; but you must lay
A soft hand, on the Topping-branch, for there
(Thriue the Roote well) your Selfe grows al this yeare ;
The lesser twigges which lowly runne along
My tall Trees-Border, you must sheld from wrong,
There the poore Bee, (the sweating Trades-man) flies
From Flower to Flower, and home with Honey hyes.
With me Minerua, and Bellona come,

*For Artes and Armes, must at your Board haue roome,
Your Gates will spred, the Rich to entertaine,
But whilſt the Mighty ones within remaine,
And feaſt: Remember at the fame Gate stands
The Poore, with crying Papers in their hands,
To watch when Iuſtice vp the Glasse ſhall turne,
Let thofe ſands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.*

*Place in your eyes two Beacons; to defcry
Dangers farre off, which ſtrike ere home they flie;
Kiſſe Peace; let Order euer ſleere the Helme,
Lift-handed Rule, a State does ouer-whelme.*

*You are your Soueraignes Gardner for one yeaſe,
The Plot of Ground, y'are truſted with, lies here,
(A City,) and your care muſt all bee ſpent,
To prune and drefſe the Tree of Gouernment.*

*Lop off Diſorders, Faſtions, Mutiny,
And Murmurations againſt thofe ſit high,
May your yeaſes laſt day, end as this beginnes,
Sphær'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.*

Our third preſentation is call'd, *The
Glory of Furres.*

THis is a *Chariot Triumphant*, garniſhed with Trophies of Armores. It is drawne by two *Luzernes*, The Supporters of the Skinners Armes. On the two *Luzernes* ride two Antickes, who dance to a Drum beating before them, there aptly placed. At the vpper end of this Chariot, in the moſt eminent Seate, carrying the proportion of a Throne, are aduanced a *Ruſſian Prince* and *Princeſſe*; richly habited in Furres, to the cuſtome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, ſits an old Lord, Furred vp to his chin in a ſhort cloake.
2. By him, a Lady with Martin ſkinnes about her necke, and her hands in a Muffe.
3. Then, a *Judge* in Robes Furred.
4. Then, an *Vniuerſity Doctor*, in his Robes furred.

5. Then, a *Frow* in a short furred Cassocke, girt to her.

6. Then a *Skipper* in a furred Cap.

In all these Persons, is an implication of the necessary, ancient, and general vse of *Furres*, from the highest to the lowest.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the four corners) are erected the *Armes* of the *Citty*, in four Pendants: On the point of the fore front, a large square Banner plaies with the wind, which *Fame* (who is in this Chariot,) holds in her hand, as she stands vpright, *Being the Speaker.*

Fame's turne is now to Speake; for who but Fame
Can with her thousand tongues abroad Proclaime,
Your this dayes Progreffe (rising like the Sunne,)
Which through the yearely Zodiacke on must runne.

Fame hath brought hither from great Mofco's Court,
(The feauen-mouth'd Volga, spreading the report,)
Two Russian Princes, who to feast their eies,
With the rich Wonders of these rarities,
Ride in this glorious Chariot: How amazde
They looke, to see streetes throng'd, and windowes glaz'd
With beauties, from whose eyes such beames are sent,
Here moues a second starry Firmament.

Much, on them, startling admiration winnes,
To see these Braue, Graue, Noble Citizens,
So stream'd in multitudes, yet flowing in State,
For all their Orders are Proportionate.

Russia, now enuies London, seeing (here) spent
Her richest Furres in graceful ornament,
More Braue, and more Abounding, than her owne:
A golden Pen he earnes, that can make knowne
The vse of Furres, so Great, so Generall,
All men, may these, their Winter Armors call.

Th'invention of warme Furres the Sunne did fret,
For Russians lap'd in these, flighted his heate,
Which seene, his fiery Steedes he droue from thence,
And so the Muff has dwelt in cold ere fince.

*What royalties, addes Furres to Emperors, Kings,
Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the distinguisings,
Of all their feuerall Robes ! The Furres worne here,
Aboue th' old Roman State make Ours appeare :
The reverend Iudge, and all that climbe the trees
Of sacred Artes, ascend to their Degrees,
And by the colours chang'd of Furres are knowne :
What Dignity, each Corporation
Puts on by Furres, witnesse these infinite eyes,
Thanke then the bringers of these Rarities.*

*I wish (Graue Praetor) that as Hand in Hand,
Plenty and Bounty bring you safe to Land,
So, Health may be chiefe Caruer at that Board,
To which you hasten. Bee as Good a Lord
I' th' eyes of Heauen, as this day you are Great
In Fames applause : Hye to your Honor'd Seate.*

*The fourth Presentation is Called Britannia's
Watch-Tower.*

THIS is a Magnificent Structure, Aduancing it selfe from the Platforme, or Ground-worke vpward, with the Bewty of eight Antique Termes, By whose strength is supported a Foure square Building ; The Toppe of which is a Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne, with eight Columnes of siluer : And, on the Highest poynt of this Watch-Tower, is Aduanced a Banner, bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, stand foure Pendants ; In which are the Armes of the foure Companies of which his Lordship is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, stands a great *Corynthisian Brazen Pillar*, on a *Pedestall of Marble*.

On the *Capitals* of those Pillars, stand two *Angels*, in Postures ready to flye : holding Garlands of Victory in one hand, flucke with White and Red Roses, and Branches of Palme in the other.

The Capitals and Bases of the Pillars are Gold, and

are Emblemes of the two Houses of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*; once diuided, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support this Royal Kingdom, & Consequently This City.

At Night, in place of the *Angels*, are set two Great Lights; and so is the Watch-Tower at that Time, Fild with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the same Square, in foure feuerall Places, are Aduanced foure flately Pyramides, being Figures, of the foure Kingdomes Embellished with Escutcheons.

In the vpper feate of all (fashioned into a *Throne*) is placed *Britannia*, Maiestically attirde, fitting to her Greatnesse.

Beneath Her, and round about her, are these Persons: *viz.* *Magnanimitie* with a drawne Sword.

A Shipwright with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, in which is drawne a Ship vnder fayle. Then,

A person representing *Victory*, with a Palme Tree.

Prouidence with a Trumpet, ready to Foresee Dangers, and awaken Men to meeete them.

All Thefe haue bene, and still are, Watch-Towers, and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to Guard the Kingdome, and in the Kingdome, This City.

In other Eminent places are feated some of thoſe Kinges of *England* (in Robes Ermynd) whose loues and Royall fauors, in former times were Watch-Towers to Grace *London*, ftrucke full with the Beames and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magistracies and Royalties, which they Bestlowed vpon Her.

Edward Confessor, called *Londons* Chiefe Ruler, a Port-reue.

Richard I. appointed two Bayliffes ouer *London*.

King *John* gaue the City a Lord Maior and two Sherifffes.

Henry 3. added Aldermen.

Thefe were Tender ouer the Renowne of the City, and still heaped on her head, Royalties vpon Royalties.

And albeit most of our Kinges, haue in most of all of the twelue Companies, Entred their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhooches: And that many of our Kinges likewise, besides Princes and Great Personages, haue bin Free of *This Company*, whose Names I forbeare to set downe, because they haue in former yeeres beene fully exprest: yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receiue such Graces from Kinges, as *This Antient, and Honord Corporation of Skinners*, hath had, and still haue, In regard that All our Kinges and Princes, sit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Ermynd; (being the richeſt Furre) the workemanſhip of which goes through the *Skinners* fingers, wearing likewise vnder their Crownes, *Royall Caps* of Honor Ermynd.

Three of ſuch Crownes, beeing the rich *Armes* of *This Company*, thereby exprefſing aſwell their Honor, as Antiquity.

Britannia deliuers thus much.

Shall the Proud wife of Neptune, or ſhrill Fame,
Or Troy nouant herfelfe, Ring out your Name:
And I be Dumbe, or ſparing, to Sound high,
The Glories of This Day? No, They ſhall Fly
Like Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine
Whofe Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Reyne:
The Great Britannia, Bred you in her Wombe,
Heare then a Mothers Counſell; You are Come
Aboard a Goodly Ship, where all your State,
Fame, Honor and Renowne (Imbarqu'd) muſt waite
The voyage of twelue Moones. High Admirall
You are to All That Fleete, which Thus you Call
To ſayle in This vast Ocean. Nor muſt you
Walke Heartleſſe on the Hatches, Theres a New
State-Navigation, to be ſtudied Now,
With an High-rear'd, Vndanted, Fixed Brow.

*Be sure to haue Braue Ordnance, and Chargd well ;
In this your Ship, Tru^l None, for Officers Sell
Their Captaines Trust; let None but your owne
Eyes,*

Rule Chart and Compasse, There your Safety lyes.

*Your Owne Hands sleere the Helme, But strongly
Steere,*

And spite of stormes, be stoute when you stand There.

*Embleme of Mercy ! Your Keene fword does sleepe,
But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keepe
Vices (like Slaves) in Awe ? Fulnesse of Wine
Is a Fowle Dropse, That and Lust Entwine :
Pride a Swolne Timpny, Sloth, the Beggars Goute,
(In Tradeſmens Hands and Feete, It runnes about,) No Cure for this ! Oathes thicke as Small-shot flye
From Children, No Defence to Put this by !*

*You May, you Muſt. I Counſell not, but Reade
A Leſſon of my loue ; By which Loue led
Ile on, and Bring you to your Honord Chaire,
Whilſt Aues (Round about you) Dance i' th' Aire.*

The last Presentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The vpper part of this, is adorned with feuerall Flowers, which interwouen together, dressle vp a comely *Greene Arbor*, in which the *Sunne* fits, with golden Beames about his Face ; an Attire glittering like gold ; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his haire curled and yellow. About him are plac'd *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumne*, and *Winter*, in proper Habiliments. Beneath these, is a Wildernesſe, in which are many forts of ſuch *Beaſts*, whose rich Skinnes ſerue for *Furres* : As the *Beare*, *Wolfe*, *Leopard*, *Luzerne*, *Cat-A-Mountaine*, *Foxes*, *Sables*, *Connies*, *Ferrets*, *Squirrels*, &c. Of these Beaſts, ſome are climbing, ſome ſtanding, ſome grinning, with liuely, naturall poſtures. In a Scrole, hanging on a Bough, This is written in Capitall letters.

Deus ecce Furentibus obstat.

See, for all some Beasts are fell,
There's one, that can their curstnesse quell.

Sol is the Speaker.

HEAVENS bright Oriental Gates I op'd this Morne,
And Hither wheeld my Chariot to adorne
These splendors with my Beames : nere did the Sun,
In his Caelestiall Circle faster runne
Than Now, to see these Sights : O how I ioy
To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy
So flourishing, so full, so faire, so deare
To th' Gods : they leue Ioue's Court to reuell here.
All o're the World, I trauell in one Day,
Yet oft am for'd to leaue my beaten way,
Frighted with Vproares, Battailes, Massaques,
Famines, and all that Hellish brood of Warres :
I meete no Peace but here. O blessed Land !
That feest fires kindling round, and yet canst stand
Vnburnt for all their flames ; O Nation blest !
When all thy Neighbours shrike, none wound thy brest.
To Crowne these ioyes, with me are come along,
The fourre Lords of the yeare, who by a strong
Knit Charme, bring in this goodly Russian prize,
As earnest of a more rich Merchandise :
Halfe of our Race, Time, and my Houres haue runne,
Nor shall they give o're till the Goale be wonne.

The Sunne at Night being couered with a vaile of
Darknesse : The Person, representing London, thus
takes leaue.

THE Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,
And by his hidden Beames, threatens the wracke
Of all these Glories : Euery pleafure dyes
When Rauen-winged Night, from her Cauieflyes ;

*None but these Artificiall Starres keepe fire
To Light you Home, these burne with a desire
To lengthen your braue Triumphes ; but their heate
Must coole, and dye at length, tho n're so Great.
Peace therefore guide you on : Rest, charme your eyes,
And Honors waite to cheere you when you Rise.*

Let it be no Ostentation in *Me* the Inuentor, to speak thus much in praise of the workes, that for many yeares, none haue beene able to Match them for curiositie : They are not Vast, but Neate, and Comprehend as much Arte for Architecture, as can be bestowed vpon such little Bodies. The commendations of which must liue vppon Mr. *Gerard Chrifmas* the Father, and Mr. *John Chrifmas* the Sonne.

FINIS.

Londons Tempe,
OR
THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted seuerall Trees of magnificence,
State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the
Right Honorable *James Campebell*, at his
Inauguration into the honorable Office
of Praetorship or Maioralty of
London, on Thurſday the
29. of October,
1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of
Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here
fully set downe. At the sole Cost, and
liberall Charges of the Right
worshipfull Society of
Ironmongers.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE *JAMES CAMPEBELL,*
LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOUNED
CITY OF LONDON.

HONORABLE PRÆTOR,

The Triumphes which these few leaues of paper present to your vew (albeit their glories are but short liued as glittering onely for a day), boldly shew their faces unto the eye of the world, as seruants attending on your Lordship onely to do you honor.

With much care, cost, and curiositie, are they brought forth ; and with exceeding greatnesse of love, a free handed bounty of their purse, a noble and generous alacrity of spirit, have your worthy fraterney, and much to be honored brotherhood of *Ironmongers* bestowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them to have such a cheise, and you cannot but be glad to have such a society : by a free election are you *Londons Prætor* ; the suffrages of commoners call you to your feate. A succeſſion to the place takes you by the hand, your industry hath met with blessings, those blessings given you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a magistrate.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne bosome whose strings being touchd, yeilds as harmonious a sound to

you as all theife, and that is to see your selfe heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was inuested. It was an honor to him to weare that robe of scarlet ; it is a double glory to you, in so short an age to haue his fword borne before you.

You haue the voyce of senators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding state to your state. The acclamations of people vthering you along. Whilst I (the least part of this triumphant day) spend such saud as I haue, to help to fill up the hour glasse, my seruice ronning.

Attending on your Lordship,

Thomas Dekker.



LONDONS TEMPE.

CERE it possible for a man, in the compasse of a day, to behold (as the sunne does) all the cittyes in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him; that man shoulde neuer see in any part of the yeare, any citty so magnificently adorned with all sorts of tryumphes, variety of musicke, of brauery, of bewty, of feaslings, of ciuill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and thronges of people, as London is enriched with, on the first day that her great Lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompassed with such glories; no such firmaments of starres were to be feene in Cheapside: Thames dranke no such costly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troy-nouant spread in fame, so our English kings shined vpon her with fauours.

In those home-spun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, fword, or cap of maintenance; these came by degrees, as *additamenta honoris*, additions or ensignes of more honour, conferd by feuerall Princes on this City: for in the time of Edward Confessor, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called Reeue,

Greeue, or Portreeue. The next to him in authority ; Prouost.

Then in the first of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the fway : this continued till the ninth of King Iohn, who by letters patents gaue the Citizens power yearly to choose themselues a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then King Henry the 3. made the first aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was Alderman of all England, that is to say Chiefe Iustice :) and those Aldermen of London had rule then (as now) ouer the wardes of the cittie, but were euerie year changed, as the shreiffes are in these dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior shoule, in the kings absence, sit in all places within London as chiefe Iustice ; and that euery Alderman that had bin Lord Maior, should be a Iustice of peace for London and Middlesex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry the 7. Sr. John Shaw, goldsmith, being Lord Maior, caused the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water fide, when he went to take his oath at Westminster, (where before they rode by land thither) : and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine ; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him : since which time the feast has there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus small rootes grow in time to cedars, shallow stremes to riuers, and a hand of gouernment to be the stongest arme in a kingdome. Thus you see London in her meane attyre, then in robes maesticall ; and sitting in that pompe, cast your eye upon those alluring obiects, which she her selfe beholds with admiration.

The First.

THE first scâne is a water-worke, presented by Oceanus, king of the sea, (from whose name the vniuersall maine sea is called the Ocean) he, to celebrate

the ceremonies and honors due to this great festiuall, and to shew the world his marine chariot, fits triumphantly in the vast (but quaint) shell of a siluer scollup, reyning in the heads of two wild sea-horses proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, shining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, carelefly spred, and white, is placed a diadem, whose bottome is a conceited coronet of gold ; the middle ouer that, is a coronet of siluer scollops, and on the top a faire spreading branch of corall, interwouen thickly with pearle. In his right hand a. golden trident, or three forked scepter.

His habit is antique, the stiffe, watchet and siluer ; a mantle crossing his body, with siluer waues, bafes and buskins cut likewife at the top into siluer scollups, and in this language he congratulates his Lordship.

Oceanus his Speech.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waues,
Whose voyce charmes roughest billows into flaues,
Whose foote treads downe their necks with as much
eaſe,

As in my shelly coach I reyne up theſe.

Lowd ecchoes cald me from my glittering throne,
To ſee the noble *Thameſis*,—a fonne
To this my queene and me (*Tethys*) whose eare
Ne're jeweld up ſuch muſick as ſounds here :
For our vnfaddomed world, roares out with none
But horrid ſea-fights, nauies ouerthrowne ;
Ilands halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,
Turkes flauiſh tugging oares, the *Dunkerke's* hell,
The *Dutchmans* thunder, and the *Spaniards* lightning,
To whom the ſulphures breath giues heate and
heightning,
O ! theſe are the dire tunes my conſort ſings.
But here ! old *Thameſis* out-shines the beames of kings.

This Citty addes new glories to *Ioue's* court,
And to all you who to this hall resort,
This *Laetia Via* (as a path) is giuen,
Being paued with pearle, as that with starres in
heauen.

I could (to fwell my trayne) beckon the *Rhine*,
(But the wilde boare has tufked up his vine) ;
I could swift *Volga* call, whose curld head lies
On feauen rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
The *Ruffian* him imploys) : I could to theis
Call *Ganges*, *Nilus*, long-haired *Euphrates* ;
Tagus, whose golden hands claspe *Lisbone* walles,
Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calleſ ?
Were they all here, they would weepe out their eyes,
Madde that new *Troys* high towers on tiptoe rize
To hit heauens rooſe : madde to ſee *Thames* this day
(For all his age) in wanton windinges play
Before his new grave *Prætor*, and before
Theis Senators, beſt fathers of the poore.

That grand *Canale*, where (Stately) once a yeaſe
A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
Into the ſea) that minion of the world,
Venice, to *Neptune*,—a poor lantſcip is
To theſe full braueries of *Thameſis*.

Goe therefore vp to *Cæſars* court, and clayme
What honours there are left to *Campebel's* name,
As by diſent ; whilſt we tow vp a tyde,
Which ſhall ronne ſweating by your barges ſide ;
That done, *Time* ſhall *Oceanus'* name inroll,
For guarding you to *London's* capitoll.

The Second Prefentation.

THE inuention is a proud-fwelling ſea, on whose
waues is borne vp a Sea Lyon, as a proper and
eminent body to marſhall in the following triumphes ;
in regard it is one of the ſupporters of the East Indian

Company, of which his lordship is free, and a great aduenturer. And these marine creatures, are the more fitly imployed, in regard also, that his Lordship is Maior of the Staple, Gouernour of the French Company, and free of the East-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and Queene of the Sea ; for why should the king of waues be in such a glorious progresse without his Queene, or she without him ? They both therefore twin themselues together to heighten these solemnities.

Her haire is long, and disheuelled ; on her head an antique sea-tyre, encompast with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with siluer croſſing her body. Her right hand ſupporting a large ſtreamer in which are the *Lord Maiors* armes.

On each ſide of this Lyon, attend a Mermaid and Merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new Shrieues, feueral fishes ſwimming as it were about the border. And theſe two hauing diſpatched on the water, haſten to aduance themſelues on land.

The Third.

THE third ſhow is an Estridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horse-shoe : on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long Tobacco-pipe, in the other a dart ; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the ſquare, where the estridge ſtands, are plac'd a Turke, and a Persian, a pikeman and a musketeere.

The Fourth.

THE fourth preſentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his feruants (the Cyclopes), whose names are

Pyracmon, Brontes and Sceropes, working at the anuile. Their habits are waistcoates and leather approns: their hair blacke and shaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is feene in the forge, bellowes blowing, some filing, some at other workes; thunder and lightning on occasion. As the smiths are at worke, they sing in prafe of iron, the anuile and hammer: by the concordant stroakes and sounds of which, Tuballcayne became the first inuentor of musicke.

The Song.

Braue iron! braue hammer! from your found,
The art of Musicke has her ground;
On the anuile thou keep'lt time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smiths best chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny finewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest barres be beaten flat.

We shooe the horses of the funne,
Harnesse the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiuier, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioue's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and speare,
And Gorgon shield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (shut) the day out-barres,
Those golden studdes which naile the starres,

The globes case, and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer these but wee ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead ;
Hob-nailes to serve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrowbils to cloute Pan's fhoone,
Whose work but ours ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else she brawles and bannes ;
Tonges, shouels, andirons haue their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid fits in one place of this forge, on his head a curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in lawne, a bow and quiuer, his armour : wings at his backe ; his body in light colours, a changeable filke mantle crossing it ; golden and siluer arrowes are euer and anone reached up to him, which he shoothes vpward into the aire, and is still supplied with more from the forge.

On the top fits Ioue, in a rich antique habite, a long white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and curld : a mace of triple fire in his hand burning ; who calling to *Vulcan*, this language passes betweene them.

Ioue. Ho, *Vulcan*.

Vul. Stop your hammers : what ayles Ioue ?
We are making arrowes for my flip-string sonne.
Here, reach him those two dozen ; I must now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann :
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Ioue. First heare : you shall not play,
The Fates would scold should you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then ?

Ioue. Command thy brawny-fisted flaues to fweate
At th' anuile, and to dust their hammers beate,

To stiffe with thunder-bolts Ioue's armoryes,
For *Vices* (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
My finewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
Stalkes vpon stilts ; Ambition, by her side,
Climbing to catch starres, breakes her necke i' th'
fall ;
The gallant roares ; roarers drinke oathes and gall ;
The beggar curses : Auarice eates gold,
Yet ne're is fil'd ; Learning's a wrangling scold ;
Warre has a fatal hand ; Peace, whorish eyes ;
Shall not Ioue beat downe such impieties ?
If't not high time ? if't not true justice then,
Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men
To beate thy anuile, and blow fires to flames,
To burne these broodes, who kill euen with their
names ?
Vul. Yes, Ioue, 'tis more then time.
Ioue. And what helps this, but iron ! O then,
how high
Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
Of you her noble prætor, and all those
Your worthy brotherhood, through whose care goes
That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden fand.
Iron ! best of metals ! pride of minerals !
Hart of the earth ! hand of the world ! which fals
Heavy when it strikes home. By iron's strong
charmes
Ryots lye bound. Warre strops her rough allarmes.
Iron, earthquakes strikes in foes : knits friends in
loue ;
Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth
moue ;
No kingdomes globe can turne, euen, smooth, and
round,
But that his axletree in iron is found :
For armies wanting iron are puffs of wind,
And but for iron, who thrones of peace would mind ?
Were there no gold nor siluer in the land,

Yet nauigation (which on iron does stand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's darling to the funne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More then the t'other dare : the merchants gates
By iron barre out theeuish assasianates :
Iron is the shop-keeper's both locke and kay ;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away ?
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-shares all the labour beares
In earth's strange midwifery ? Braue iron ! what
praise
Deserues it ! more 'tis beate, more it obeys ;
The more it suffers, more it smoothes offence ;
In drudgery it shines with patience.

This fellowship, was then, with judging eyes,
Vnited to the twelue great companies :
It being farre more worthy than to fill
A file inferiour. Yon's, the funn's guilt hill,
On too't, Loue guardes you on : Cyclopes, a ring
Make with your hammers, to whose musicke sing.

The Fift.

THe fift presentation is called *Londons Tempe*, or the Field of Happinesse ; thereby reflecting upon the name of *Campe-bell* or *Le Beau Champe*, a faire and glorious field. It is an arbor supported by four great termes : on the four angles, or corners over the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in them.

It is round about furnished with trees and flowers : the vpper part with feuerall fruities, intimating that as London is the best stored garden in the kingdome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and fuchlike ; so, on this day it is the most glorious city in the Christian world.

And therefore Tytan (one of the names of the sun) in all his splendor, with Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver,

and Eftas, are feated in this Tempe ; on the top of all stands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors crest.

Tytan being the speaker, does in this language court his lordship to attention.

Tytan his Speech.

WElcome, great praetor : now heare Tytan speak,
Whose beames to crowne this day, through clouds thus break.

My coach of beaten gold is set aside,
My horfes to ambrofiall mangers tied ;
Why is this done ? why leaue I mine own sphere ?
But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
Embrace then Tytan's counsell : now fo guide
The chariot of your fway in a ivst pace,
That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
Say, None like you did noblier quit the place ;
Lower than now you are in fame, neuer fall ;
Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone careere
Render a shadow, short, or none at all ;
And fo, fince Honor's zodiac is your sphere,
A shrub to you must be the tallest pine ;
On poor and rich you equally muſt shine.

This if you doe, my armes shall euer spread
About thofe roomes you feast in ; from her head
Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
To dreſſ your parlors vp like summer's bowers.
Ceres lay golden ſheafes on your full boord ;
With fruit, you from Pomona ſhall be ſtoard ;
Whilſt Ver and Eftas (Spring and Summer), driue,
From this your Tempe, Winter, till he diue,
I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant ſhield
Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's faireſt field.

The Sixth and Laſt Presentation.

THIS is called Apollo's pallace, because ſeuen perſons repreſenting the ſeuen liberal ſciences are

richly in throne in this city. Those feuen are in loose robes of feuerall cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands escutcheons, with emblems in them proper to every one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by twelue siluer columnes ; at the four angles of it, four pendants play with the wind ; on the top is erected a square tower supported by four golden columnes, in euery square is presented the embol'd antique head of an emperour, figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them pointing at foure kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe person, on his head a garland of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercriticall censurer perhaps will aske, why hauing Tytan, I should bring in Apollo, sithence they both are names proper to the sunne. But the youngest nouice in poetry can answer for me, that the sunne when he shines in heauen is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo tunes his voyce.

Apolloes Speech.

A Pollo neuer stucke in admiration till now, my Delphos is remouen hither, my oracles are spoken here ; here the sages utter their wisdome, here the sybils their diuine verfes.

I see senators this day in scarlet riding to the capitol, and tomorrow the same men riding vp and downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and warlike gownmen. The gunne here giues place, and the gowne takes the upper hand ; the gowne and the gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has such people, happy land in such a king ! happy prætor so graced with honours ! happy senators so obeyed by citizens, and happy citizens that can command such triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilſt Apollo and these

mistresses of the learned sciences waft you to that honorable shore whither Time bids you hasten to arrue.

*A Speech at Night, at taking leave of his Lordship
at his gate, by Oceanus.*

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who
does lay
All pompe, all triumphs by, state now descends;
Here our officious trayne their seruice ends,
And yet not all, for fee, the golden funne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp aboue his houre, and does his best
To keep the starres from lighting you to rest.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by angels, blest with goodnes, loue.

Thus much his owne worke cryes up the workman, (M. Gerard Chrifmas) for his inuention, that all the pieces were exact, and set forth liuely with much cost. And this yeare giues one remarkable note to after times, that all the barges followed one another (euery company in their degree,) in a stately and maieſticallyall order; this being the inuention of a noble citizen, one of the captaines of the city.

FINIS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY:
Called,
Match mee in L O N D O N .

As it hath beene often Presented; First,
at the *Bull* in St. I O H N S -street; And lately,
at the Priuate-House in D R V R Y -Lane,
called the **P H Æ N I X .**

Si non, His vtere Mecum.

Written by **T H O : D E K K E R .**



LONDON.

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at the *Tygers-head* in St. Pauls Church-
yard. 1631.





Drammatis Personæ.

KING OF SPAIN.

DON JOHN, Prince.

DON VALASCO, Father to the Queen.

GAZETTO, Louer of TORMIELLA.

MALEVENTO, Father to her.

CORDOLENTE, her Husband.

APLHONSO.

IA GO.

MARTINES.

} Courtiers.

L VPO.

DOCTOR.

2. CHVRCHMEN.

BILBO.

PACHECO.

LAZARILLO.

QVEENE.

TORMIELLA.

DILDOMAN, a Bawd.





TO
THE NOBLE LOVER
(and deseruedly beloued) of the Muses,
LODOVVICK CARLELL,
Esquire, Gentleman of the BOVVES, and
Groome of the King, and Queenes
Priuy-Chamber.

Hat I am thus bold to sing a Dramatick Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard you are a Chorister in the Quire of the Muses. Nor is it any Over-daring in mee, to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier; Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish, (Now) to their Grandies, the Italians to their Illustrissimoes, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones.

I haue beene a Priest in A P O L L O ' S Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they set Ill! Pardon them; Well! Then receiue them.

Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King
of Spaine, speakes our Language in the Court of Eng-
land ; yet haue you wrought as great a wonder, For the
Nine sacred Sisters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers,
and talke with sweet Tongues, Instructed by your Delian
Eloquence. You haue a King to your Master, a Queene
to your Mistresse, and the Muses your Play fellowes. I
to them a Servant: And yet, what Duty souer I owe
them, some part will I borrow to waite vpon you, And
to Rest

Ever,

So devoted.

THO: DEKKER.



MATCH MEE IN LONDON.

ACTUS, I.

Enter Malevento.

Malevento.

Mormiella Daughter—nor in this roome—
Peace.
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
The dawne of Midnight, and the Drunk-
ards noone,
No honest soules vp now, but Vintners, Midwiues ;
The nodding Watch, and pitious Constable, Ha !
Bilbo
My street doore open ! *Bilbo, Puskeena, Bilbo.*
Bawds, Panders, to a young Whore ;

Enter Bilbo.

Bilb. Theeues, Theeues, Theeues, where are they Master?

Mal. Where are they *Bilbo*? what Theefe seest thou?

Bil. That ilfauor'd Theefe in your Candle fir, none else not I.

Mal. Why didst thou cry Theeues then?

Bil. Because you cry'd Whores; I knew a Theefe was alwayes within a stones cast of a Whore.

Mal. What mak'st thou vp at Midnight?

Bil. I make them which are made euery houre i'th day (patches.)

Mal. Slaue what art doing?

Bil. That which few men can doe, mending Sir.

Mal. VVhat art mending?

Bil. That which few men care to mend, a bad sole.

Mal. Looke here, come hither, dost thou see what's this?

Bil. I see tis our Wicket master.

Mal. Stop there and tell me, is *Tormiella* forth?

Bil. I heard *Puskeena* our Kitchin-maid say, she was going about a murther:

Mal. A murther; of whom?

Bil. Of certaine Skippers; she was fleaining her selfe.

Mal. She dwels not in her Chamber, for my Ghost
Call'd from his rest) from Roome to roome has stalk'd,
Yet met no *Tormiella*.

Was not her sweet heart here to night, *Gazetto*?

Bil. *Gazetto*! no sir, here was no *Gazetto* here.

Mal. Walke round the Orchard, holla for her there.

Bil. So, ho ho, ho ho.

Exit.

Mal. She's certaine with *Gazetto*,

Should he turne Villaine, traine my poore child forth
Though she's contracted to him, and rob her youth
Of that Gemme none can prize (beaute nere seene)
The Virgins riches (Chasfity) and then
(When he has left her ugly to all eyes)
His owne should loath her, vds death I would draw
An old mans nerues all vp into this arme.
And nayle him to the Bed—

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. So, ho, ho, ho, the Conyes vfe to feed most
i'th night Sir, yet I cannot see my young misbris in our
Warren.

Mal. No !

Bil. No, nor you neither, tis so darke.

Mal. Where should this foolish girle be ? tis past
twelue,
Who has inuited her forth to her quicke ruine !

Bil. My memory jogs me by the elbow, and tels
me—

Mal. What *Bilbo* out with all.

Bil. A Barber stood with her on Saturday night
very late when he had shau'd all his Customers, and as
I thinke, came to trimme her.

Mal. A Barber ! To trim her ! Sawft thou the
Muskcod ?

Bil. A chequer'd aprone Gentleman I assure you :
he smelt horrible strong of Camphire, Bay leaues and
Rose water : and he stood fidling with *Tormiella*.

Mal. Ha ?

Bil. Fidling at least halfe an houre, on a Citterne
with a mans broken head at it, so that I thinke 'twas a
Barber Surgeon : and there's one *Cynamono* a Shop-
keeper, comes hither a batfowling euery Moone-shine
night too.

Mal. What's he ! *Cynamono* !

Bil. I take him to be a Comfitmaker with rotten
teeth, for he neuer comes till the Barber's gone.

Mal. A Comfitmaker !

Bil. Yes Sir, for he gaue *Tormiella* a Candied roote once, and she swore 'twas the sweetest thing —

Mal. Dwells he here i'th City ?

Bil. He has a house i'th City, but I know not where he liues.

Mal. Sheele follow her kind ; turne Monster, get a light.

Bil. My sconce is ready Sir.

Mal. Call at *Gazettoes* Lodging, aske how he dares

Make a Harlot of my child, — flaue say no more :
Begon, beat boldly.

Bil. Ile beat downe the doore ; and put him in mind of a Shroue-tuesday, the fatall day for doores to be broken open.

Exit.

Mal. For this night I'm her Porter ; Oh haplesse Creatures !

There is in woman a Diuell from her birth,
Of bad ones we haue tholes, of good a dearth. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente and Tormiella.

Cor. No more my *Tormiella*, night hath borne
Thy vowes to heauen, where they are fyl'd by this
Eyther one day to crowne thy constant Soule
Or (if thou spot it with foule periury,)
For euer to condemne thee.

Tor. Come it shall not :
Here am I sphear'd for euer, thy feares (deare Loue)
Strike coldly on thy jealous breast I know
From that my Fathers promife to *Gazetto*
That he shoulde haue me, contract is there none,
For my heart loath'd it, is there left an oath
Fit for a Maid to sweare by.

Cord. Good sweet giue o're,
What need we binding oathes being fast before ?
I dare the crabbed'ft Fate, shee cannot spin
A thred thus fine and rotten ; how now ! fad !

Tor. Pray Heauen, I bee not mist at home, deare
Cordolente

Thou shalt no farther, Ile venter now my selfe.

Cor. How sweet ! venture alone !

Torm. Yes, yes, good rest.

Cor. By that are Louers parted, seldome blest.

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Who goes there, if you be a woman stand, for
all the men I met to night, lye in the Kennell.

Tor. My Fathers man ! I am betray'd.

Cor. Feare nothing.

Tor. *Bilbo !*

Whether art thou running ?

Bil. Out of my wits and yet no Churles Executor,
'tis no money makes me mad, but want of money.

Tor. Good tell me whether art going ?

Bil. I am going to Hell (that's to say home) for
my Master playes the Diuell, and I come from seeking
out a house of euerlasting Thunder, (that's to say a
Woman) I haue beeene bouncing at Signior *Gazetto's*
Chamber for you.

Tor. Ha !

Bil. You'l be haa'd when you come home.

Tor. I am vndone for euer.

Cor. Thou art not, peace.

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* is horne-mad, and leapt out
of his Bed, (as if fleas had bit him) so that I thinke
he comes running starke naked after me.

Tor. Oh me, what helpe my dearest Soule ?

Cor. To desperate wounds

Let's apply desperate cure, dar'st thou flye hence ?

Tor. Dare ! try me.

Cor. Then farewell *Cordoua* ;

Horfes wee'l forthwith hire, and quicke to *Siuell*
My birth-place, there thou shalt defie all stormes.

Tor. Talke not, but doe.

Bil. She would haue you doe much but say little.

Tor. Bilbo, thou feest me not.

Bil. No, no, away, mum I.

Cor. To shut thy lips fast, here are lockes of Gold.

Bil. I spy a light comming, trudge this way.

Tor. You dally with fire, haste, haste, *Bilbo* fare-well.

Cor. O starre-crost Loue !

To find way to whose Heauen, man wades through Hell.

Exeunt, manet Bilbo.

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Wo, ho, ho, ho, — whew.

Bil. Another Fire-drake ! More Salamanders ! Heere Sir.

Gaz. Bilbo ! How now ! Is the Dy-dapper aboue water yet ?

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* ! Mine Eyes are no bigger then little pinnes heads with flaring, my heeles ake with trotting, my candle is come to an vntimely end through a Consumption. Yet my yong Misfris your sweet hart, like sweet breath amongst Tobacco-drinkers, is not to be found.

Gaz. On, take my Torch, apace : the neer'st way home.

Fluttering abroad by Owle-light !

Bil. Here fir, turne downe this Lane ; shall I knocke your Torch Signior ?

Gaz. Prithee doe what thou wilt, the Diuell ! where is she ?

Bil. Had you knockt your Torch well before *Tor-miella* (ware the post) and held it well vp when it was lighted, she had neuer giuen you the slip, and i'faith Signior when is the day ?

Gaz. The wedding (meant thou) on Saint *Lukes* day next,

'Tis mine owne name thou know'st ; but now I feare She's lost, and the day too.

Bil. If she should driue you by foule weather into

Cuckolds Hauen before Saint Lukes day comes,
Signior *Luco* how then ?

Gaz. If she dares let her, I haue her Fathers pro-
mife, nay oath that I shall haue her.

Bil. Here is my Masters Gate.

Gaz. Stay she's at home fure now : Ile slip aside,
Knocke thou, and if she answeres (as 'tis likely)
Weel try if still th' old fencing be in vfe,
That faulty women neuer want excuse.

Bil. They are made for the purpose to lye and
cullor,
Ile knocke.

Mal. Who's there ?

Bil. 'Tis I, open the doore.

Mal. What ! to a Common !

Bil. What common ! You doe me wrong sir,
though I goe in breeches, I am not the roaring girle
you take me for.

Mal. Wert thou with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. Yes.

Mal. Was she with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. No.

Mal. Was *Gazetto* alone ?

Bil. No sir, I was with him.

Mal. Foole knew not he she was forth ?

Bil. Yes when I told him.

Gaz. Signior *Malevente* open the doore pray.

Mal. Oh *Luke Gazetto*.

Gaz. Not yet come home !

Mal. No, no.

Gaz. Not yet ! vds death

When I shall take the Villaine does this wrong,
Had better stolne away a Starre from Heauen
No *Spaniard* fure dares doe it.

Bil. 'Tis some *English* man has stolne her, I hold
my life, for most Theeues and brauest Cony-catchers
are amongst them.

Gaz. All *Cordoua* search ere morning, if not found
Ile ride to *Siuill*, Ile mount my Iennet Sir

142 *Match me in London.*

And take the way to Madrill.

Mal. Ne're speake of Madrill,
The iourney is for her too dangerous,
If *Cordoua* hold her not, lets all to *Siuill*.
Haste, haste, by breake of day
Signior *Gassetto* let vs meet agen.

Gaz. Agreed :

Mal. We'll hunt her out. *Exit.*
Bil. But you know not when, will you take your
Torch. *Exit.*

Gaz. Keepe it, lustfull maiden !
Hot *Spanish* vengeance followes thee, which flyes
Like three forkt Lightning, whom it smites, he dyes.
Exit.

Enter Prince Iohn all vnready, and Pacheco his Page.

Ioh. *Pacheco* ?

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Is't so earely ! What a Clocke Is't ?

Pach. About the houre that Souldiers goe to bed,
and Catchpoles rise : Will your Lordship be trus'd vp
this morning ?

Ioh. How doft meane, goe to hanging !

Pach. Hanging ! does your Lordship take me for
a crack-rope.

Ioh. No, but for a notable Gallowes, too many
Lordships are trus'd vp every day (boy) some wud
giue a 1000. Crownes to haue 'em vnty'd, but come
fir tye vp my Lordship.

Pach. As fast as I can, Oh my Lord and a man
could tye friends to him as fast as I doe these points,
'twere a braue world.

Ioh. So he does, for these are fast now, and loose
at night.

Pach. Then they are like the loue of a woman.

Ioh. Why boy ! Do you know what the loue of a
woman is !

Pach. No faith my Lord, nor you neither, nor any man else I thinke.

Ioh. Yare a noble Villaine.

Pach. Would I were, then I should be rich.

Ioh. Well get you gon ————— *Exit.*
Here's a braue fyle of noble *Portugals*
Haue sworne to helpe me, its hard trusting stran-
gers,

Nay more, to giue them footing in a Land
Is easie, hard to remoue them ; say they and I
Should send my Brother King out of this world,
And inthrone me (for that's the Starre I reach at,) *Exit.*
I must haue *Spaine* mine, more then *Portugall*,
Say that the *Dons* and *Grandi'es* were mine owne,
And that I had the Keyes of the Court Gates
Hang at my Girdle ; in my hand the Crowne,
There's yet no lifting it vp to my head
Without the people : I must ride that Beast,
And best fit fast : who walkes not to his Throne
Vpon their heads and hands, goes but alone ;
This Dogfish must I catch then, the Queenes
Father !

(*Pedro Valafco*) what if I got him !
Its but a shallow old fellow, and to build
On the great'it, wifelt Statefman, in a dessigne
Of this high daring, is most dangerous ;
We see the tops of tall trees, not their heart ;
To find that found or rotten, there's the Art.
How now *Iago* ?

Enter *Iago*.

Iago. Good morrow to your Lordship,
The King lookes for you,
You must come presently.

Ioh. Well Sir: must come ! So : *florish.*
As I must come, so he ere long must goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Valasco, Martines, Alphonjo.

Valasco. And broad awake !

King. As is that eye of Heauen.

Val. It spake ! not, did it ?

King. No ; but with broad eyes,
Glassie and fierie flair'd vpon me thus,
As blacke, as is a Soule new dipt in Hell ;
The t'other was all white, a beard and haire
Snowie like *Portugall*, and me thought his looke :
But had no armes.

Val. No armes !

King. No : just my height,
Now, and e're this it was shot vp so high,
Me thought I heard the head knocke at a Starre,
Cleane through the Seeling.

Val. Fancy, Fancy.

King. I saw it.

Val. A meere *Deception visus*.

King. A vice Affe ;
Y'are an incredulous Coxcombe, these saw it.

Val. Well ; they did, they did.

King. I call'd for helpe ; these enter'd, found mee
dead with feare !

Omn. 'Tis right Sir.

King. Did not the Spirits glide by thee ?

Mar. Your Grace must pardon me, I saw none.

King. 'Shart doe I lye ! doe you braue me ! you
base Peasant.

Mart. No my Lord, but I must guard my life
against an Emperor.

King. One of my wiues men, is't not ! Ha !
What a Pox fawnes the Curre for here ! away.

Exit. Martines.

Her Spye Sir ! Are you !

Val. Sooth him vp, y'are fooles,
If the Lyon say the Affes eares are hornes

The Asse if he be wise will fweare it, la Sir
These tell me they all saw it.

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Enter Iago.

King. And yet I lye ! a whorefon buzzard—
Now fir.

Iago. Prince *John* is comming.

King. When fir !

Iago. Instantly.

King. Father Ile tell you a Tale, vpon a time
The Lyon Foxe and silly Asse did jarre,
Grew friends and what they got, agreed to share :
A prey was tane, the bold Asse did diuide it
Into three equall parts, the Lyon spy'd it,
And scorning two such sharers, moody grew,
And pawing the Asse, shooke him as I shake you.

Valaſc. Not too hard good my Lord, alas I am
craſ'd.

King. And in rage tore him peece meale, the Asse
thus dead,
The prey was by the Foxe distributed
Into three parts agen ; of which the Lyon
Had two for his share, and the Foxe but one :
The Lyon (ſmiling) of the Foxe would know
Where he had this wit, he the dead Asse did ſhow.

Valaſc. An excellent Tale.

King. Thou art that Asſe.

Valaſc. I !

King. Thou : you, and the Foxe my Brother cut
my Kingdome,
Into what fleakes you lift, I ſhare no more,
Then what you lift to giue.
You two broach Warre or Peace; you plot, contrive,
You flea off the Lyons skinne, you ſell him aliuie,
But hauing torne the Asſe firſt limbe from limbe
His death ſhall tell the Foxe Ile ſo ferue him.

Valaſc. I doe all this ! 'tis false : in Prince *Johns* face
Ile spit if he dares speake it, you might ride me
For a'right Affe indeed if I should kick
At you, vndermine you, or blow you vp ?
In whom the hope of my posterity
(By marriage of my child your wife) doth grow
None but an Affe would doe it.

King. If I know, your little finger was but in't,
neither age ;
Your place in Court, and Councell, respect of
honour,
Nor of my wife (your Daughter) shall keepe this
head
Vpon these shoulders—

Enter Prince Iohn.

Valaſc. Take it ; now here's Prince *Iohn*.
King. How now Brother ! Sick !
Ioh. Not very well.
King. Our Court is ſome Incharted Tower you
come not neare it.
Are you not troubled with ſome paine i'th head ?
Your Night-cap ſhewes you are ?
Ioh. Yes wonderouſly—a kind of Megrim Sir.
King. I thinke to bind
Your Temples with the Crowne of *Spaine* would eafe
you.
Ioh. The Crowne of *Spaine* ! my Temples !
King. Nay, I but ieft,
A Kingdome would make any Sicke man well,
And *Iohn* I would thou hadſt one.
Ioh. It shall goe hard elſe.
Valaſc. The King I thanke him ſays that you and
I—
King. What ?
Valaſc. Cut you out fir in ſteakes : Ile not be
ſilent,

And that I am an Asse, and a Foxe you ;
Haue I any dealings with you ?

Ioh. When I am to deale sir,
A wiser man than you shall hold the Cards.

Valasc. Now I'm call'd foole too.

King. Sir if you remember
Before he came, you buzz'd into mine eare,
Tunes that did sound but scuruiy.

Val. I buzz ! What buzz !

King. That he should sell me to the *Portugall.*

Val. Wer't thou as big as all the Kings i'th
world,

Tis false and I defie thee.

King. Nay Sir, and more,—

Val. Out with't ; no whispering.

King. I shall blush to speake it,
Harke you, a Poxe vpon't, cannot you sooth
His fullen Lordship vp, you see I doe
Flatter him, confesse any thing.

Val. A good leſt !
I should confesse to him I know not what,
And haue my throat cut, but I know not why.

Ioh. W'd your Grace
Would licence me a while to leaue the Court
To attend my health.

King. Doe.

Ioh. I take my leaue—as for you Sir. *Exit.*

King. My Lord doe you see this Change i'th Moone,
sharpe hornes

Doe threaten windy weather, shall I rule you
Send to him dead words, write to him your mind
And if your hearts be vnsound purge both, all
humors

That are corrupt within you.

Val. Ile neuer write, but to him in person.

Enter old Lady.

King. Pray Madam rise.

Jag. Doe you know this old furie ?

Alph. No : what is she ?

Jag. She's the Kings nuthooke (if report has not a blister on her tongue) that when any Filberd-tree is ripe ; puls downe the brauest bowes to his hand : a Lady Pandrefie, and (as this yeares Almanacke says) has a priuate hot-houfe for his Grace onely to sweat in : her name the Lady *Dildoman* : the poore Knight her Husband is troubled with the City Gowt, lyes i'th Counter.

K. Ile hang him that stirres in't, the proudest Fawlcon that's pearcht vp nearest the Eagle, if he dare, make this his prey, how many yeares !

Lad. Fifteene and vpwards if it please your Grace.

Kin. Some two footed Diuell in our Court, Would thrust you out of all, Inclos'd ! or Common !

Lad. 'Tis yet inclos'd if it like your Grace.

King. Entayl'd !

Lad. Newly Entayl'd, as there 'tis to be seene in blacke and white.

King. This case my selfe will handle ; fee no Lawyer

Ile stand for you, ha ! Servants of mine turn'd grinders ! To oppresse the weake ! What flauue is't ! from my fight, Least my heau'd hand swerue awry, and Innocence smite.

Alph. This Bawd belike has her house pull'd downe.

Exeunt.

King. So : come hither, nearer, where shines this flarre ?

Lad. I'th City, brightly, sprightly, brauely, oh 'tis a Creature—

King. Young !

Lad. Delicate, piercing eye, enchanting voyce, lip red and moynt, skin soft and white ; she's amorous, delicious, inciferous, tender, neate.

King. Thou madst me, newly married !

Lad. New married, that's all the hole you can find in her coate, but so newly, the poefie of her wedding Ring is scarce warme with the heate of her finger ; therefore my Lord, fasten this wagtayle, as foone as you can lime your bush, for women are Venice-glasses, one knocke spoyles em.

King. Crackt things ! pox on 'em.

Lad. And then they'l hold no more then a Lawyers Conscience.

King. How shall I get a fight of this rich Diamond.

Lad. I would haue you first disguis'd goe along with mee, and buy some toy in her shop, and then if you like *Danae* fall into her lap like *Iove*, a net of Goldsmiths worke will plucke vp more women at one draught, then a Fisherman does Salmons at fifteene.

King. What's her Husband ?

Lad. A flatcap, pish ; if he storme, giue him a Court-Loafe stop's mouth with a Monopoly.

King. T'haſt fir'd me.

La. You know where to quench you.

King. Ile steale from Court in some disguife presently.

Lad. Stand on no ground good your Highnesse.

King. Away, Ile follow thee, speake not of haſt, Thou tyest but wings to a swift gray Hounds heele, And add'ſt to a running Charriot a fift wheele. Thou now doſt hinder me, away, away.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTVS, II.

A shop opened, Enter Bilbo and Lazarillo.

Bil. Lazarillo art bound yet?

Laz. No, but my Indentures are made.

Bil. Make as much haste to seale, as younger Brothers doe at taking vp of Commodities: for *Lazarillo*, there's not any *Deigo* that treads vpon *Spaniſh* leather, goes more vpright vpon the soles of his Conſcience, then our Master does.

Laz. Troth ſo I thinke, now I like my little ſmirking Miftris as well.

Bil. Like her, did not I like her ſimply, to runne away from her father (where I had both men Seruants and maid Seruants vnder me) to weare a flat cap here and cry what doe you lacke.

Enter Gallants.

Laz. What iſt you lacke Gentlemen, rich garters, ſpangled roses, filke ſtockins, embrodered gloues or girdles.

Dil. Don ſweet Don, ſee here rich *Tuſcan* hatbands, *Venetian* ventoyes, or *Barbarian* ſhooſtrings—no poyn特—

Exeunt Gallants.

Laz. Their powder is dankiſh and will not take fire.

Bilb. Reach that paper of gloues what marke iſt?

Laz. *P.* and *Q.*

Enter Malevento.

Bil. *P.* and *Q.* chafe theſe, chafe, chafe, here's a world to make Shopkeepers chafe.

Laz. What is't you buy Sir, gloues, garters, girdles.

Bil. *Lazarillo, Lazarillo*, my old master *Andrada Malevento*; do you heare sir, the best hangers in *Spaine* for your worship.

Mal. Vmh! I haue knowne that voyce, what! Run away! Why how now *Bilbo*! growne a Shop-keeper!

Bil. Logging on Sir, in the old path to be call'd vpon to beare all offices, I hope one day.

Mal. 'Tis well: good fortunes blesse you.

Bil. Turn'd Citizen sir, a Counter you fee still before me, to put me in mind of my end, and what I must goe to, if I trust too many with my ware, it's newes to see your worship in *Siuill*.

Mal. 'Tis true: but *Bilbo*, no newes yet of my Daughter?

Bil. None.

Mal. Not any!

Bil. What will your worship giue me, if I melt away all that sow of lead that lyes heauy at your heart, by telling you where shhee is.

Mal. Prithee step forth, speake softly, thou warm'st my blood. Ile giue thee the best suite Prentize e're wore.

Bil. And I can tell you Prentizes are as gallant now, as some that walke with my cozen *Bilbo* at their sides, you can scarce know 'em for Prentizes of *Siuill*.

Mal. Fly to the marke I prithee?

Bil. Now I draw home, doe you fee this shop, this shop is my Masters.

Mal. So, so, what of all this?

Bil. That master lies with my yong mistris, and that mistris is your Daughter.

Mal. Ha!

Bil. Mum: sh'e's gone forth, this morning to a Wedding, he's aboue, but (as great men haue done) he's comming downe.

Enter Cordolente.

Mal. Is this he ?

Bil. This is he.

Cord. Looke to the shop.

Mal. Pray sir a word ?

Cor. You shall.

Mal. You doe not know me ?

Cord. Trust me not well.

Mal. Too well, thou hast vndone me,
Thou art a Ciuill Theefe with lookes demure
As is thy habit, but a Villaines heart.

Cor. Sir—

Mal. Hearre me sir—to rob me of that fire
That fed my life with heate (my onely Child)
Turne her into—

Cor. What sir ! She's my wife.

Mal. Thy Strumpet, she's a disobedient Child,
To croste my purposes ; I promis'd her
To a man whom I had chosen to be her Husband.

Cord. She lou'd him not ; was she contractēd to
him ?

Can he lay claime to her by Law ?

Mal. Ile fweare,
She told me I should rule her, that she was
Affy'd to no other man, and that to please me
She would onely take *Gassetto*.

Cord. I will forbeare Sir
To vexe you ; what she spake so, was for feare,
But I ha' done, no Begger has your child
I craue no Dowrie with her, but your Loue,
For hers I know I haue it,

Mal. Must I not see her !

Cord. You shall but now she's forth sir.

Mal. She has crackt my heart-strings quite in
funder.

Cord. Her loue and duty shall I hope knit all
more strongly
Sir I beseech your patience, when my bosome

Is layd all open to you, you shall find
An honest heart there, and you will be glad
You h'a met the Theefe that rob'd you, and forgiue
him,
I am ingag'd to businesse craues some speed,
Please you be witnesse to it.

Mal. Well I shall,
Parents with milke feed Children, they them with gall.

Exeunt.

Bil. As kind an old man *Lazarillo*, as euer drunk
mull'd Sack.

Laz. So it seemes, for I saw him weepe like a Cut
Vine.

Bil. Weepe; I warrant that was because hee
could not find in's heart to haue my Master by
th'eares.

Enter Tormiella.

Laz. My Mistris.

Bil. Chafe chafe.

Tor. Where's your master.

Bil. Newly gone forth forsooth.

Tor. Whether, with whom?

Bil. With my old Master your Father.

Tor. Ha! my Father! when came he! who was
with him?

What said he, how did my Husband vse him?

Bil. As Officers at Court vse Citizens that come
without their Wiues, scarce made him drinke, but they
are gone very louingly together.

Torm. That's well, my heart has so ak't since I
went forth, I am glad I was out of the peales of
Thunder, askt hee not for mee, was *Gazzetto* with him,
Luke was not hee with him ha?

Bil. No onely the old man.

Tor. That's well, reach my workebasket, is the
imbrodered Muffe perfum'd for the Lady?

Bilbo. Yes forsooth, she neuer put her hand into a sweeter thing.

Torm. Are you sure *Gazetto* was not with my Father?

Bil. Vnlesse he wore the invibile cloake.

Tor. Bleffe me from that disease and I care not, one fit of him would foone send me to my graue; my hart so throbs!

Enter Gazetto and Officers.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. Fine Garters, Gloues, Glasses, Girdles what is't you buy.

Gaz. I haue a warrant you see from the King to search all Siuell for the woman that did this murther, the aet of which has made me mad, misle no shop, let me haue that, which I can buy in some Country for feuen groates Iustice!

Off. Your searching house by house this is so spread abroad that 'tis as bad as a fycrow to fright away the bird you seeke to Catch, me thinks if you walke soberly alone, from shop to shop your bat fowling would catch more wagtailes.

Gaz. Well shot *Sagittarius*, Ile nock as thou bidst mee.

Off. What thinke you of yonder parrot i'th Cage.

Gaz. A rope—ha—puffe—is the wind with mee.

Tor. What flares the man at so.

Off. His wits are reeld a little out of the road way nothing else.

Bil. Alas misbris, this world is able to make any man mad.

Gaz. Ha ha ha ha.

Off. What doe you laugh at, is this shee.

Gaz. No, but I saw a doue fly by that had eaten Carrion it shewd like a corrupted Churchman farewell.

Off. Doe you discharge vs then. *Excunt Officers.*

Gaz. As haile shot at a dunghill where Crowes are.
Th'art mine ; thankes vengeance ; thou at last art
come,
(Tho with wolly feet) be quick now and strike home.

Exit.

Enter King and Lady.

Las. What is't you lacke.

Bil. What is't you buy.

Lady. That's shee.

King. Peace ; Madam lets try here.

Bil. What is't you lack sir !

King. A gloue with an excellent perfume.

Bil. For your selfe sir !

Kiug. I would fit my selfe sir, but I am now for a
woman : a pritty little hand, the richest you haue.

Lad. About the bignesle of this gentlewomans will
serue.

King. Yes faith Madam, at all adventures Ile make
this my measure, shall I misstrisse !

Tor. As you please sir.

Kin. It pleases mee well.

Bil. Then sir go no farder, heer's the fairest in all
Spaine, fellow it and take mine for a dogskin.

La. Pray forsooth draw it on, if it fit you it fits the
party surely.

Bil. Nay Madam, the gloue is most genuine for any
young Ladies hand vnder the Coape, I assure you.

King. I but the Leather.

Bil. Nay, the Leather is affable and apt to bee
drawn to any generous disposition.

Kin. Pray (faire Lady) does it not come on too
stiffe ?

Tor. No sir very gently.

Bil. Stiffe ; as prolixious as you please : nay sir
the sent is *Aromaticall* and most odorous, the muske
vpon my word Sir is perfect *Cathayne*, a Tumbasine

odor vpon my credit, not a graine either of your *Sal-mindy* Caram or Cubit musk.

King. Adulterated I doubt.

Bil. No adulterey in the world in't, no sophification but pure as it comes from the cod.

Tor. Open more, you shall haue what choyce you please.

Bil. You shall haue all the ware open'd i'th shop to please your worship, but you shall bee fitted.

King. No no, it needs not : that which is open'd already shall serve my turne.

Lady. Will you goe farther fonne and see better.

King. And perhaps speed worse : no : your price ?

Bil. Foure double Pistolets.

King. How !

Bil. Good ware cannot be too deare : looke vpon the cost, Relish the sent, note the workmanship.

King. Your man is too hard, Ile rather deale with you : three Ile give you.

Lad. Com pray take it, will three fetch 'em ?

Tor. Indeed we cannot, it stands my Husband in more.

King. Well lay these by, a Cordouant for my selfe.

Bil. The best in *Stiell* ; Lacke you no rich *Tuskan* Garters, *Venetian* ventoyes Madam, I haue maskes most methodicall, and facetious : assay this gloue fir ?

King. The Leather is too rough.

Bil. You shall haue a fine smooth skin please your feeling better, but all our *Spanijh Dons* choose that which is most rough, for it holds out, sweat you neuer so hard.

King. The price ?

Bil. The price !

Foure Crownes, I haue excellent *Hungarian* shag bands Madam for Ladies, cut out of the same peece that the great Turkes Tolibant was made of.

King. The Great Turke be damn'd.

Bil. Doe you want any *French Codpeece* points
Sir?

King. Poxe on 'em, they'l not last, th'are burnt
i'th dying.

Bil. If they be blacke they are rotten indeed, sir
doe you want no rich spangled *Morisco* shoo-strings.

King. I like this beard-brush, but that the haire's
too stiffe.

Bil. Flexible as you can wish, the very bristles of
the same swine that are fatten'd in *Virginia*.

Lad. What comes all to, before vs?

Bil. It comes to 4. 5. 6. in all, sixe double Pisto-
lets, and a *Spanish* Ducket ouer.

King. Too deare, let's goe.

Bil. Madam, worshipfull *Don*, pray sir offer, if any
shop shew you the like ware.

Lad. Prithee peace fellow, how d'ee like her?

King. Rarely, what lure canst thou cast to fetch
her off?

Lad. Leaue that to me, give me your purse.

Bil. Doe you heare Madam!

King. The fatall Ball is cast, and though it fires
All *Spaine*, burne let it, hot as my desires:
Haue you dispatch'd?

La. Yes.

Bil. I assure your worship, my master will be a
looser by you.

King. It may be so, but your Misstris will not say
so.

Lad. Sonne I tell her of the rich imbrodered
stusse at home for the tops of gloves, and to make mee
muffes, if it please the Gentlewoman to take her man
along, shee shall not onely see them, but certaine
stones, which I will haue set onely in one paire, I can
tell you, you may so deale with me, you shall gaine
more then you thinke of.

Bil. Misstris strike in with her.

Tor. My Husband is from home, and I want skill

To trade in fuch Commodities, but my man
Shall wait vpon your Ladifhip.

Lad. Nay, nay, come you,
Your man shall goe along to note my Housfe,
To fetch your Husband, you shall dine with vs.

King. Faith doe forfooth, you'l not repent your
match.

Lad. Come, come you shall.

Tor. Ile wait vpon you Madam, Sirrah your
cloake.

Bil. Make vp that ware, looke to th' shop.

Torm. If your Master come in, request him to
stay till your fellow come for him.

Lad. Come Mistris, on Sonne, nay, nay, indeed
you shall not,
My Gloue, one of my gloues lost in your shop.

Torm. Runne backe firrah.

King. Doe wee'll softly afore.

Tor. Make hafte.

Exeunt.

Laz. A Gloue ! I saw none.

Bil. Nor I, it drop'd from her somewhere else
then.

Lax. I am call'd vp to Dinner *Bilbo*.

Bil. Are you, then make fast the shop doore, and
play out our fet at Maw, for the Mistris of my Masters
alley is trundled before, and my bowles must rub
after.

Laz. Flye then and a great one.

Exit.

Bil. She's out a'th Alley, i'th Cranck belike, run,
run, rum.

Ex.

Enter Lady, Tormiella, and King.

Lad. Low stooles, pray fit, my man shall fetch the
stuffles
And after Dinner you shall haue those stones :
A cup of wine ; what drinke you ! Loue you bastard !
Ile giue you the best in *Spaine*.

Tor. No wines at all.

Lad. Haue you beene married long ?

Torm. Not long.

Lad. I thinke your wedding shooes haue not beeene
oft vnty'd.

Torm. Some three times.

Lad. Pretty Soule ; No more ! indeed
You are the youngest Vine I e're saw planted,
So full of hope for bearing ; methinks 'tis pitty
A Citizen should haue so faire a Tree
Grow in his Garden.

Torm. I thinke him best worthy,
To plucke the fruit, that fets it.

Lad. Oh you'd h'a shon
At Court like a full Constellation,
Your Eyes are orbes of Starres.

Tor. Muse my man flayes.
La. Your man is come, and fent to fetch your
Husband,
Trust me you shall not hence, till you haue fill'd
This banqueting roome with some sweet thing or
other :
Your Husband's wonderous kind to you.

Tor. As the Sunne
To the new married Spring, the Spring to th' Earth.

Lad. Some children looke most sweetly at 'their
birth,
That after prove hard fauor'd ; and so doe Hus-
bands :
Your honey Moones soonest waine and shew sharpe
horney.

Tor. Mine shall shew none.
Lad. I doe not wish it should,
Yet be not too much kept vnder, for when you would
You shall not rise.

Tor. Vmh !
Lad. I was once as you are,
Young (and perhaps as faire) it was my Fate
Whilst Summer lasted and that beauty rear'd

Her cullores in my cheeke, to ferue at Court :
The King of *Spaine* that then was, ey'd me oft :
Lik't me, and lou'd me, wo'd me, at last won me.

Tor. 'Twas well you were no City.

Lad. Why ?

Tor. It feemes,
You yeeded e're you needed.

Lad. Nay, you must thinke,

He ply'd me with fierce batteries and assaults :
You are coy now, but (alas) how could you fight
With a Kings frownes ? your womanish appetite
Wer't ne're so dead and cold would foone take fire
At honors, (all women would be lifted higher)
Would you not stoope to take it; and thrust your
hand
Deepe as a King's in 'Treasure, to haue Lords
Feare you, t'haue life or death fly from your words.
The first night that I lay in's Princely armes,
I feem'd transform'd, me thought *Ioues* owne right
hand.

Had snatcht mee vp and in his starry spheare.
Plac'd me (with others of his Lemmans there)
Yet was he but the shaddow I the funne.
In a proud zodiake, I my Course did runne.
Mine eye beames the dyals stile ; and had power
To rule his thoughts, as that Commands the hower.
Oh you shall find vpon a Princes pillow
Such golden dreames.

Tor. I find 'em.

Lad. Cry you mercy.

Tor. My husband comes not, I dare not slay.

Lad. You must.

King. You shall.

Lad. Before you lyes your way
Beaten out by mee, if you can follow doe.

Tor. What meanes this, are there bawds Ladies
too ?

King. Why shake you, feare not, none here threatens
your life.

Tor. Shall not a lambe tremble at the butchers knife.

Let goe your hold, keepe off, what violent hands
Soeuer force mee, ne're shall touch woman more,
Ile kill ten Monarchs ere Ile bee ones whore.

King. Heare mee.

Tor. Avoyd thou diuell,

Lad. Thou puritan foole.

Tor. Oh thou base Otter hound, help, help.

King. In vaine.

Tor. The best in *Spaine* shall know this.

Lad. The best now knowes it.

Tor. Good pitch let mee not touch thee, *Spaine* has a King:

If from his royll throne Iustice bee driuen,
I shall find right, at the Kings hands of Heauen.

Lad. This is the King.

Tor. The King, alas poore flau.

A Rauen stucke with Swannes feathers, scarcrow drest
braue.

King. Doe you not know me ?

Tor. Yes, for a whore-master.

Lad. No matter for her scoulding, a womans tongue Is like the myraculous Bell in *Aragon*, which rings out without the helpe of man.

King. Heare me, thou striu'ft with Thunder, yet
this hand

That can shake Kingdomes downe, thrusts into thine,
The Scepters, if proud fall, thou let'st them fall
Thou beat'ft thy selfe in peeces on a rocke
That shall for euer ruine thee and thine
Thy Husband, and all opposites that dare
With vs to cope, it shall not serue your turne
With your dim eyes to iudge our beames, the light
Of Common fires, We can before thy fight
Shine in full splendor, though it fuites vs now
To suffer this base cloud to maske our brow
Be wise, and when thou mayst (for lifting vp

Thine arme) plucke Starres, refuse them not, I
sweare
By heauen I will not force thee 'gaint thy blood,
When I send, come : if not, withstand thy good ;
Goe, get you home now, this is all, farewell.

Tor. Oh me ! what way to heauen can be through
hell, *Exit.*

King. Why diue you so ?

Lad. I hope your Maiesly,
Dare sweare I ha play'd the Pylot cunningly.
Fetching the wind about to make this Pinnace
Strike Sayle as you desir'd.

King. Th'art a damn'd Bawd :
A soaking, sodden, fplay-foot, ill-fac'd Bawd ;
Not all the wits of Kingdomes can enact
To saue what by such Gulphes as thou art wrack'd,
Thou horie wickednesse, Diuels dam, do'st thou
thinke
Thy poyfons rotten breath shall blast our fame.
Or those furr'd gummes of thine gnaw a King's
name !

If thou wouldst downe before thy time, to thy crew,
Prate of this—yes ; doe, for gold, any flau
May gorge himselfe on sweetes, Kings cannot haue
By helpe of such a hag as thou, I would not
Dishonour her for an Empire, from my fight.

La. Well fir.

King. Giue o're your Trade.

Lad. Ile change my Copyy.

King. See you doe.

Lad. I will turne ouer a new leafe.

King. We search for Serpents, but being found de-
stroy them,
Men drinke not poyfons, though they oft employ
them. *Exit.*

Lad. Giue o're ! how liue then ! no, Ile keepe that
full

If Courtiers will not, I'me sure Citizens will. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella and Gazetto.

Gas. Speake with you.

Torm. Ha ! good fellow keepe thy way.

Gas. Y'are a whore.

Torm. Th'art a base Knaue, not the streets free !

Exit.

Gas. Though dead, from vengeance earth thee
shall not faue,

Hyæna like, Ile eate into thy Graue. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente, and Malevento.

Cord. I dare now bestow on you a free,
And hearty welcome to my poore house :

Mal. Thankes Sonne :

Good Ayre, very good Ayre, and Sonne I thinke.
You stand well too for trading.

Cord. Very well fir.

Mal. I am glad on't.

Enter Lazarillo.

Cord. Sirrah where's your Mistris ?

Mal. I, I, good youth call her,
She playes the Tortoyes now, you shall 'twixt her and
me,
See a rare Combat ; tell her here's her Father,
No, an old swaggering Fencer, dares her at the
weapon,

Which women put downe men at, Scoulding ! boy
I will so chide her Sonne.

Cord. Pray doe Sir, goe call her ?

Las. She's forth Sir with my fellow, a Lady tooke
her along.

Mal. Taken vp already, it's well, yet I commend
her

She flyes with birds that are of better wing

Then those she spreads her selfe.

Cord. Right Sir.

Mal. Nay she's wise

A subtil Ape, but louing as the Moone, is to the
Sea.

Cord. I hope she'l proue more constant :

Mal. Then is the needle to the Adamant,
The God of gold powre downe on both your heads
His comfortable showers.

Cord. Thankes to your wishes.

Mal. May neuer gall be fill'd into your Cup,
Nor wormewood flew your Pillow ; so liue, so loue,
That none may say, a Rauen does kisse a Doue,
I am sorry that I curst you, but the string
Sounds as 'tis play'd on, as 'tis set we sing.

Enter Bilbo.

Cord. Where's thy Mistresse ?

Mal. Oh-pray Sonne, vse *Bilbo Cauare* well.

Where's thy Mistresse ?

Bil. She's departed Sir.

Cord. Departed ! whether prithee !

Bil. It may to a Lord, for a Lady had her away,
I came backe to fetch a Gloue which dropt from the
Lady, but before I could ouertake them, they were all
dropt from me ; my Misstris is to me Sir, the needle in
the bottle you wot where.

Mal. Of hay thou mean'ft, she'l not be lost I war-
rant.

Enter Tormiella, and passes ouer the Stage.

Cord. Here she comes now sir,
Tormiella, call her.

Bil. What shall I call her ?

Exit.

Mal. Nothing by no meanes
No let her flutter, now she's fast i'th net,
On disobedience, a gracefull shame is set.

Cord. A strange dead palfie, when a womans tongue
Has not the power to flirre, dumb ! call her I say !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Strange newes Sir !

Cord. What is't ?

Bil. Yonders a Coach full of good faces.

Cord. That so strange ?

Bil. Yes to alight at our Gate ; They are all comming vp as boldly, as if they were Landlords and came for Rent, fee else.

Enter Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

1. Gent. The woman of the Housfe fir pray ?

Cor. She's in her Chamber, firrah shew the way.

Exeunt manet Gentlemen and walke.

Mal. Doe you know these !

Cord. Troth not I fir, I'me amaz'd
At this their strange ariuall.

Mal. By their starcht faces,
Small shancks, and blisted shoo-knobs, they shoule be
Courtiers.

Cord. Our *Spanish* Mercers say, th'are the brauest
fellowes.

Mal. For braue men, th'are no lesse i'th Taylors
bookes,
Courtiers in Citizens Houses, are Summer fires,
May well be spar'd, and being cleane out are best
They doe the houfe no good, but helpe consume
They burne the wood vp, and o're-heat the roome,
Sweetening onely th'ayre a little, that's all,
Play the right Citizen then, whil'st you gaine by
them,
Hug 'em, if they plucke your feathers, come not nigh
them.

Cord. Ile close with them.

Mal. Doe.

Cord. Welcome Gentlemen.

Omn. Thanks.

Cord. Pray sir what Ladies may these be with my Wife ?

1. *Gent.* Faith sir if they would cast themselves away vpon Knights, they may be Knights Ladies, but are onely Gentlewomen of an exceeding sweet carriage and fashion, and 'tis so Sir, that your wiues doings being bruited and spread abroad to be rare for her handling the *Spanish* needle, these beauties are come onely to haue your wife pricke out a thing, which must be done out of hand, that's the whole businesse Sir.

Cord. In good time Sir.

Mal. Of Court I pray Sir are you ?

2. *Gent.* Yes Sir, we follow the Court now and then, as others follow vs.

Cord. He meanes those they owe money too.

Mal. Pray Sir what newes at Court ?

1. *Gent.* Faith Sir the old stale newes, black Iackes are fill'd and standing Cups emptyed.

Mal. I see then Iackes are fawcie in euery corner, I haue giuen it him vnder the lift of the eare.

Cord. 'Twas foundly, you see he's strucke dead.

Mal. Dauncing Baboone !

Enter Tormiella mask'd, and in other Garments, the Gentlewomen with her, and Gentlemen leading her away.

Torm. Farewell.

Omn. To Coach, away.

1. *Gent.* The Welch Embassador, has a Message to you sir.

2. *Gent.* Hee will bee with you shortly, when the Moones Hornes are i'th full. *Exeunt.*

Mal. What's that they talke !

Cord. Nothing but this, they haue giuen it me foundly, I feele it vnder the lists of both eares, where's my wife !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. She's falne sicke sir.

Cord. The Night-mare rides her.

Mal. Ha ! sicke ! how sicke !

Bil. Of the falling sicknesse ; you and my Master haue vs'd her to runne away, that she has shew'd you another light paire of heeles, she's gon Sir.

Cord. Thou lyest.

Bil. It may be she lyes by this time, but I stand to my words, I say agen She's gon sir ; cast your Cap at her, but she's gon hurried into a Coach drawne with foure Horses.

Cord. These her oathes, vowes, protestations, damnations, a Serpent kist the first woman ; and euer since the whole fexe haue giuen fucke to Adders.

Mal. Run into th' Street, and if thou seest the priuiledg'd Bawdy house she went into,

Bil. That runs on four wheeles, the Caroach sir.

Cor. Cry to the whole City to stop her.

Bil. I will sir, 'tis euery mans case i'th City, to haue his wife stop'd. — *Exit.*

Mal. Well ; what wilt thou say, if this be a plot, Of merriment betwixt thy wife and them, For them to come thus, and disguise her thus, Thus whorry her away to some by-Towne, But foure or fve miles distance from the City, Then must we hunt on Horfbacke, find our game See and not know her in this strange disguise, But the jest smelt out, showts, and plandities Must ring about the Table where she sits, Then you kissing her, I must applaud their wits.

Cor. Well, I will once be gull'd in this your Comedy, A while Ie play the Wittall, I will winck Sir.

One Bird you see is flowne out of the nest,

Mal. What Bird !

Cord. A wagtaile, after, flye all the rest.

Mal. Come then.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS, III.

Enter John, a Doctor, and Pacheco.

Ioh. Pacheco.

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. It shall be so, to the King presently
See my Caroach be ready, furnish me
To goe to Court fir.

Pach. Well Sir.

Exit.

Do. Why my Lord ?

Ioh. What sayst thou ?

Do. You will ouerthrow the state
Of that deare health which so much cost and time
Haue beene a building vp, your pores lying open
Colds, Agues, and all enemies to pure bloods
Wil enter and destroy life.

Enter Pacheco, with Cloake and Rapier.

Ioh. I will to Court.

Do. Pray my Lord stirre not forth.

Ioh. Lay downe, begon.

Exit Pacheco.

Do. The Ayre will pierce you

Ioh. I ha tooke cold already.

Do. When fir ?

Ioh. When you councell'd me to ride my horse.

Do. Nay that was well, how slept you the next night?

Ioh. Not a winck.

Doct. All the better.

Ioh. But i'th next morning,
I could not in a Ruffian stoue sweat more
Then I did in my Bed.

Doct. Marry I'me glad on't.

Ioh. And had no clothes vpon me.

Doct. Still the better.

Ioh. My bones Sir pay'd for all this, and yet you cry, still the better: when you ha' purg'd your pockets full of gold out of a Patient, and then nayl'd him in's Coffin, you cry then still the better too, a man were better to lye vnder the hands of a Hangman, than one of your rubarbatue faces; firrha Doct'or, I doe not thinke but I haue beene well, all this time I haue beene Sicke?

Doctor. Oh my good Lord.

Ioh. Oh good Master Doctor, come no more of this, I haue another Diaphragma for you to tickle, you minister poyson in some Medicines, doe you not?

Doct. Yes my good Lord, in Purgatiue and Expulsive.

Ioh. So, so, breake not my head with your hard words, you can for a need poyson a Great man?

Doct. Your Lordship's merry.

Ioh. Right Sir, but I must haue it done in fadnessse, 'tis your Trade Master Doctor to fend men packing: harke you, 'tis no lesse Bug-beare then *Don Valasco*!

Do. The Admirall of *Caystle*!

Ioh. Him you must fincke.

Do. 'Tis my certaine death to doe it.

Ioh. And thy certaine death to deny it, if you will not shew him a cast of your Office, Ile be so bold, as beelow this vpon you of mine, I am sharpe set, will you doe it?

Do. I will by these two hands.
Ioh. When?
Do. When you please.
Ioh. This day?
Do. This hower.
Ioh. And make him fast.
Do. Faſt.
Ioh. For ſpeaking.
Do. For ſpeaking.
Ioh. Why then good Doctor rife
 To honour by it, be ſecret and be wife.

Enter Pacheco.

Pa. The Admirall is come my Lord.
Ioh. Away with theſe, ſhow him the way in,
 Doctor.
Do. Oh my Lord!

Enter Valasco.

Ioh. If you faile.
Val. All health to your good Lordſhip, I wiſh
 that,
 Which moſt I thiſke you want.
Ioh. Thankes my good Lord,
 Doctor diſpatch, take heed your Compoſitions,
 Hit as I told you.
Do. Oh my Lord, I am beaten to theſe things.

Exit.

Ioh. Goe then, this viſitation of your Lordſhip,
 I take moſt kindly.
Val. Two maine wheeles my Lord,
 Haue hither brought mee, on the Kings Command,
 To'ther my loue, with a deſire to know
 Why I mongſt all the trees that ſpread it'h Court
 Should ſtill be ſmote with lightening from your eye;
 Yours onely dangerous Arrowes ſhootes at mee:
 You haue the Courtiers dialeſt right, your tongue

Walkes ten miles from your heart, when last you
saw me,
Doe you remember how you threaten'd; as for you
Sir —

Ioh. These notes are strange.

Val. Oh my good Lord, be my good Lord, I
read

Harsh Lectures in your face, but meet no Comment
That can dissolue the riddle, vnlesse it be
Out of that noble fashon that great men
Must trip some heeles vp, tho they stand as low
As Vintners when they coniure, onely to shew
Their skill in wraffling, 'tis not well to strike
A man whose hands are bound, like should chuse
like.

Ioh. I strike you not, nor striue to giue you falls,
Tis your owne guilt afflicts you, if to the King
The song I set of you, did to your eare
Vnmusically sound, 'twas not in hate
To you, but in desire to giue the state
True knowledge of my innocence, be sure a bird,
Chanted that tune to mee, that onely you
Incens'd the King that I should fell him.

Val. Vmh!

Ioh. Doe you thinke I lye?

Val. I doe beleue your Lordship.

Ioh. 'Twas a man most neare you.

Val. A bosome villaine!

Ioh. For you must think that all that bow, stand
bare

And giue Court Cakebread to you, loue you not.

Val. True loue my Lord at Court, is hardly got.

Ioh. If I can friend you, vie me.

Val. Humble thankes.

Ioh. Oh my good Lord, times siluer foretop stands
On end before you, but you put it by.
Catch it, 'tis yours, scap'd neuer yours, your shoulders
Beare the Weale-publique vp, but they shoud beare,
Like Pillars to be strong themselues: would I

Want fish at Sea, or golden showers at Court
I'de goe awry sometimes, wer't but for sport.

Val. Say you so !

Ioh. Sell Iustice and she'l by you Lordships,
cloath her

(As Citizens doe their wiues) beyond their worth
She'll make you sell your Lordships and your plate.
No wife man will for nothing ferue a state,
Remember this, your Daughter is the Queene
Braue phraze to fay my Sonne in Law the King,
Whil'st sweet showers fall, and Sunne-shine, make your
Spring.

Val. You looke not out I see, nor heare the
stormes

Which late haue shooke the Court.

Ioh. Not I ! what stormes !

Val. You in your Cabbin know nothing there's a
Pinnace
(Was mann'd out firſt by th' City,) is come to th'
Court,

New rigg'd, a very painted Gally foift,
And yet our *Spaniſh* Caruils, the Armada
Of our great veffels dare not stirre for her.

Ioh. What Pinnace meane you ?

Val. From his lawfull pillow,
The King has tane a Citizens wife.

Ioh. For what ?

Val. What should men doe with Citizens wiues at
Court ?

All will be naught, poore Queene 'tis the smarts for't.

Ioh. Now 'tis your time to strike.

Val. He does her wrong,
And I shall tell him foundly.

Ioh. Tell him !

Val. Ile pay it home.

Ioh. Were you ſome Father in Law now.

Val. What lyes heere,
Lyes here, and none ſhall know it.

Ioh. How eaſie were it,

For you to set this warping Kingdome straight ?

Val. The peoples hearts are full,

Ioh. And weed the State.

Val. Too full of weeds already.

Ioh. And to take all,

Into your owne hands.

Val. I could foone doo't.

Ioh. Then doo't.

Val. Doe what ! misprize me not, pray good my Lord,

Nor let these foolish words we shoot i'th Ayre,

Fall on our heads and wound vs : to take all

Into mine owne hands, this I meane.

Ioh. Come on.

Val. Boldly and honestly to chide the King.

Ioh. Vmh.

Val. Take his minx vp short.

Ioh. Take her vp !

Val. Roundly, to rate, her Wittall husband : to firre vp —

Ioh. The people, since mens wiues are common Cafes.

Val. You heare not me say so.

Ioh. To force this Tyrant to mend or end.

Val. Good day to your Lordship.

Ioh. Shoot off the Peece you haue charg'd.

Val. No, it recoyles.

Ioh. You and I shall fall to cutting throates.

Val. Why !

Ioh. If euer you speake of this.

Val. If we cut one another throates, I shall neuer Speake of this : fare your Lordship well.

Alphonso de Gramada.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Good health to both your Lordships.

Ioh. Thankes good *Alphonso*, nay pray flay.

Val. Where haft thou beene *Alphonso* !

Alph. In the Marquesse of *Villa Noua del Rios*,
Garden
Where I gathered these Grapes.
Val. And th'are the fairest Grapes I euer toucht.
Ioh. Troth so they are; plump *Bacchus* cheeke
were neuer
So round and red, the very God of Wine.
Swels in this bunch, *Zyæus* set this Vine.
Val. I haue not feene a louelier.
Alph. 'Tis your Lordships, if you vouchsafe to
take it.
Val. Oh I shall rob you, of too much sweetnesse.
Alph. No my Lord.
Val. I thanke you.
Alph. Make bold to see your honour.
Ioh. Good *Alphonso*.
Alph. And (loath to be too troublesome) take my
leauue:
Ioh. My duty to the King.
Val. Farewell good *Alphonso*. *Exit.*
Ioh. How doe you like your Grapes?
Val. Most delicate, taste 'em:
Is it not strange, that on a branch so faire,
Should grow so foule a fruit, as Drunkards are?
Ioh. These are the bullets that make Cities reele,
More then the Cannon can.
Val. This Iuice infus'd
In man, makes him a beast, good things abus'd,
Conuert to poyson thus; how now!
Ioh. I'me dizzie
Oh! does not all the house run round on wheeles!
Doe not the Posts goe round! my Lord this fellow,
Loues you I hope?
Val. Ile pawne my life he does.
Ioh. Would all we both are worth, were laid to
pawne
To a Broaker that's vndamn'd for halfe a dram
For halfe a scruple,—oh we are poyson'd.
Val. Ha!

Ioh. What doe you feele ?

Val. A giddynesse too me thinkes.

Ioh. Without there, call the Doctor (flaue)

Enter Pacheco.

Pach. He's here Sir.

Enter Doctor.

Ioh. Oh Doctor now or neuer——giue him his
last,

We are poyson'd both.

Exit Doctor.

Val. I thinke our banes are ask'd.

Ioh. Hee'l bring that shall forbide it, call him (vil-
laine.)

Pa. Well Sir I will call him villaine.

Exit.

Val. All thriues not well within me : On my
foule

T'is but Conceit, I'me hurt with feare, *Don Iohn*,
Is my Clofe mortall enemy, and perhaps
Vnder the Cullor I am poyson'd, fends
To pay me foundly i to preuent the worst,
Preferuatiue or poyson, he drinkest first.

Enter Doctor.

Ioh. Giue it him.

Va. No begin.

Ioh. What is't ?

Do. Cordiall.

Ioh. The Doctor shall begin, quickly, so heere,
Halfe this to both our deathes if't come too late.

Val. I pledge them both, death is a common
fate.

Ioh. Shift hands, is't mortall !

Do. It strikes fure.

Ioh. Let it runne.

Va. 'Tis downe.

Ioh. I me glad, thy life's not a span long.
How is't!

Va. Worfe.

Ioh. Better, I doe feare this physick
Like pardons for men hang'd is brought too late.

Do. Hee's gone.

Ioh. Who's without!

Do. Some of his men attending with his Caroach.

Ioh. Take helpe; beslow the body in't, convey it,
To his owne houfe and there fir, see you sweare,
You saw him in your presence fall dead heere.

Do. This I can safely sweare.

Ioh. Helpe then, away,
Thou art next, for none must liue that can betray.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Tormiella, Ladies, Iago,
Martines, Fuentes, and Alphonso.

King. So sweetnesse, Ile now walke no longer with
you.

Qu. Are you weary of my Company!

King. Neuer shall:

Prithee keepe thy Chamber a while, the Ayre bites.

Qu. 'Tis because the Sunne shines not so hot as 't
had wont.

King. There's some Cloud betweene then.

Qu. Yes, and a horrible foule one.

King. I see none but faire ones.

Qu. No! Looke yonder, it comes from the City.

King. Let it come, by these Roses I am angry that
you let me not go.

Qu. Nay look you, your Grace takes all from me
too; pray Sir giue me my roses, your Highnesse is
too couetous.

King. I must of necessitie haue one.

Qu. You shall, so you take it of my choosing.

King. I will, so you choose that which I like.

Qu. Which will you haue, the bud, or that which is blown?

King. The bud sure, I loue no blowne ware.

Qu. Take your bud then.

Offers to go, and throwes it downe.

King. Doe you heare? are you angry?

Qu. No, you are jealous, you are so loath to haue me out of your sight, you need not, for I keepe the fashion of the Kings of *China*, who neuer walke abroad, but besides their Attendants, haue fve or sixe as richly attired as themselues, to cut off treason.

Kin. So.

Q. Here be others in the Troupe will bee taken for Queenes soone then I.

Kin. You are vext, I haue prefer'd a creature to you.

Qu. Who dares checke the Sunne, if he make a stinking weed grow close to a bed of Violets? vext! not I, and yet me thinkes you might giue me leaue to chuse mine owne women, as well as you doe your men, I commend no man to you, for lifting joyne-stooles to be one of your guard.

King. Your Muffie.

* *Qu.* Take it good wife.

King. You will make me angry: good wife! so, take it.

Qu. Now I hope you'l take it, you need not scorne a Queenes leauings, for a Queene has had yours.

King. What!

Qu. You see; does your Maiestie frowne because

I take it from her

Come hither, put your hand here? so, well met,
All friends now, yet tho ty'd neuer so fast,
Being a bow knot, it slips it selfe at laft.

Exeunt Queen, Tormiel, Ladies and Mart.

K. Is't so! wer't thou a Diamond worth the world,

And ne're so hard, yet thine owne Dust shall cut thee :
Goe call that Lady backe.

Alph. Which ?

King. *Tormiella,*
No doe not ! 'Tis a Cocke the Lyon can fright,
The Hen do'st now, the Caze is alter'd quite.

Enter Doelor.

Do. Your gracious pardon to call backe a life
That's halfe lost with despaire.

King. What hast thou done ?

Do. Poyson'd a man.

King. Whom hast thou poyson'd ?

Do. The Queenes Father in Law.

King. Would it had beene the Daughter, thou
shalt feele :

A double death, one heere, and one in Hell.

Do. I must haue company with me then : *Don*
John

Your Highnesse Brother, set against my throat——

Kin. Back.

Do. His arm'd sword ; I had dy'd, had I not
done't.

King. Our Guard : goe fetch *Don John* our bro-
ther to Court.

Do. A word in your Highnesse eare :

King. Search him.

Omn. He has nothing.

Do. I in stead of poyson,
Gave him a sleepy Potion, he's preferu'd
Don John thinkes not : the noble Admirall
Feares plots against his life, forbeares the Court
But sends me to your Grace, to bid you set
Your footing stiffe and strongly, for *Don John*
Trips at your life and Kingdome, to his throat
Valasco this will iustifie.

King. He shall
Goe you and fetch him secrely to Court

Alphonso take the Doctor and returne. *Exeunt.*
Death ! when ! *Iago* with your smoothest face
Go greet *Don John* from vs,
Say we haue worke of State, both presently
And closely bid him come.

Iago. I shall. *Exit.*

Enter Gassetto.

King. How now what's he, giue vs leauue, come
hither :
We haue perus'd your paper Sir, and thinke
Your promises Spring-tides, but we feare you'll ebbe
In your performance.

Gaz. My deeds and speeches Sir,
Are lines drawne from one Center, what I promise
To doe, Ile doe, or loose this.

King. You giue me physicke after I'm dead, the
Portugals and we
Haue hung our drummes vp, and you offer heere
Models of Fortification, as if a man
Should when Warre's done, set vp an Armorors
shop.

Gaz. I bid you set up none Sir, you may chuse.

King. This fellow Ile fitly cast i'th Villaines
mold,
I find him crafty, enuious, poore, and bold :

Into a Saw Ile turne thee, to cut downe
All Trees which stand in my way ; what's thy name ?

Gaz. You may reade in my paper.

King. *Lupo Vindicado's* ; Vmh ! nay we shall im-
ploy you
Merrit went neuer from vs with a forehead,
Wrinckled or fullen, what place would you serue in ?

Gaz. Any, but one of your turne broaches ; I
would not be one of your blacke Guard, there's too
much fire in me already.

King. You say, you haue the Languages.

Gaz. Yes.

King. What thinke you of an Intelligencer, we'll
send you—

Gaz. To th' Gallowes, I loue not to be hang'd in
State.

King. You hauing trauel'd as you said so farre,
And knowing so much, I muse thou art so poore.

Gaz. Had the confuson of all tongues began
In building me, could I sing sweet in all,
I might goe beg and hang, I ha' seene *Turkes*
And *Iewe*, and *Christians*, but of all, the *Christians*
Haue drieſt hands, they'l fee a Brother starue,
But giue Duckes to a water-Spaniell.

King. Well obſeru'd
Come fir, faith let's crow together, in what ſtamp
Doſt thou coyne all thy Languages.

Gaz. I doe ſpeake *Engliſh*
When I'de moue pittie, when diſemble, *Iriſh*,
Dutch when I reele, and tho I feed on ſcalions,
If I ſhould brag Gentility, I'de gabble *Welch*,
If I betray, I'me *French*, if full of braues,
They ſwell in loftie *Spaniſh*, in neat *Italian*
I court my Wench, my mesſe is all ſeru'd vp.

King. Of what Religion art thou ?

Gaz. Of yours.

King. When you were in *France* ?

Gaz. *French*.

King. Without there.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Sir ?

King. Giue this Gentleman fife hundred Pistolets
Be neere vs.

Gaz. In thy boſome, for thy Pistolets
Ile giue thee Pistols, in a peece might ha beene
mine,
Thou ſhootſt or meanſt to ſhoot, but Ile charge
thine,
Thy heart off goes it in thunder.

King. Through the Gallerie,
Vnseene conuay him hither, give vs leauue sir.

Gaz. Leauue haue you ? *Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor, Valasco, and Alphonso.

Val. I'm glad to see your Maiesty.

King. You haue reason.

Val. I was going to cry all hid.

King. Come hither

Dead man you'l iuulife this treason ?

Val. To his teeth,
Throate, mouth to mouth, bodie to bodie.

King. So.

Enter Iago.

Iag. *Don John of Castile*'s come.

King. A Chaire, stand you
Full here and firre not, front him, bring him in
How, now, did a Hare crosse your way ?

Enter Don John.

Ioh. The Diuell
Doctor Ile give you a purge for this, Ile make
Your Highnesse laugh.

King. You must tickle me soundly then.

Ioh. In this retreat of mine from Court, my
bodie

(Which was before a cleane streeame) growing foule
By my minds trouble, through your high disp!eafure
Which went to th' bottome of my heart ; I call'd
That found Card to me, gaue him fees and bid him
(By all the fairest props that Art could reare)
To keepe my health from falling, which I felt
Tottering and shaknen, but my Vrinalift
(As if he late in Barber-Surgions Hall
Reading Anatomy Lectures) left no Artery
Vnsstretcht vpon the Tenters.

King. So he vexed you to the guts.

Ioh. My bowels were his coniuring roomes, to quit him

I tempted him to poyson a great man,
I knowing this my honourable friend—

Val. Keepe backe, hee'l poyson my gloue else.

Ioh. Comming to visit me,
This was the man must die.

King. Why did you this?

Ioh. Onely to hatch a jest on my pill'd Doddy,
I knew he durst not doo't.

King. But say he had?

Val. Then he had beene hang'd.

Ioh. That had made me more glad.

Doct. I am bound to your Lordship.

Ioh. Being a Doctor you may loose your selfe.

King. Mens liues then are your Balls, disarme him.

Ioh. How! not all thy Kingdome can. *Drawes.*

King. Hew him in peeces,
Our Guard, s'death kill him.

Ioh. Are you in earnest?

King. Looke.

Ioh. See then, I put my selfe into your Den:
What does the Lyon now with me?

King. Th'art a traytor.

Ioh. I am none.

King. No!

Val. Yes, an arrant traytor.

Ioh. You fir; spit all thy poyson forth.

Val. No, I dranke none fir.

King. Come to your proofes, and see you put 'em home.

Val. You and I one day, being in conference,
You nam'd this noble King (my Soveraigne)
A tyrant, bid me strike, 'twas now my time,
Spake of a Peece charg'd, and of shooting off
Of stirring vp the Rascals to rebell,
And to be short, to kill thee.

Ioh. I speake this !*Val.* Yes Traytor, thou.*Ioh.* Where !*Val.* In your Chamber.*Ioh.* Chamber !

Was it not when you told me, that the King
Had got a strumpet.

King. Ha.*Val.* How !*Ioh.* A Citizens wife ;

'Twas when you swore to pay him soundly.

Val. See, see !*Ioh.* The peoples hearts were full.*Val.* Poxe, a'my heart then.

Ioh. Or was't not when you threaten'd to take all,
Into your owne hands :

Val. There's my gloue, thou lyest.

Kin. Good stufle, I shall find traitors of you both,
If you are, be so ; with my finger, thus
I fanne away the dust flying in mine eyes
Rais'd by a little wind ; I laugh at these now,
'Tis smoake, and yet because you shall not thinke
We'll dance in Earth quakes, or throw squibs at

Thunder,

I charge both keepe your Chambers for a day
Or fo.—

Val. Your will. *Exit.**Ioh.* Chambers !*King.* We bid it.*Ioh.* You may. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Omn. The Queene.

Qu. I thanke your highnesse for the bird you gaue
me.

King. What bird ?*Qu.* Your Tassell gentle, shee's lur'd off and gone.*King.* How gon ! what's gone !

Qu. Your woman's fled
Whom you prefer'd to me, she's stolne from Court.

King. You iest.

Qu. Bee it so. — *Goes away.*

King. I haue hotter newes for you,
Your Fathers head lies here, art thou still shooting
Thy flings into my fides ! Now doe you looke
I shoulde turne wild, and fende through all the winds
Horfemen in quest of her, because you weare
A kind of yellow flocking ; let her flie
If *Joue* forooth would fixe a starre in Heauen,
Juno runnes mad, thou better mightst haue spurn'd
The gates of hell ope ; then to looke into
Our bosome.

Qu. Where your Trull lyes.

King. Y'are a Toad.

Qu. Womans reuenge awake thee, thou hast flirr'd
A blood as hot and high as is thine owne
Raife no more stormes ; your treasure is not gon,
I fear'd the Sea was dangerous, and did found it
Mischife but halfe vp, is with ease confounded. *Exit.*

King. In thine owne ruine, me canst thou hit
But with one finger which can doe no harme
But when a King strikes, 'tis with his whole arme.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Tormiella.

Qu. Make fast the Closet—so—giue me the key
I meane to kill thee.

Tor. Kill me, for what caufe ?

Qu. Guesse.

Tor. I know none, vnlesse the Lambe shoulde aske
The Butcher why he comes to cut his throat.

Qu. I could through loope holes hit thee, or hire
flaues
And fende death to thee, twenty secret wayes.

Tor. Why would you doe all this ?

Qu. Or (as the Hart

Drawes Serpents from their Den) with subtil breath
I could allure thee to sit downe, and banquet
With me as with the King thou hast.

Tor. Oh neuer—

Qu. Yet poyson you most sweetly.

Tor. Now you doe it.

Qu. And I could make thee a Queenes bedfellow
As thou hast beene a Kings.

Tor. Neuer by —

Qu. Sweare,

Yet sifile you in a pillow, but I scorne
To strike thee blindfold, onely thou shalt know
An Eagles nest, disdaines to hatch a Crow :
Why are all mouthes in *Spaine* fill'd to the brim,
Flowing o're with Court newes, onely of you and him
The King I meane, where lies the Court ?

Tor. Sure here.

Qu. It remou'd last, to th' shop of a *Millaner*
The gests are so set downe, becaufe you ride
Like vs, and steale our fashions and our tyers,
You'l haue our Courtiers to turne shopekeepers,
And fall to trading with you, ha !

Tor. Alas the Court to me is an enchanted tower
Wherein I'me lockt by force, and bound by spels
To Heauen to fome, to me ten thousand Hels
I drinke but poyson in gold, flicke on the top
Of a high Pinnacle, like an idle vaine
(As the wind turnes) by euery breath being tost
And once blowne downe ; not mis'd, but for euer
lost.

Qu. Out Crocadile,—

Spurne her.

Tor. You will not murther me !

Qu. Ile cure you of the Kings euill.—

Draw 2. kniues.

Tor. To one woman

Another should be pittifull, heare me speake ?

Qu. How dares so base a flower follow my Sunne
At's rising to his setting.

Torm. I follow none.

Qu. How dar'st thou Serpent wind about a tree
That's mine.

Torm. I doe not.

Qu. Or to shake the leaues.

Tor. By Heauen, not any.

Qu. Or once to taste the fruit
Tho throwne into thy lap, if from a Harlot
Prayers euer came ; pray, for thou dy'st.

Torm. Then kill me.

Qu. How did my Husband win thee ?

Torm. By meere force ; a Bawd betray'd me to
him.

Qu. Worse and worse.

Torm. If euer I haue wrong'd your royll bed
In act, in thought, nayle me for euer fast,
To scape this Tyger of the Kings fierce lust
I will doe any thing, I will speake treason
Or Drinke a Cup of poyson, which may blast
My inticing face, and make it leprous foule :
Ruine you all this, so you keepe vp my Soule ;
That's all the wealth I care for.

Qu. I haue now no hart left to kill thee, rise, thou
and I
Will like two quarrelling Gallants faster tye
A knot of Loue, we both i'th Field being wounded
Since we must needs be sharers, vse me kindly
And play not the right Citizen, to vndoe
Your partner, who i'th flocke has more than you.

A noyse within. Enter the King.

King. Must you be closetted ?

Qu. Yes.

King. What are you doing ?

Qu. Not getting Children.

King. Naked kniues ; for what,
Speake, s'death speake you.

Tor. They both fell from her side.

King. You lie, away.

Qu. Must you be closetted ?

King. Yes.

Qu. When hart break'st thou, thou dost too much
fwell,

This Aspish biting, is incurable.

Exit.

King. Be true to me I charge you ; did the Queene
Offer no violence to you.

Tor. None at all.

King. Why were these drawne.

Tor. I know not.

King. Know not ; what's heere,
Why is this rose deni'd with a pearled teare.
When the funne shines so warme, you know not that
too,

The lambe has am'd the *Lyon*, the vulture tyers
Vpon the Eagles hart, these fubtill wyers
Chaine *Ioue*, these balls, from whose flames *Cupid*
drew,

His wild fire burnes heere, this you know not too.
I loue you, that you know not neither, y'are coy,
And proud, and faire, you know this.

Tor. I beseech you
Let me shake off the golden fetters you tye
About my body, you inioy a body
Without a foule, for I am now not heere.

King. Where then.
Tor. At home in my poore husbands armes,
This is your Court, that mine.

King. Your husbands armes,
Thou art his whore, he plai'd the theefe and rob'd
Another of thee, and to spoyle the spoyler,
Is Kingly iustice, 'tis a lawfull prize
That's ta'ne from Pirates ; there's are fellow wiues.

Tor. Which of your subiects (which abroad adore
Your state, your greatnesse, prefence and your throne
Of funne beames) thinke you now are with a wanton,
Or working a chraft wife to become one.

King. I worke thee not to be so, for when time
Shall iog his glasse and make those fands lye low

Which now are at the top, thy selfe shalt grow
In selfe fame place my Queene does.

Tor. What tree euer stood
Long and deepe rooted, that was set in blood ;
I will not be your whore to weare your Crowne,
Nor call any King my Husband, but mine owne.

King. No !
Tor. No 'twere shame 'mongst all our City Dames
If one could not scape free, their blasted fames.

King. The sound of Bels and Timbrels make you
mad
As it does a Tyger, the softer that I stroke you
The worse you bite, your father and your Husband
Are at my sending come to Court, Ile lay
Honours on both their backs, here they shall slay
Becaufe Ile keepe you here, if you doe frowne
The engine which reares vp, shall plucke all downe.
Ile fetch 'em to you my selfe. *Exit.*

Tor. Oh who can fliffling scape in baser throngs,
When Princes Courts threaten the selfe-fame wrongs !
Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS, IIII.

*Flourish. Enter King, Maleuento, Cordolente, Iago,
Alphonso, Gazetto, and Tormiella.*

King. Y'au'e the best welcome which the Court can
yeeld,
For the King gives it you.
Mal. Your Grace is gracious.

King. Is this your Father ?

Mal. My proper flesh and bloud Sir.

King. And that your Husband ?

Cor. Not I sir ; I married an honest wench that went in a cap, no whim whams ; I did but shuffle the first dealing, you cut last, and dealt last, by the same token you turn'd vp a Court Card.

King. Is the man iealous ?

Cor. No, but a little troubled with the yellow Iaundize, and you know if it get to the Crowne of the head, a man's gon.

King. We fend not for you hither to be brau'd, Sirrah cast your darts elsewhere.

Cor. Among the wild *Irish* Sir hereafter.

King. 'Tis our Queenes pleasure that your wife be call'd

Her woman, and because she will not loose her, She hath importun'd vs to raise you both ; Your name sir ?

Mal. Mine, *Andrada Maleuento*.

King. *Andrada Maleuento* we make you Vice-Admirall of our Nauy.

Cor. Oh spitefull Comedy, he's not a Courtier of halfe an houres standing, and he's made a Vice already.

King. We make thy Husband —

Cor. A Cuckold doe you not.

Mal. Sonne you forget your selfe.

Cor. Meddle with your owne office ; there's one will looke that none meddles with mine.

Mal. Is not a change good ?

Cor. Yes, of a louzie flirt.

King. Take hence that fellow, he's mad.

Cor. I am indeed horne-mad, oh me, in the holiest place of the Kingdome haue I caught my vndoing, the Church gaue mee my bane.

Tor. What the Church gaue thee, thou hast stll.

Cor. Halfe parts, I thought one had tane thee vp.

Tor. Take me home with thee, Ile not stay here.

Kin. Ha !

Tor. Let me not come to Court.

Mal. The King is vext, let me perswade thee
Sonne

To wincke at small faults.

Cor. What fir *Pandarus* !

Tor. Sends the King you to blush in's roome.

Mal. Yare a baggage.

King. Goe tell the lunatique so ; *Andrada* harke,

Iag. The King fir bids me sing into your eare,
Sweet notes of place and office which shall fall —

Cor. Into my mouth, I gape for 'em,

Iag. He bids me aske what will content you.

Cor. Nothing, nothing, why Sir the powers aboue
cannot please vs, and can Kings thinke you, when we
are brought forth to the world, we cry and bawle as if
we were vnwilling to bee borne ; and when we are a
dying we are mad at that.

King. Take hence that Wolfe that barkes thus.

Cor. I am muzzel'd, but one word with your
Maiestie, I am sober fir.

King. So fir.

Cor. You oft call Parliaments, and there enact
Lawes good and wholesome, such as who so breake
Are hung by th' purse or necke, but as the weake
And smaller flyes i'th Spiders web are tane
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.
So may that morall tale of you be told,
Which once the Wolfe related : in the Fold
The Shepheards kill'd a fheepe and eate him there
The Wolfe lookt in, and seeing them at such cheere,
Alas (quoth he) should I touch the least part
Of what you teare, you would plucke out my hart,
Great men make Lawes, that whosoe're drawes blood
Shall dye, but if they murder flockes 'tis good :
Ile goe eate my Lambe at home fir.

King. Part, and thus reckon neuer to see her
more.

Cor. Neuer !

Tor. Neuer thus, but thus a Princes whore.

Exeunt.

Cor. Thou dar'st not, if thou do'st, my heart is great,
Thus wrong'd, thou canst doe little if not threat.

Gaz. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cor. At what dost laugh ?

Gaz. At a thing of nothing, at thee ; why shouldst thou be afraid to fall into the Cuckolds disease.

Cor. Because it makes a Doctor an Asse, nothing can cure it, are you answer'd Sir ?

Gaz. Come th'art a foole, to grieue that thy wife is taken away by the King to his priuate bed chamber. Now like a booke call'd in, shee'l fell better then euer she did.

Cor. Right sir, but could he chuse no stocke to graft vpon, but that which was planted in my nurserie.

Gaz. Ile shew thee a reason for that.

Cor. Why ?

Gaz. Leachers comming to women, are like Mice amongst many Cheeses, they taste euery one, but feed vpon the best : hornes rightly weigh'd are nothing.

Cor. How nothing ! oh sir, the smalleſt Letters hurt your eyes moſt, and the leaſt head-ach which comes by a womans knocking hurts more then a cut to the ſcull by a mans knocking.

Gaz. Yet I warrant thou dar'st ſweare the party's honest ?

Cor. Ha ; ſweare ; not I, no man durſt euer ſweare for his wife but *Adam*, nor any woman for her husband but *Eue*, fare you well sir.

Gaz. Whether art flying ?

Cor. In peices doſt not ſee I'me ſhot out of a Cannon.

Exit.

Gaz. Downwards Ile ſhoote thee, but as Diuels vfe

Ile tickle at thy tortures, dance at thy flumbling,
Play with thee, and then paw thee, 'ſhalt make me merry

The Crowne of blacke deeds that are hatcht in Hell
Is to out-liue and laugh, and all's play'd well. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne, and Coxecombe.

Clo. I haue not pafs'd by a *Don*, to touch whose
hand mine owne was neuer more troubled with a
more terrible itch.

Cox. I haue not met a *Signior*, at whom mine
owne eyes (as if roasted enough) did euer burne more
in defire to flye out: so that whether to recoyle or
aduance on, I am betweene Hawke and Buzzard.

Bil. The honey of sweet Complement fo turne vp
your Tuskes or Mochatoes, that they be not too fliffe,
to brifle against my acquaintance.

Cox. Your acquaintance is a Limbeck, out of
which runneth a perfum'd water, bathing my noſthrils
in a ſtrong ſcent of your embracings: are you of
Court *Signior*?

Bil. No *Signior* of the City: are you a *Don* of
the Citie!

Cox. No *Signior* of the Court City, I ſmile.

Bil. Why.

Cox. I affiue you *Signior*, you are to vs of the
Court but *Animals*
You are held but as fhooing hornes to wait on great
Lords heelies.

Bil. Let em pay vs what they owe then, and pull
on their ſhoes, and wee'll wait no more.

Cox. You are our Apes.

Bil. But you are fuller of Apish trickes.

Cox. No ſooner leape our Ladies into a fashion,
but your Wiues are ready to creepe into the fame.

Bil. Why not; for tho ſome of your Ladies in-
uent the fashion, ſome of our wiues husbands are
neuer pay'd for the fluffe or making.

Cox. Gue way with your poore ſcull to our oares:
for I tell thee *Signior* you of the city, are the flatten
milke of the kingdome, and wee of the Court, the
Creame.

Bil. I tell thee Signior! wee of the City eate none of your Court butter, but some of you munch vp our flatten milk cheese.

Cox. Be not too loud ; tho you are good ringers in the City, for most of you haue bels at your doores.

Bil. Be not you too loud : for you might be goodingers at Court but that most of you are spoyled in learning your pricksong.

Cox. Bee temporate : I will shew you your City Cinquipace, you beare, sweare, teare, reare, and weare ; you beare the Tanckerd, sweare shop oathes, teare money out of debtors throates, reare rich eslates, weare good clothes, but carry your Conscience in torne pockets.

Bil. Bee attentive, I will shew you your Court Coranto pace, it confisfeth of 5. bees and 3. cees ; you borrow of any man, are braue on any termes, brag at any hand to pay, bellow at any that demands it, bite any Catchpole that fangs you, but carry neither Conscience nor coyne in your whole pockets.

Cox. Tell me Signior, tell mee why in the City does a harmlesse signe hang at the doore of a subtil *Nicodemus* fitting a shop ?

Bil. And tell me Signior, tell me, why when you eate of good cheare i'th City, haue you handfome wide chops, but meeting vs at Court, none ; your gumme's glew'd vp, your lips soap'd like a Ferret, not so much as the corner of a Custard ; in a cold cup, and a dry cheate loafe 'tis well.

Cox. Come, come, You are Acornes, and your Sonnes the Prodigals that eate you vp.

Bil. Goe, goe, you are Prodigals, and glad of the yellow Acornes we leaue our Sonnes.

Cox. I will crofle my selfe when I owe money to a Citizen, and passe by his doore.

Bil. I will blefse my selfe, when a Courtier owing me no money, comes neare my doore.

Cor. You are discended from the tanckerd generation.

Bil. You are ascended vp to what you are, from
the blacke Iacke and bombard distillation.

Cox. Deere Signior.

Bil. Delicious *Don.*

Exeunt.

Enter Don John.

Ioh. Boy.

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Art fure thou saw'ſt the Admirall at Court !

Pach. Am I fure I see your Lordship in your
gowne.

Ioh. And talking with the King ?

Pach. Most familiarly.

Ioh. And what fay the people about my commit-
ting to mine owne houſe ?

Pach. The beast grinnes at it, there's a Libell
already of you my Lord.

Ioh. A Libell, away.

Pa. Yes faith my Lord, and a Song to the tune of
Lament Ladies, Lament.

Ioh. I'me glad the flinkards are fo merry, a halter
on 'em, it is musick to them to have euery man thrown
off, you haue ſeen the Kings Miftris, boy haue you
not, what manner of peice iſt ?

Pach. Troth my Lord I know not, I neuer ſaw her
ſhot off a pretty little pocket dag.

Ioh. What report giues ſhe ?

Pach. A very good report of her Husband, but
he giues an ill report of her.

Ioh. How does the Ladies take it ; now the King
keepes a Wench vnder the Queenes nose ?

Pach. They take it paſſing heauily, it goes to the
heart of ſome of them, that he keepes not them too.

Ioh. I heard fay they were all once leauing the
Court ?

Pach. True fir, but there was a deuife which
ſlopp'd 'em.

Ioh. Who are you !

Knocking within.

Val. My Lord, we must speake with you.
Ioh. What are you ? fetch me a weapon.
Omn. Your friends.
King. 'Sdeath breake it open.

Enter King, Valasco, and others.

Ioh. The King ; I did not vnderstand your Maiesy.

King. You shall, for Ile speake plaine to you,
know you these ?

Ioh. Not I.

King. You doe not, a Kings arme thou seest
Has a long reach, as farre as *Portugall*
Can We fetch treason backe hatcht here by you.

Ioh. Me !

King. Thee and the trayterous *Portugals* to depriue me
Of life and Crowne, but I shall frike their King
And them, and thee beneath into the earth.

Ioh. And lower then earth you cannot.

King. Halfe your body is in the graue, it only
lackes our hand
To cast the dust vpon you, yet you stand
On flippery Ice your selfe, and trip at vs
Whose foot is fixt on Rocks, but since th'ast, throwne
Thy selfe downe neuer looke to rife.

Ioh. I care not, I will be little so in debt to you,
that I will not owe you so much as God a mercy for
my life.

King. You shall not then, stand not to ayme at
markes
Now roue not but make choyse of one faire white
Th'ast but one arrow to shoothe, and that's thy flight
The Admirall knowes our pleasure. *Exit.*

Ioh. And Heauen knowes mine
Left in mine enemies hand, are you my Taylor ?

Val. No my Lord, I thinke I'me rather left

To be your Confeslor.

Ioh. I need not any,
That you and I should both meet at one Ball,
I being the stronger, yet you giue the fall.

Vat. A kind of foot-ball flight, my Lord, men
vfe

Exceeding much at Court, your selfe has heard
Little shrimps haue thrown men higher then the
Guard ;
But barring this rough play, let's now consider,
For what I stay, and what you are to doe.

Ioh. Doe what ?

Val. To die.

Ioh. And must you play the Hangman.

Val. Breake in fellowes. *Guard.*

Ioh. 'Sdeath what are theſe ?

Val. Your Executioners appointed by the King.

Ioh. Theſe my Executioners,
And you my ouer-feer, wherefore kneele they ?
Val. To beg your pardon, for they feare their
worke

Will neuer please you.

Ioh. What booke's that they hold
This is no time for Dedications.

Val. That booke is ſent in Loue to you from the
King

It containes pictures of ſtrange fundry deaths
He bids you choose the eaſieſt.

Ioh. Then I chufe this. *Snatches a Halbert.*

Val. Your choyce is ill made.

Ioh. I'me more forry Sir,
I had rather haue my body hackett with wounds,
Then t'haue a Hangman fillip me.

Val. My Lord pray pardon me
I'me forcto to what I doe, 'tis the Kings pleasure
To haue you die in priuate.

Ioh. Any where
Since I muſt downe, the King might let me fall
From lofty Pinacles, to make my way

Through an arm'd Feild, yet for all that, euen then
Vnleffe I flew a kingdome full of men
I should at last be pay'd home : blackest fate
Thy worl', I heere defie thee, what the State
Appoints 'tis welcome.

Val. That's to haue your head.

Ioh. 'Tis ready.

Val. Hee'l be quiet when you are dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, and Alphonfo.

Alph. Madam there's a fellow stayes without to
speake with you.

Tor. With me !

Enter Cordolente.

Alph. Your shoo-maker I thinke.

Tor. Ha'ft brought my shooes ?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Tor. You drew them not on last.

Cor. No Madam, my Master that seru'd you last
has very good custome, and deales with other Ladies
as well as you, but I haue fittid you before now, I
should know the length of your foote.

Tor. I doe not remember thee.

Cor. I'me forry you haue forgotten me.

Tor. What shooe was the last you drew on ?

Cor. A yellow.

Tor. A yellow ! I neuer wore that cullor.

Cor. Yes Madam by that token when I fitted you
first, you wore not your shoes so high i'th instep, but
me thinks you now go cleane awry.

Tor. A fault I cannot helpe, manie Ladies besides
me go so, I hope 'twill grow to a fashon.

Mal. Has not that fellow done there ?

Cor. Yes fir, I haue now done, I haue a fuit to you
Madam, that none may be your shoo-maker but I.

Tor. Thy Master thou sayst serues me, I should wrong him then.

Cor. Yet doe you me more wrong, oh my *Tor-miella*!

Is the leafe torne out where our Loue was writ,
That I am quite forgot!

Tor. Softly good sweet.

Cor. Oh miferie, I make my selfe a theefe,
To fleale mine owne, another at my fire
Sits whiles I shake with cold, I fatten a stranger,
And starue my selfe.

Tor. Danger throwes eyes vpon thee,
Thus visit me, watch time for my escape
To any Country, by thy dearest fide
Ile lackey all the world or'e, Ile not change
Thee for a thousand Kings; there's gold.

Mal. Not yet done?

Cor. Yes sir, I'me onely taking instructions to make her a lower Chopeene, she finds fault that she's lifted too high.

Mal. The more foole shée.

Enter Iago.

Jag. The King comes Madam, he enquires for you.

Enter King, Valafo, Gazzo, and others.

King. My brother *John* is gone then?

Val. I ha bestow'd him as you commanded, in's graue.

King. Hee's best there,
Except the Gods, Kings loue none whom they feare.
How now!

Tor. My Shoo-maker.

King. Oh hast thou fitted her, so, hence sir.

Cor. As a worme on my belly, what should the
Ant,
On his poore Mole-hill braue the Elephant,
No, Signior no,
No braines to stay, but faues a head to goe. *Exit.*
King. Let me haue no more of this ; haue not we
eyes
Pointed like Sun-beames, goe to, get you in.
Tor. Angell from Heauen, falne a Kings Concubine. *Exit.*

Enter Martines.

Mar. May it please your Grace.
King. Ha !
Mar. Her Highnesse drown'd in sorrow, that your
brow
Has beene so long contracted into frownes,
Wishing to die vnsesse she see it smooth'd,
Commends her best loue to you in this Iewell
The Image of her heart.
King. My Lord Admirall, my wife's growne kind,
see !
Val. One of the happiest houres,
Mine age e're numbred ; would your Highnesse now
Would fetch vp the red blood her cheeks hath lost
By fending her, some simbole of your loue.
King. Pray sttep your selfe vnto her, say I locke
My heart vp in your boosome to her vfe, and giue it
her.
Val. Ile lend it in your name.
King. Doe.
Val. She shall pay her heart for it in interest. *Exit.*
King. Ile see her anon.
Leaue vs, stay you, and set that Table here. *Exeunt.*
A chaire, none trouble vs, doe you serue the Queene ?
Mar. Yes sir.
King. We know you now, y'are in our eye.

Are the doores fast ?

Mar. They are Sir.

King. Nearer yet,

Doe not you know of a conspiracie,
To take away my life vpon Saint——tush,
No matter for the day, you know the plot Sir ?

Mar. By Heauen I know of none !

King. Blushing doe you staine ?

Mar. It is not guilt but anger.

King. Y'au all fixt

Your hands and Seales to an Indenture drawne
By such a day to kill me.

Mar. For my part

My Loyaltie like a rough Diamond shines
The more 'tis cut, I haue no hand in that
Or any basenesse else against your Life
Or Kingdome.

King. No !

Mar. None.

King. Fetch me Inke and Paper
I foone shall try that, come Sir write your name :
Stay, your owne words shall choake you, 'twas a letter
Wrap'd vp in hidden Characters, and sent
Inclos'd in a Pomgranet, to a great *Don*
And thus subscriz'd : *At your pleasure your obsequious
vaffaile.*

Write this, and then your name, here.

Mar. *At your pleasure.*

King. Thy hand shakes.

Mar. No fir, *Your obsequious Vaffaile.*

King. Here fir, your name now there so low it
stood.

Mar. *Martines Cazalla de Barameda.*

King. There's in thy face no Traytor I cannot tell
Good mouthes haue giuen thee to mee, on your life
Be not you like a Wølfes-skin Drum to fright
The whole Heard by your sound, I will compare
Your hand with this, that's all, but fir beware
You prate to none of what 'twixt vs is past.

Mar. Were I i'th world aboue, I would defire
To come from thence, to giue that man the lye,
That once should dare to blot my Loyalty.

King. Here take this Key, meet mee some halfe
houre hence i'th priuy Gallery with two naked Po-
niards.

Mur. Two ponyards.

Exit.

Enter Gazetto.

King. Yes, goe send some body in, stay, *Lupo*
Can you write?

Gaz. Yes.

King. Indite a Letter——'sdeath sir ——heere begin

Gaz. After my heartie Commendations, so fir.

King. How! write——*My most admired Mistris.*

Gaz. *Mired Mistris,*

King. *With the fire you firſt kindled in me, ſtill I
am burnt.*

Gaz. *Still I am burnt:*

King. *So that Thunder ſhall not hinder mee from
climbing the highest ſtep of the Ladder.*

Gaz. *Climbing the highest ſtep of the Ladder.*

King. *Of your perfections, though I bee confounded
for euer.*

Gaz. *Be confounded for euer.*

King. *Your high pleasures are mine, mine yours.*

Gaz. *Mine yours.*

King. *And I dye euerlastingly vntill I bee in your
bosome.*

Gas. *And I dye——vntill I be in your bosome.*

King. So.

Gaz. So.

King. Hold.

Gaz. Here fir.

King. Where are the Gentlemen of our Chamber?

Gaz. Without Sir.

King. Bid them attend vs close.

Gaz. I ſhall.

Exeunt.

Enter Martines with two Poniards.

Mar. Would this dayes worke were done, I doe
not like
To see a Bull to a wild Fig-tree ty'd
To make him tame, beasts licking 'gainst the hayre
Fore-slew some storme, and I fore-fee some snare :
His sword is dipt in oyle, yet does it wound
Deadly, yet stand it, innocence wrong'd is crown'd.

Enter the King, Alphonso, and Gazzetto.

Omn. Treafon !
King. Where ?
Omn. Kill the Villaine. *All draw.*
King. Stay, none touch him
On your liues; on Kings shoulders stand
The heads of the Coloffie of the Goddes
(Aboue the reach of Traitors) were the beds
Of twenty thousand Snakes layd in this bofome,
There's thunder in our lookes to breake them all,
Leauue vs.
Omn. You are too venturous. *Exeunt.*
King. Ioue cannot fall,
Both person place and businesse were quite lost
Out of our memorie, lay aside thefe poniards
We haue alter'd now our businesse, you shall beare sir
Our salutation to the Queene — not feal'd !
'Sfoot, nor indors'd ! some Inke, come let the fore-
head
Haue no more wrinckles in't—but this, to the Queene,
Write it.
Mar. To the Queene, no more !
King. No, no, 'tis well,
Haft thou no Seale about thee ? if my wife
Exceptions take missing our royll signet
Say that not hauing that, I borrowed yours.
Mar. I shall Sir. *Exit.*

Enter All.

King. Hide it, goe—without there.

Omn. Sir.

King. You met him did you not, how lookt the
flaue?

Omn. Most strangely.

King. Vnparalel'd Villaine ! Diuels could not set
To hatch such spitefull mischiefe, guard me closely,
When you see him at the stake then worry him,
Are all weapon'd?

Omn. All, all.

King. When Darts inuisible doe flye,
A flaue may kill a Lyon in the eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Qucene, and Tormiella.

Qu. Who gaue you this?

Tor. A Gentleman of your Chamber.

Enter Martines.

Qu. Call in the Villaine,
Thou audatious Serpent !
How darst thou wind in knotted curles thy lust
About our honour ; where hadst thou this Letter ?

Mar. I had it from the King.

Qu. Out impudent Traytor.

Enter King, Iago, Gazzo, Alphonso.

King. How now at Barle-brake, who are in Hell ?
What's that? to the Queene, what Queene !

Qu. Me, 'tis to me
Your mistris there the Messenger, her Secretary
Hee heere.

King. Vds death.

Qu. Your Trull and hee haue laid
Traines to blow vp mine honour, I am betray'd.

King. *Lupo,* Fasten her.

Qu. Fasten mee !

King. *Iago* fee.

Looke all, bind fast this Diuell, is there no Circle
To be damn'd in but mine.

Qu. Slaue let me goe.

King. Oh thou lustfull harlot,

Qu. Guard me Heauen.

Mar. I'me sold.

Qu. Thou Villaine speake truth.

King. Keepe her off.

Mar. Most basely

Betray'd and baffled, is that Letter the same
Sent in to the Queene.

Tor. The very fame.

King. Is this thy hand ?

Mar. 'Tis fir, but heare me.

King. And this thy name, thy hand ?

Mar. My name, my hand.

Qu. Sause him and let him spit
His blackest poyson forth ?

King. Spare him, vnhand her.

Qu. Let me haue Iustice as thou art a King !

King. To prison with them both.

Qu. As I am thy wife
Make not thy selfe a strompit of me.

King. Hence, guard her.

Qu. I come Heauen, guarded with innocence.

Exit.

King. Follow your Mistris, you.

Tor. Yes, to her graue.

Oh that I now were swallowed in fome Waue. *Exit.*

King. Oh that I

Should in a womans lap my Kingdome lay,
Honour and life, and she should all betray
To a Groome, a flau.

Iag. Let not her poyson run
Too neare your heart.

King. *Iago* I haue done,

Pray let my greife want company, this wracke
So great, shall make th' whole Kingdome mourn in
black.

Exeunt.

Lupo!

Gaz. Did your Highnesse call !

King. Yes, harke thee *Lupo* :

It may bee th'art a Serpent dull of fight,
Be quicke of hearing, may be th'art a Hare,
And canst fee fide-wayes, let me locke vp here,
What euer's layd in there.

Gaz. I am strongly charm'd.

King. Wilt venter for me ?

Gaz. To the threshold of hell.

King. May I trust thee ?

Gaz. Elfe imploy me not.

King. Didst euer kill a Scorpion ?

Gaz. Neuer, I ha beene stung by one.

King. Didst never bait a wild Bull ?

Gaz. That's the pastime I most loue and follow.

King. A strange disease
Hangs on me, and our Doctors say the bloud
Onely of thefe two beasts must doe me good,
Darft thou attempt to kill them ?

Gaz. Were they Diuels
With heads of Iron, and Clawes ioyned with brafle,
Encounter them I shall, in what Parke run they ?

King. The Queene that Scorpion is, *Tormiellas*
husband
The mad Oxe broken loose ; in a small volume
What mischefe may be writ, in a maze !

Gaz. No, in a muse,
I'me plotting how to doe't, and to come off.

King. This does it, by this key burst vp all doores
That can betray thee, done be fure to rise,
Let a Kings royll breath, fend the hence flying.

Gaz. As Powder does the Bullet.
King. Heap'd vp honours
Are fcedules to thine enterprise annext,
Doe it and mount—

Gaz. To th' Gallowes.

King. Thy selfe goes next.

Exit.

Gaz. I scorn to be thy bloud hound.

Why shoud I vexe a Soule did neuer greeue me ?

The Queene an honest Lady : shoud I kill her,

It were as if I pull'd a Temple downe,

And from the ruines of that built vp a strewes,

She liues, but Butcher like the Oxe Ile vse.

Exit.

ACTVS, V.

Enter King, Valasco, Malevento, Alphonso.

Mal. Oh royall Sir, my Daughter *Tormiella*
Has lost her vse of reason and runne mad.

King. When !

Mal. Not halfe an houre since.

King. Mad now ! now frantique !
When all my hopes are at the highest pitch
T'injoy her beauties ! talke no more : thou lyft.

Enter Gassetto.

Gaz. May it please your Maiestie—

King. Curses consume thee—oh—*Strikes.*

Gaz. It is dispatch'd, the Queene is lost, neuer to
be found.

King. Wause vpon Wause,
Hard hearted Furies, when will you dig my Graue :
You doe not heare him, thunder shakes Heauen firs^t
Before dull Earth can feele it :

My deere, dearest Queene is dead.

Val. Ha !

Omn. The Queene dead !

King. What said she last !

Gaz. Commend me to the King

And tell him this, mine honour is not wrack'd,
Though his Loue bee.

King. And so her heart-strings crackt !

Val. Some tricke vpon my life, State-coniuring
To raise vp Diuels in Prisons, and i'th darke :
If she be dead, Ile see her.

King. Villanous man,

Thou fee what we haue inioy'd, thou impudent foole
Away, *Iago* giue this tumbling Whale
Empty barrels to play with till this troublous Seas
(Which he more raging makes) good Heauen ap-
pease.

Val. Well I say nothing, Birds in Cages mourne
At first, but at last sing ; I will take my turne. *Exit.*

King. My Queene dead, I shall now haue riming
flaues

Libell vpon vs, giuing her innocent wings
But say we murdered her, scandall dare strike Kings :
Then here's another Moone of *Spaine* Eclips'd,
One whom our best lou'd Queene put in her bosome,
For sweetnesse of pure life, integritie,
And (in Court beauties wondrous) honesty,
Shee's mad too, *Lupo, Tormiella's* mad !

Gaz. Mad !

Iag. As a March whore.

Gaz. Mad, shall I worke vpon her ?

King. Vfe thy skill. *Exit Gazetto.*

Iag. I would to Heauen your highnesse—

King. Ha ! the Queene ! was she not at my elbow ?

Omn. Here was nothing.

King. I must not liue thus, *Iago* if I lye
After the kingly fashion without a woman
I shall run mad at midnight ; I will marry

The Lunaticke Lady, she shall be my Queene,
Proclaime her so.

Iag. Your highnesse does but iest!

King. All the world's frantick, mad with mad are
best. *Exit.*

Iag. Wretched state of Kings, that stading hye,
Their faults are markes shot at by euery eye. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, Gazzetto.

Gaz. Giue me the key, make all fast, leaue us, Ile
skrew her wits to the right place.

Mal. *Apollo* blefle thee. *Exit.*

Tor. Are not you a woollen Draper?

Gaz. Yes.

Tor. Whether is a womans life measured by the
Ell or the Yard.

Gaz. All women by the Yard fure, it's no life else.

Tor. I'me now neare seuenteeene yeares old, if I
should dye at these yeares, am not I a foole.

Gaz. Yes, marry are you, for the Law allowes
none to be of discretion, till they come to twenty
one.

Tor. Out vpon you, you are a Lawyer, pray get
you hence, for you'l not leaue me clothes to my backe
if I keepe you company, I'me mad enough now, and
you'l make me flarke mad.

Gaz. I am not what I feeme, no Doctor I
But by your Husband sent in this disguise
To found your bosome.

Tor. You bob for Eeles, doe you not?

Gaz. Here has he lockt his mind vp, but for mee
To put a burning linstocke in a hand
That may giue fire, and send my Soule in powder
I know not, pardon me, fare you well Lady?

Tor. Hift doe you heare?

Gaz. The eyes of mercy guard thee

Were't knowne for what I venter'd thus, 'twere death,
Ile to your husband.

Tor. Stay, I am not mad
Yet I haue cause to rauie, my wits like Bels
Are backward rung, onely to fright the Tyrant
That whilst his wild lust wanders, I may flye
To my sweet husbands armes, here I haue hid
The traines I meane to lay for mine escape.

Gaz. Excellent he shall seconde you.

Tor. Should any watch vs !

Gaz. All's fast, run mad agen then, the King
thinks
Me some rare fellow, you shall leauie the Court
Now if you'l taste my Counsell.

Torm. Ile drinke gall to cure mee of this sick-
nesse.

Gaz. Sit then downe here.
Ile bind you fast because it shall appeare,
That you grow worfe and worfe, then will I tell
The King, the onely course to leauie you well,
Is to remoue you home to mine owne Lodging,
Ile bind you.

Tor. For euer to thee.

Gaz. Once hence, you may flye,
To th' *Straights*, and then crosse o're to *Barbary* :
So, th'art a Strumpet.

Tor. What's that you speake !

Gaz. A damn'd one,
Dost thou not know me ! I am *Gazetto*.

Tor. Mercy.

Gaz. Who like a ball of wild-fire haue beene tost
To make others sport, but here I burst and kill :
A periured Strumpet.

Tor. I am none,
My Father swore that I should marry thee,
And then a Tyger and a Lambe had met,
I ne're was thine, nor euer will be.

Gaz. Sweare thou art not mine,
That when I see thy heart drunke with hot oathes,

This Feind may pitch thee reeling into Hell,
Sweare that thou art not mine.

Tor. By heauen I am not,
To proue I fweare right to thee, change that weapon,
See at my Girdle hang my wedding kniues,
With those dispatch mee.

Gaz. To th'heart ?

Tor. Ayme right I beseech thee.

Gaz. Ile not kill thee now for spight
Because thou begft it.

Tor. Then good villaine spare me !

Gaz. Neither, heere's that shall finke thee ; to the
King

Thy iugling and these Letters shall be showne.

Tor. Vpon thy head be my confusion
The King ! I shall both feed his rage and lust,
First doome me to any Tortures !

Gaz. Thou shalt then fweare—— *Vnbinds her.*
Because I know he'll force the tye a knot,
The Church must see and sigh at, if he marries thee,
Sweare when he comes to touch thy naked fide,
To bury him in those sheets, thou art his Bride.

Tor. By Heauen that night's his last, my iust hart
keepes

This vow grauen there.

Gaz. Till then my vengeance sleepes,
Where is the King ?

Enter King, Iago, Alphonso, Malevento.

Gaz. I haue refin'd
That Chaos which confounded her faire mind.

Kin. Moue in thy voice the Spheares, when next
thou speakest *Tormiella*.

Tor. I am well my fearefull dreame
Is vanisht, thankes to Heauen and that good man.

King. Thou giu'st me another Crowne, oh *Vindicados*,
The axletree on which my Kingdome moues,

Leanes on thy shouolders, I am all thine ; *Tormiella* !
Bright *Cynthia* looke not pale, *Endimions* heere,
Hymen shall fetch a leape from Heauen t'alight
Full in thine armes, backe thou blacke ominous night.

Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Signior *Lupo*, why *Don*, not know me, I am the poore Shopkeeper, whose ware is taken vp by the King.

Gaz. You lye.

Cor. True, as Judges doe with their wiues, very feldome, I am *Cordolente* a poore Gudgin diuing thus vnder water, to see how *Neptune* and his Mermaides swim together, but dare not come neare him, for feare he sets Dogfish to deuoure me.

Gaz. An excellent maske against the marriage, now get a priuate coat, the King meanes to haue you stab'd.

Cor. He does that already, with the bodkin that sticks in my wifes hayre.

Gaz. He has not the patience to stay the dressing of his meat of thy prouiding, he will haue it taken vp, and eate the flesh raw he will be married incontinently.

Cor. Will she set her hands to my hornes ?

Gaz. Yes, and set them to your head, she followes the steps of her old grandam, all euils take their names from her, the ills of *Eue*, thy wife for the hoope ring thou marriedst her withall, hath sworne to fende thee a Deathes head.

Cor. Sworne !

Gaz. Sworne, were thy cafe my cafe ; I would set a Diuell at her elbow in the very Church, I would kill her as she gaue away her hand.

Cor. Wilt helpe me to a fit Circle to play the Diuell in ?

Gaz. Ile place thee, Ile put thy foot into the stirrup.

Cor. And I will rid the world of one of his
diseases, a loose woman.

Gaz. Farewell, eat her very hart. *Exit.*

Cor. As we feed one vpon another, hungerly—
Exeunt.

Hoboyes: Enter two Fryers setting out an Altar,
Enter Iago, Alphonso, Gazzetto, Malevento, two
Churchmen, Tormiella next and the King, Ladies
attending, Cordolente steales in, and stands in some
by place the King stayes or sits in a chayre, Tormiella
is brought to him, as she is comming the
King meets her; as the ring is putting on, Cordolente
steps in rudely, breakes them off, Tormiella
flyes to his bosome, the King offers to stab him, is
held: she kneels, sues, weepes, Cordolente is thrust
out, Gazzetto laughs at all, they are preparing to it
again, it Thunders and Lightens: all affrightedly
—Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Dost thou tell me of thy Proclamations that
I am banisht from the Court, that Court where I came
to thee was none of thine, it belongs to a King that
keepes open Court, one that neuer wrong'd a poore
Begger, neuer tooke away any mans wife, vnlesse he
fent his Purfeuant death for her: oh thou daring Sacri-
legious royll Theefe; wilt thou rob the Church too
as thou hast me! thrust me out of that house too in
the Sanctuary turn'd Diuell in a crowd of Angels!

Enter Gazzetto.

Gaz. Why didst not kill her?

Cor. I had no power to kill her
Charmes of Diuinity pull'd backe mine Arme,
She had Armor of proofe on, (reuerence of the place)
She is not married, is she, shorten my paines;

Gaz. Heauen came it selfe downe, and forbade
the Banes.

Enter Iago.

Iag. You must both to th' King.

Gaz. Must ! we are for him.

Cor. Now doe I looke for a fig.

Gaz. Chew none, feare nothing. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Enter King, Tormiella, Valasco, Malevento, Alphonso.*

King. Has heauen left chiding yet ! there's in thy
voyce

A thunder that worfe frights mee, didst thou sweare
In bed to kill me, had I married thee ?

Tor. It was my vow to doe so.

King. And did that Villaine,
That *Lupo Vindicado's*, thrust this vengeance
Into thy desperat hand ?

Tor. That Villaine fwore me
To speed you, I had dy'd else ; me had he murdered,
When in a Doctors shape he came to cure
The madnesse which in me was counterfeit,
Onely to shun your touches.

King. Strange preferuation !

Enter Iago, Gazzetto, and Cordolente.

Val. Here comes the traytor !

King. Diuell, didst thou tempt this woman 'gainst
my life ?

Gaz. Has she betray'd me, yes, hence Anticke
vizors

Ile now appear my selfe.

Mal. *Gazzetto !*

Gaz. The same.

Cor. I ha warm'd a Snake in my bosome.

Mal. This is he,
To whom by promife of my mouth, (not hers)

Tormiella should ha' beene married, but flying him
To runne away with this, he in disguise
Has followed Both thus long to be reueng'd.

Gaz. And were not my hands ty'd by your pre-
vention
It should goe forward yet, my plot lay there
(King) to haue her kill thee, this Cuckold her,
Then had I made him Hawkes-meat.

Val. Bloody Varlet.
King. Rare Prouidence, I thanke thee, what a
heape
Of mischieves haue I brought vpon my Kingdome,
By one base A&t of lust, and my greatest horror
Is that for her I made away my Queene
By this destroyers hand, this crimson Hell-hound
That laughs at nothing but fresh Villanies.

Gaz. The laughing dayes I wisht for, are now
come fir
I am glad that leaping into such a Gulph,
I am not drown'd, your Queene liues.

King. Ha !
Gaz. She liues, I had no reason to kill her.
Val. A better Spirit
Stood at his elbow, then you planted there,
My poore Girle your sad Queene, breathes yet.

King. Long may fle,
Fetch her, commend me to her, cheere her (Father.)
Val. With the best hart I haue. *Exit.*
King. Let that flye Bawd
Engine of Hell, who wrought vpon thy Chastity
Be whipt though *Siuill*, foure fuch tempting witches
May vndoe a City: come, you wronged paire
By a King that parted you, you new married are.
Injoy each other and prosper.

Cor. I doe already,
Feeling more ioyes then on my Wedding day,
I nere till now was married.

Tor. Nor I euer happy vntill this houre.

Mal. Nor I, as I am true Lord.

King. No, sir, y'are no true Lord, you haue a title,
A face of honour, as in Courts many haue,
For base and seruile prostitutions,
And you are such a one, your Daughters fall
Was first step to your rising, and her rising
Againe to that sweet goodnesse she neuer went from,
Must be your fall, and strip you of all honours
Your Lordship is departed.

Mal. Does the Bell ring out ! I care not
Your Kingdome was a departing too, I had a place
in Court for nothing, and if it be gon, I can loose
nothing ; I ha' beene like a Lord in a play, and that
done, my part ends.

King. Yes sir, I purge my Court of such Infection.

Mal. I shall find company i'th City I warrant ; I
am not the first hath giuen vp my Cloake of honour.

Exit.

Enter Valasco, Iohn, and Queene.

King. Oh my abused heart, thy pardon, see
I haue sent home my stolne goods :

Qu. Honestly !

King. As she was euer ; now with full cleere eyes
I see thy beauty, and strange Cheeke despise.

Qu. You call me from a graue of shame and
forrow.

In which I lay deepe buried.

Ioh. From a graue likewise
Your Maiestie calls me ! I haue looke backe
On all my poore Ambitions, and am sorry,
That I fell euer from so bright a Spheare,
As is the Loue of such a royall brother.

King. Be as you speake, we are friends, it was
our will
To let you know, we can, or faue, or kill.

Ioh. Your mercy new transforms me.

King. Sirrah your fauing
My Queene, when I confesse (lуст me so blinded)
I would haue gladly lost her ; giues thee life.

Qu. First I thanke Heauen, then him, and at last you.

Gas. I had not the heart to hurt a woman, if I had, your little face had beene mall'd ere this, but my Angers out, forgiue me.

Tor. With all my heart.

King. Pray noble brother loue this man, he's honest,

I ha' made of him good prooфе, we should haue had A wedding, but Heauen frown'd at it, and I Am glad 'tis croft, yet we'll both Feast and dance, Our Fame hath all this while laine in a Trance : Come *Tormiella*, well were that City bleſt, That with but, Two ſuch women ſhould excell, But there's ſo few good, th'aſt no Paralell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit His trion.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



L O N D O N :

Printed by Robert Raworth, for Nicholas Vavasour; and are
to bee sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple, neere the
Church-doore. 1636.





The Prologue.

THus from the Poet, am I bid to say ;
Hee knows what Judges fit to Doome each Play,
(*The Over-curious Critick, or the Wife*)
The one with squint ; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each scene ; The one cries all things
down
Tother, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne.
Las ! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(*Sung the full quire of the Nine Muses heere*)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apish spite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus ! our Poet does slight.
'Tis not a gay fule, or Distorted Face,
Can beat his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater, Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer ;
But to the white, and sweete unclowded Brow,
(*The heaven where true worth moves*) our Poet do's bow :
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempeſts) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlwindes, & doe you but feere
His Muse, This day ; And bring her toth' wished
shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom ſhee'le adore.



Dramatis Personæ.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Duke of Florence.</i> | <i>Piero the Dukes Sonne.</i> |
| <i>Prince of Pisa.</i> | <i>Gasparo his Friend.</i> |
| <i>Lord Vanni.</i> | <i>Tibaldo Neri, Lover of</i> |
| <i>Trebatio his Sonne.</i> | <i>Dariene L. Vanni's wife.</i> |
| <i>Mutio.</i> | <i>Angelo Lotti, Lover of</i> |
| <i>Philippo.</i> | <i>Fiametta.</i> |
| <i>Tornelli.</i> | <i>Baptista, his friend.</i> |

Iacomo Gentili, The Noble Houfe-keeper.
Signior Torrenti, The Riotous Lord.
Fiametta, the Dukes Daughter,
Dariene, Old Lord Vannies Wife.
Alisandra, her Daughter.
Alphonfina, fijfer to Tibaldo Neri.
Cargo, Lord Vanni's man.
Two Curtizans.
A Nurfe.





THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his sonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonsina his sister, Dariene Old Vannis wife, Cargo a serving-man.*



Ee surfit heere on Pleasures: Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious,
Then this day we have sat at: my Lord
Vanni,

You have an excellent seate heere; Tis a building
May entertaine a *Cesar*: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old! hem! all heart of braffe, found as a
bell,

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Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have paff'd, and I'le goe it all.

Flo. Mad *Vanni* still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easily fall:
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But *May* swimmes in my blood, and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pifa. What is your age my Lord?

Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv'd some halfe a day, some halfe an houre.

Flo. A tree of threescore-yeares growth, nothing?

Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my
lord.

Nic. Let whores keepe diet,
Tibaldo ner'e; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder streames, then I have done,
I'le drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.

Pifa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.

Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.

Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets
Sir.

Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his flesh, and hit your
cockfcombe,
If you croise mine once more.

Flo. Nay be not angry.

Nic. I have my Paftees Sir: and my Paffadoes,
My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,
And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtillioes,
Here at my fingers end.

Flo. By my faith 'tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke Phifick, nor ever
will,

Ile trust none that have Art, and leave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Devill, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchin chimney, not my nose.

Flo. And some Lords have no chimnies but their noses.

Nic. Tobacco-shoppes shew like prissons in hell ;
Hote, smoaky, stinking, and I hate the smell.

Pif. Who'd thinke that in a coale so Ashy white,
Such fire were glowing ?

Flo. May not a snuffe give light ?

Tib. You see it doe's in him.

Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare branches.

Nic. What thinke you then of me—sweete Lady ?

Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horfe, vileyly, if he can

Neither wihy, nor wagge-Taile.

Flo. The Lady *Alphonfina Neri*, has given it you
my Lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.

Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, she will cracke no Nutts,
With such a tough shell, as is yours and mine.
But leaving this, lets fee you pray at Court.

Nic. I thanke your grace.

Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the stars of *Florence*, with your sonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni*.

Treb. I shall attend your grace.

Flo. The holy knot,
Hymen shall shortly tie, and in faire bands,
Unite *Florence* and *Pisa* by the hands,
Of *Fyametta* and this *Pisan* Duke
(Our Noble-son in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not absent.

Nic. We shall your will obey.

Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royll feasts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my neere kinsman, mine owne brothers
son,
Who desperatly a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a swift Head-long streame.

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Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.

Nic. Old *Iacomo* is open-handed charitie,
Sit's ever at his gates to welcome guests.

He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneis cast out braver smoake.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he smiles upon, the poore he feeds.

Flo. These gallants we're be feasted by, and Feast;
Fames praiies of 'em, shall make us their guest,
Meane time we're hence. *Exit Florence, Pisa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordship, *Signior Angelo* (of the *Lotti Family*) is banished.

Dari. How banish't? alas poore *Angelo Lotti*.

Treb. Why must he goe from *Florence*?

Cargo. Because he can stay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie?

Cargo. To the end he should goe into some other
my Lord.

Nic. Hoida.

Car. I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic. What speake the people of him?

Car. As bells ring; some out, some in, all jangle,
they say he has dealt with the *Genoway* against the
state: but whether with the men, or the women; tis
to be stoo'd upon.

Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.

Car. Sir knave, a new word: fooles, and knaves
Sir? *Exit.*

Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine eare,
The *Genoway* is but a line throwne out,
But *Fiametta's* love, the net that choakes him.

Tre. He's worthy of her equall.

Nic. Peace foolish boy,
At these stately bone-fires (whose flames reach so high)
To stand aloofe, is safer then too nigh. *Exit.*

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonfina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfet at Lord *Vannies*.

Alp. Surfet ! you eate some Meate against your stomach.

Tib. No, but I had a stomack to one dish, and the not tastig it, makes me fick at heart.

Alp. Was it fish or flesh ?

Tib. Flesh fure, if I hit the marke right.

Alp. I'lt not the missing of a marke (which you long to hit)

Makes you draw fighes in stead of arrowes ?

Tib. Would I had beene a thousand leagues from thence,

When I sat downe at's table, or bin partner

With *Angelo Lotti* in his banishment ;

Oh ! sister *Alphonfina*, there I dranke

My bane, the strongest poison that e're man

Drew from a Ladies eye, now swelling in me.

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou would'ft

Have a medcine for the greene-ficknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling, you are

Over head and eares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't I shall fall downe——

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pitty Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what doctressesse is she must call you patient ?

Tib. Faire *Dariene*, the Lord *Vannies* wife——

Alp. How ! *Dariene* ! can no feather fit you but the broach in an

Old mans hatt ? were there so many dainty dishes
To fill your belly, and must you needs long for that
dish

The master of the house settis up for his owne tooth.

Tib. Could love be like a subiect, tied to lawes,
Then might you speake this language.

Alp. Love ? a disease as common with young gallants
as

Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a
sleight boot,

And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine see one of you enter and fet in
His slaffe.

Tib. You shall see me then do so.

Alp. I shall looke so old first, I shall be taken for
thy grandame ; come, come 'tis but a worme betweene
the skinne
And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point
of a

Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Countefies.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me——

Alp. Leave thee in sicknes ? I had more need give
thee a Caudle ; and thrust thy adle-head into a
night-Capp,
for looke you brother——

Tib. Even what you will must out.

Alp. If what you will might so too, then would
you be in

Tune : I warrant, if the fucket flood here before
Thee, thy stomack would goe against.

Tib. Yes sure my stomack would goe against it :
'Tis onely that which breeds in me despaire.

Alp. Despaire for a woman ? they hang about
mens
Neckes in some places thicker then hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chaftitie cannot be beaten downe.

Alp. Walls of chaftitie & walls of wafer-cakes, I have

Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the streeete she cast up the
white of

Her eye like a Puritane.

Tib. Sister you do but stretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increase my paine,
Be rather pitifull and ease my torment
By teaching me how in this dreadfull storme,
I may escape ship-wreck and attaine that shore
Where I may live, heere else I'me sure to die.

Alp. Well brother, since you will needs saile by
such a
Starre as I shall point out, looke you heere it is; if
she were

Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it—

Tib. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to powre
Poifon into a wound, so neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.

Woman me thinkes should know it caufe she breeds it.

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and
because

I see you dissemble not, heer's my medicine.

Tib. I shall for ever thanke you.

Alp. First fend for your Barber.

Tib. For heavens sake.

Alp. Your Barber shall not come to rob you of
your beard;

I'le deale in no concealements—

Tib. Oh ! fie, fie, fie.—

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
Your spirits.

Tib. So fo.

Alp. Then whistle your gold-finches (your gallants) to your fist.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke stiffe, sweare stiffe, have your musicke, and your brace, dance, and whiffe Tobacco,

Till all smoake Agen, and split Sir.

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moone cutts off her horns ; Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night : and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill, When to give life, you have both power and skill.

Exit.

Alp. Alas : poore brother now I pitty thee, and wo'd doe

Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him Musick :

Musick has helpt some mad-men, let it then Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wifest men.

Exit.

Enter at one doore, *Angelo Lotti*, and *Baptista*, at the other, *Piero*, and *Iaspero*.

Pier. Vonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaspero* : This prey I'le ceafe. *All draw.*

Iasp. Be more advised Sir.

Bap. At whose life shoothe you ?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave ? I know you for the Dukes sonne, but I know no cause of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine.

Ang. Wherein ?

Pier. And by witch-craft, Had stole my sister *Fiamettas* heart, Forceing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

Ang. If for her love you come to kill me ; heere
I'le point you to a doore where you may enter and
fetch out a loath'd life.

Pier. *Iaspero.*

Iasp. Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all ;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him——

Aug. But if on any other fier of rage ;
You thirst to drinke my blood, heere I defie
You, and your malice, and returne the villaine
Into your throat.

Pier. So brave sir !

Change a thrust or two.

Enter *Nicolletto*, and *Cargo*.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the
peace ;
Beate downe their weapons, knock 'em downe
Cargo.

Car. I have a Iustices warrant to apprehend your
weapons ;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord : make a fray in an open
streete ? tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together ; Signior *Angelo*, pray be wife, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from
danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercise your violence
Vpon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds ;
You see him sinking, and you set your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes ;
Trample not thus on a poore banisht man.

Nico. If hee be banisht'd, why dwells hee i'th
house, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head ? You must
hant

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No more in this Parke of *Florence* ; why then
Doe you lie fneaking heere, to steale venison ?

Ang. My Lords, I take my last leave of you all ;
Of love, and fortunes——

Bapt. Lower thou canst not fall. *Exit.*

Iasp. Trust mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princeſſe bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, ſuch a man
Should ſo much ſuffer ; in being ſo put downe,
Never to rife againe.

Nicol. A terrible caſe, i'de not be in't for all *Florence*.

Pie. Troth deare friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy Iudgement,
Make mee to caſt on him an open eye,
Which was before shut, and I pittie him.

Iasp. I never heard 'mongſt all your *Romane* ſpirits.
That any held ſo bravely up his head,
In ſuch a ſea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the ſpite of Fortune to diſgrace,
And makes her, when ſhee frownes worl, turne her face.

Pier. No more : I love him, and for all the Duke-
dome,
Would not have cut ſo Noble a ſpreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood ; Lord *Vanni*,
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well. *Exit.*

Nico. A good health to you both.

Iasp. You play the Conſtable wiſely.

Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wiſely.

Nico. The Conſtable wiſely ; *Cargo* he calls me
foole by craft,
But let 'em paſſe.

Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled).

Nico. I haue another case to handle : thou know'st the *Donna Alphonfina*, of the *Neri* Familiie.

Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when the Duke Was feasted, shee had quick-silver in her mouth, for Her tongue, like a Bride the first night, never lay still.

Nico. The same Aspen-leafe, the same ; is't not a Galley for The Great *Turke* to be row'd in ?

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, shee may set upon A Gally-aff bigge as your Lordship.

Nico. Command me to this *Angelica*.

Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold stomach.

Nico. I am all fire.

Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A small thing does it my Lord ; in the time a

Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this ; in the one she may know my minde, in the other, feele me : this a Letter, this a Iewell :

Tell her, I kisse the little white naile of her little white

Finger, of her more little white hand, of her most Little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou haft beene myweavers shuttle to runne betwixt me and my stuffes of *Procreandi caufa*.

Carg. A fuite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better sometimes.

Nico. No *Cargo*, I have still the *Lapis mirabilis*, be thou close—

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quick knave, thou rack'ft mee. *Exit.*

Carg. I goe to stretch you to your full length.

Exit.

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a suite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap, Chaine, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends ;
You are the first, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building : you are my first-borne guests,
My eldest sonnes of hospitalitie ;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thankes are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. *Rome* in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. 'Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no
fcore,
None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curfe my foundation, praying the roofe may fall
On the proud builders head, seeing the smoake goe
Out of those Chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very sea of silver drie.

Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly
building ?

Gent. Pray call it not so :
The humble shrub, no Cedar heere shall grow ;
You see Three hundred Dorick pillars stand
About one square, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raising of those Columnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedestall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome stome,
Except that cost, all other was mine owne ;
See heere, each dayes expences are so great,
They make a volume, for in this appeares,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares :

I trust my steward onely with the key,
Which keepes that secret; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to cast up, there's the roote of all;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it.

Stew. All the charge
In the grosse summe, amounteth to——

Gent. To what?
Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that
Booke,
No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes;
Goe burne it prently.

Stew. Burne it?

Exit.

Gent. Away,
I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry;
He that will reade the wastling of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the stormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor shall not then
Spit poyson at me, pinning on my backe
This card; He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mont. Why to your house adde you so many
gates?

Gent. My gates fill up the number of feuen dayes,
At which, of guests, feuen severall sorts Ile welcome:
On Munday, Knights whose fortunes are funke low;
On Tuesday, thofe that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and fo on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnes.

Phi. Why have you then built twelve such waste
roomes.

Gent. For the yeares twelve moones;
In each of which, twelve Tables shall be spread;
At them, such whom the world scornes, shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,

Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)
 Are numbered just three hundred sixtie five,
 And in so many daies the funne does drive
 His chariot stuck with beames of Burnish't gold,
 My Almes shall such diurnall progresse make
 As doe's the funne in his bright *Zodiack*.

Tor. You differ from the guise of other lands,
 Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
 Not spending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eat men, but men shall eat up
 me,

My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a soule
 Subtile and quick, and searching as the fier,
 By Magicke-slayers he went as deepe as hell,
 And if in devills poffession gold be kept,
 He brought some fure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
 Knowne (fave to me) to none, and like a spring
 The more tis drawne, the more it still doth rise,
 The more my heape wastes, more it multiplies.
 Now whither (as moſt rich-men doe) he pawn'd
 His foule for that deare purchafe none can tell,
 But by his bed-fide when he faw death fland
 Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th' hand
 Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to spend
 What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
 Which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my
 foule

Now at her setting forth : let none feele want
 That knock but at thy gates : do wrong to none,
 And what request to thee fo ear is made,
 If honeſt, ſee it never be denay'd.

Mont. And yow'le performe all this ?

Gent. Faire & upright,

As are the ſtrict vowels of an Anchorite :
 A benefit given by a Niggards hand
 Is stale and gravily bread, the hunger-ſterv'd
 Takes it, but cannot eate it ; Ile give none ſuch.
 Who with free heart shakes out but crums, gives much.

Mont. In ſuch a ſhip of worldly cares my Lord

As you must faile now in, yow'le need more Pilots
Then your owne selfe to fit and stearre the Helme.
You might doe therefore well to take a wife;

Gent. A wife? when I shall have one hand in
heaven,

To write my happynesse in leaves of starres;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe:
This Barke hath thus long sail'd about the world,
My foule the Pilot, and yet never listen'd
To such a Mare-maids song: a wife, oh fetters,
To mans blest liberty! All this world's a pris'on,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jalour,
But the iron-shackles wayng down our heeles,
Are onely women, those light Angells turne us,
To fleshly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will fit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then shall reap the golden corne you
fowe?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curse to them, that build, and
spare,
And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires shall be poore children fed on
almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, schollers poore and
scorn'd.

And these will be a fure inheritance;
Not to decay: Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ships and Parkes, Pastures and woods be fold,
But this Land still continues to the Lord:
No subtile trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-dishe, I shall drinke healthes
To last for ever; whil'st I live, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie..

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodnesse
grow
Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues;
Sent us to give you thankes, for crowning *Florence*
With fame of such a subiect, and entreats you

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(Vntill he come himselfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wishes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
My duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's
all;

Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Omnes. Wee'le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My best thoughts goe with you :
My Steward ?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired ?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep safe that Iewell, and leave me ; letters !
from whome ?

Buz. Signior Ieronimo *Guidanes*.

Gent. Oh sir, I know the businesse : yes, yes, 'tis
the same ;

Guidanes lives amongst my bosome friends :
He writes to have me entertaine you fir.

Buz. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnish't with ?

Buz. My Education has bin like a Gentle-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in song, or Instrument ?

Buz. As a Gentleman shoo'd have, I know all, but
play on none : I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber ! no sir, I thinke it ; Are you a Lin-
guist ?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue
serues one head ; I am no Pedler, to travell Countries.

Gent. What skill ha' you in horsemanship ?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid some
beasts in my Time.

Gent. Can you write and reade then ?

Buz. As most of your Gentle-men doe ; my band
has bin

Taken with my marke at it.

Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand,
Ile entertaine thee howsoeuer, because in thee I keepe
halfe a score Gentlemen ; thy name.

Buz. Asinius Buzardo —

Gent. I entertaine thee, good *Buzardo*.

Buz. Thankes fir.

Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wife,
The triall will be with what wing he flies. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Tibaldo sicke in his chaire*, *Alphonfina*, *Mutio*,
Philippo, *Tornelli*, *Montivello*.

Mut. I N Lawes of courtesie, wee are bound sweete
Lady,
(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sent.

Alp. Thankes worthy fir.

Phil. Signior *Tibaldo* hath desire to sleepe.

Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sicke.

Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke ;
If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.

Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe.

Exit.

So: me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one would weare out soone then the other; I thinke these Courtiers have al offices in the Spicerie. And taking my lips for sweet-meates, are as fawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder *Tibaldo* thou can't fit still, and not come in for a share; If old *Vanni*'s wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'st I lie in, heere's such a gossiping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile fweare, all this flirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good sister *Alphonfina*, you still play
The bad Phisicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on scoopes of oyly;
I feele ten thousand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures.

Alp. Sadnesse, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee service venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotlesse.

Tib. Gentle sister,
The easiest thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the pooreſt Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counsell, loe that's all.

Alp. 'Tis yours.
Be rul'd by me then; in an ashie sheete,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.

Tib. Embers? I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire —

Alp. Come, and set hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And she'ele condemne me; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phisick; be not the sea, to drinke strange Rivers up, yet still be drie; Be like a noble streame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou mayst call thine owne, and let those bankes be some faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth.

Tib. Against your charms,
Witch, thus I strop mine eares.

Alp. Ile hollow them; this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you steale it, looke to have Blood-hounds scent you.

Tib. Are you mad?
Alp. Yes, you shall finde venison-sawce deerer then other flesh.

Tib. No, no, none else must, none shall, none can,
My hunger feede but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive —

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this? now I see th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath overspent thee; therefore settle thine estate, plucke up a good heart, and Ile pen thy will.

Tib. Oh fie, fie.
Alp. Bequeath thy kisses to some Taylor, that hunts out weddings every funday; *Item*, Thy sighes to a noyse of fidlers ill paid, thy palenesse to a Fencer fighting at sharpe, thy want of stomack to one of the Dukes guard.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman, thou'l make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

Alp. It's an Instrument ever plaid on, cause well strung,
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr. *Cargo.*

Carg. My Lord hath sent you a Jewell lock't up in this paper, and the moisture of a goose quill, that's to say, words in that —

Alp. Oh sir, I thanke your Lord, and this your paines; have him into the Buttery—let me see, Lady, that I love you, I dare sweare like a Lord (I shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is mine, in hopes all shall bee mine that is yours, for it stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours should bee mine, and yours being mine, mine should be yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin baftinado'd, out upon him rammish foxe, he flunks hither; Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will.

Reades.

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the devill is my maydenhead blasted? that among such shoales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court, no fish bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh sister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies health

Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you Would play but my Phisician, and say, take it; You are offered heere, to foourne at his house: Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sir, I have you. And I goeing vpon so weightie a businesse, as getting of children, you would ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasure you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full well

Gainst base assault, a Fort Impregnable ;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' spradge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.

Alp. In the flame I'le fndge
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you i'th' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me.

Tib. You revive me.

Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe
too foone now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alp. As for my old Huck-fters artillery, I have
walls of
Chastity strong enough shooote he never so hard, to
keepe him
From making any breach.

Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each side ;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble sister,
To give it forme and life.

Alp. My best.

Tib. What thinke you ?

(The marke of man not yet set in my face)
If as your sister, or your kins-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free accesfe, faire opportunity ;
Are had without suspition.

Alp. Mine be your will ;
Oh me ! what paines we take to bring forth ill ?
Such a disguise is safe too, sinc you never but once
Were seene there.

Tib. My wife sister ever.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the
letter ;
Why how now ? doe his leggs faile him already ?
A stiffe for his declining age.

Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already,
but I could not
Keep out your scury desperate hogg's-head from
coming
In upon me, I'me cut i'th' cock'scombe.

Alp. Nothing I see is so like an old-man, as a young-
man drunke.

Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alp. Before he beare your answser let him sleep.

Tib. Whil'st you laugh at what I could almost
weepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista,
his man.*

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith
& fortunes,
To make 'em thus dance Antickes ; I shall never
play the dissembler.

Bapt. Then neuer play the Louer ;
Death ! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one constant : i'th' such a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and speake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.

Ang. If thus disguiſd
I'me taken, all the phisicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life.

Bapt. And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're your grave
Will pray that they so kinde a man may have,
As to die for 'em ; say your banishment
Had borne you hence, what hells of discontent,
Had rack'd your soule for her, as hers for you ?
Should you but faint, well might you feeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who ventures fartheft winns a Ladies-love.

Ang. How are my beard and haire ?

Bapt. Friend I protest,

So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour: were I sicke my selfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I'ld cast it at your head, unlesse you cast
The water for me, come, all's passing well;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you com-
plexion,
Fit for a fallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd, And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whose apish gesture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My selfe shall practise.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You see I'me fitted, foote by foote I'le walke,
and meeete all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend; let's then to
court.
The pangs a lover suffers are but short. *Exit.*

*Enter Florence, Pisa, Niccolotto, Philippo, Tonello,
Piero, met by an old Nurse.*

Flo. How now *Nurfe*, how does my *Fiametta*?
Nurfe. Oh my sweete Lord, shees at it agen, at it
agen!

Flo. Who are with her? call for more helpe.

Nurfe. More helpe! alas there's my Lady *Vanni*
with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon
Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pisa. How does it take her *Nurfe*?

Nurfe. Oh sweete Princeſſe, it takes her all over
with a pricking; firſt about her ſtomack, and then
ſhe heaves, and heaves, that no one man with all his
weight, can keepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her fickneſſe makes
her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that ſhe findes moſt eaſe in, is Dr.
Jordan.

Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-side.

Flo. I entreat thee *Nurfe* be tender over her.

Nurfe. Tender quoth a? I'me sure my heeles are growne as hard as hoofes, with trotting for her, I'le put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that *Nurfe*?

Nurfe. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe. *Exit.*

Flo. So, so, I'me glad of it my Lord of *Pifa*. Vnder this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pifa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I (What is not to be shun'd) beare patiently; But had shee health as sound as hath the spring, She wo'd to me prove fickle Autumnne still.

Flo. Oh say not so.

Pif. I finde it, for being loyall, As the touch-needle to one starre still turning, I loofe that starre, my faith is paid with scorning. Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth, W'ud in her sun-beames plaie away his youth, And kisse those flames, which burne but out mine eyes, With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes casts this eye of flightnes on you.

Pis. 'Tis my Lord her hate; For when death fits even almost on her browes, She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him, When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio*?

Enter Mutio.

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,

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A profest Doctour, that has seen the Princeſſe,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flo. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's fee this
Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptista his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you ſeen my
daughter?

Restore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee, how doe you Judge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad
lady, & no well.

Flo. Piero take the Duke of Pifa pray and be your
fifters vifitants.

Piero. Sir we ſhall, if the Duke pleafe——

Pifa. The poyſoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke.

Enter Cargo, with a letter.

Cargo. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou ſhalt have Cefars pay—my Coach.

Car. Old Ianuary goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctor I thus have ſingled you, to found
The depth of my girles ficknes, that if no ſkill
Of man can ſave her, I againſt heavens will,
May arme my breast with patience, therefore be
free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa' my Lor', me no point can
play
The hound, and fawne upon de moſt puissant Roy in
de world;

A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, fo, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for de maladie of de
Princeſſe,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulse, and ron up and
downe all

De oder parts of her body, and finde noting
but dat
She be trobla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do
some ting in Love upon le gentle home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'st her heart, 'tis there shee's
wounded,
By a poyson'd Arrow, shot from a villaines hand ;
One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,
And till that head be pluckt out, shee will pine,
Vnlesse controul'd by some deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me fall undergoe, mee ha
read *Gallen*, *Hipocratus*, *Avicen*, but no point can
peeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of
love.

Flo. No medicine you say in any of them for
Love.

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a lowse, onely in my
perigrination about le grand gloabe of de world, me
find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Voman
doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe,
how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable
vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingeras, many brave
vench, and most Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee
much troubla, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for
de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement
me finde dat de heart of de man; you understanda
me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry
as pepperas.

Flo. So so.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) fall
make it moulder all to crumble and dust.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you fay yell, rub a de mans
dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de
pot le Vine, by de Gentle-woman, and by gars-blor,
she presentamently kick up de heele at de man she
lova.

Flo. Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le
French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So shee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my felfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew
at my shin; and vill have de rombling a de gut, for
de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'st up close to me now, my brave
Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope so, and derfore my Lord
apply le desperate Medicine, to le perilous maladie,
and have dis *Angelo* be cut in de troate, and be man-
slaughtered.

Flo. You then advise me to have *Angelo* slaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drincke his
heart.

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flo. Grated and dried, and so—

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peasant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But stay, stay, hee's fled *Florence*; It will
bee
A worke to find him first out, and being found,
A taske to kill him: for our Gallants speake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.

Ang. No matera for dat: for two tree four
crownes, dar be
Rascalls fall run him in on debacke-shide.

Flor. He shall be sought for, and being found, he
dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' suffera le Princeffe and me for
be in private,
Le Doctor uses for toucha doe Ooman—

Flo. Doe, so, whil'st I for *Angelo*'es death use
speede,
For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleede.

Exit.

Enter Baptista.

Ang. Oh my *Baptista*.

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a most foddaine and Invisible blowe.

Bapt. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it.

Ang. How?

Bapt. By fayre, and free acceſſe,
Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,
Where ſhee starke mad, fo ſhe be mad for love,
You'le bring her to her witts, if wifely now
You put her into th' way; Gold bar'd with locks,
Is beſt being ſtolne; fleale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at moſt,
Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love toſt! *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter an Vsher bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.

Tor. **T**His Roome smells.

1. Gal. It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, fland off—and shines there (say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe ?

2. Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Rascalls, lying devills,

Dung-hills, whose favor poisons brave mens fames,
That Ape of greatnesse (imitating mee)
I meane that flavish Lord *Iacomo*
Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,
His totall of expence dares equall mine ;
How is his house built ?

1. Gal. Admirable faire.

Tor. Faire ? Ile guild mine (like *Pompey's Theater*)
All ore to out-shine his ; the richest hangings
Perſian, or *Turke*, or *Indian* slaves can weave,
Shall from my purfe be bought at any rates ;
Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,
Wherein shall move an artificiall Sunne,
Reflecting round about me, golden beames,
Whose flames shall make the roome feeme all on fire,
And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe,
A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres,
And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe,
Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,
So mock't in old wives tales ; then over head,
A roofe of Woods, and Forefts full of Deere,
Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers,
And this i'lle doe that men with prayfe, may crowne

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My fame, for turning the world upside downe :
And what brave gallants are *Gentilles* guesles ?

1. *Gal.* The Lord *Iacomo Gentili* feeds
All Beggars at his Table.

Torr. Hang *Iacomo*,
My boarde shalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick up provinder in.

2. *Gal.* He welcomes souldiers.

Torr. Let souldiors beg and starue, or steale and
hange.

Wo'd I had heere ten thousandd Souldiors heads,
Their sculs set all in silver, to drinck healthes
To his confusyon, first invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me shrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin ; give me Lutes,
Mischife on drumms, for souldiors ; fetch me whores,
These are mens blisse ; those every Kingdomes foares,
Wee gave in charge to search through all the world
For the best Cookes, rarest musitians,
And fairest girles, that will sell finne for gold.

1. *Gal.* Some of all sorts you have.

Torr. Let me have more

Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire ;
Ide give a Princes ransome now to kiffe
Blacke *Cleopatra's* cheeke ; Only to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe
mine.

Oh that my mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one Lavalto with my Curtezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. *Gal.* Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence

Desires acceſſe.

Tor. What creature ?

4. *Gal.* Your owne brother,
At leaſt hee termes himſelfe fo.

Tor. Is he brave ?

4. *Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.

Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iafon*
Rig'd out a Fleet to fetch the Golden-Fleece ;
'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,
His ſhipps are great with Child of *Turkijſh* Tre-
ture,
And heere ſhall be delivered ; marſhall him in
Like the feas proud commander give our charge——

Omnēs. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord
away.

Vſher him in Bare and ragged. At which *Torrenti*
ſtarts, his hat falls off, offer it him.

Torr. Thou whorfon pefant, know me, burne that
wind-fall,
It comes not to my head that drops fo low,——

Another.

1. *Gall.* Hatts for my Lord,——

Hat's brought in 3. or 4.

Torr. It ſmells of earth, flood it againe fo high,
My head would on a dung-hill feeme to lie.
How now ? what ſcar-crow's this ?

Broth. Scar-crow ? thy brother,
His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it ſmoakes
not,

With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.

Torr. Has the poore ſnake, a ſting ; can he hiffe ?
What beggs the rogue for ?

Broth. Vengeance
From the juſt thunderer to throw *Lucifer* downe ;
How high fo ever thou reareſt thy Babell-browes,
To thy conuſion I this language ſpeake :
I am thy fathers ſonne.

Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.

Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. Markes proud-day,

Never went forth to marry the rich-sea,
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold ;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull *Florentines*,
All vow'd to rescwe *Rhodes*, from Turkish-slavery :
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.

Torr. Faire riddance on you.

Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his plumes ;

We fought, and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was
chiefe)

Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the relicts of that misery, *Chaines*.
If thou w'd'st know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele.

Torr. Hang the dogge.
What tellest thou mee of Peezeles ?

Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Torr. I know thee not ;
Set mastives on him, worry him from my gates.

Broth. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd
heere,
And here I'le spend my last, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'le have meate and cloaths.

Torr. Kick the curre out.
Bro. Who dares ?
Take from that sumpter-horses backe of thine,
Some of those gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning spaniells.

1. *Gall.* Some spirit of the buttery.

2. *Gall.* It should be by his hunger.

Broth. I am starv'd,

Thirsty, and pinde to th' bare bones, heere, I'le eate
at thine
Owne scorneful board, on thine owne meate, or teare
it from

Thy throatte as 'tis chewing downe.

Torr. I'le try that ; if my dinner be prepared
Serue me in my great state along'ft this way,
And as you passe, two there with pistolls stand
To kill that ravenous Vulture ; if he dare thrust his
talents

Forth to make one dish his prey. *Exeunt all.*

Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you
sham'd
To owne so poore a brother, let not my heart-strings,
In funder cracke, if we now being lone,
You still disdaine me.

Torr. Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy sight.

Broth. Slave, thou shalt know me them ;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.

Torr. Wilt murther thine owne brother ?

Broth. Pride doth it selfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill strove to have
bound,

Heaven with one little finger hath untyed,
This proves that thou maiest fall, becaufe one blast
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'ft
Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood ;
I'le not doe foe, but as a begger should
(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pitty to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A shot *Knees.*

Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd ;
Sunke her, the men flaine, I by dyving scaped,
And sat three leagues upon a broken mast,

Wash't with the salt teares of the Sea, which wept,

In pitty, to behold my misery.

Torr. Pox on your, tarry misery.

Broth. And when heav'ns blest-hand halde me to
a shoore
To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead mans straw-bed throwne into the streeete.

Torr. Foh, th'art infectious.

Broth. Oh remember this !
He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table.
Where Angelis are his fellow servitours.

Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breast to bring strawes
To cover such a coarse.

Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Rizes.*

Trumpets found. Enter an arm'd sewer, after him a
company with covered dishes : Coronets on their
heads. Two with pistolls to guard it.

Tor. Where's thy great stomack, eat, stand, let
him choose
What dish he likes.—snatches a pistoll : all flye off.

Broth. This then which Ile carve up
On thy base bosome, fee thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of short reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud bird, but fliest with rotten wings ;
To shew how little for thy scorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shoothes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoothe darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge Leviathan, when th'ast drunk dry,
That Sea thou rowl'st in, on some base shore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnis. Where is the Traitor ?

Tor. Now the house is fiered,
You come to cast on waters ; barre up my doores,
But one such tattered ensigne here being spread,
Drawes numbers hither, here must no rogues be fed ;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.

To manacle base beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call 'em my whipping posts ;
If you spye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to such I'le give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore snakes night and day,
And whip 'em soundly if they approch my gates ;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye.

Enter 1. Gal.

1. Gall. Two Gentlemen sent from the *Florence*
Duke,
Require speech with your Lord-ship——
Torr. Give'm entrance.

Enter Mutio, Philippo.

What are you ? and whence come you ?

Mut. From the Duke.

Tor. Your businesse ?

Mut. This, fame sounding forth your worth
For hospitable princely house-keeping ;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himselfe (by us) to be your guest.

Tor. The honour of Embasladors be yours ;
Say to the Duke that *Cæsar* never came,
More welcome to the Capitoll of *Rome*,
Then he to us —— heathes to him —— fill rich
wines.

Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to
men ;
By you they have found the golden age agen.

Tor. Which I'le uphold, so long as there's a funne,
To play the *Alchymist*.

Phil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he grapsed the Indies in each hand.

Torr. Health to your Duke.

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Amb. We pledge it on our knees.

Tor. I'le stand to what I do, but kneele to none.

*Musicke, drinck, breake the glasse, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both servitours refuse to take.*

Tor. Breake not our custome (pray ye) with one
beamie,
The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine
To Imitate whose greatnesse; If on you
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as *Bacchus* spends his blood;
And in them drinke our health.

Mat. Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our *Cæsars*.

Tor. *Cæsar* ero, vel nihil ero:
What are Gold heapes? but a rich duft for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by wind?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden showres,
May be *Ioues* equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debtor,
And such a Noble spender is *Ioues* better;
That man Ile be, I'me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treasure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is base; who spends it, brave,
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. *Exit.*

Amb. Wee shall great fir.

Mut. *Torrenti* call you him; 'tis a proud rough
stremme.

Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family indeede.

Mut. Lord *Vanni*? rather my Lord *Vanitie*.

Phil. And heapes of money fure haue strucke him
mad.

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Mut. Hee'le foone pick up his witts, let him but
bleede

Thus many ownces at one time ; All day
Could I drinke these deare healthes, yet nere be
drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly.

Mut. Not a pin the worse ;
What might his father leave him ?

Phil. A great estate,
Of some 300000 Crownes a yeare.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now
growne deare ;
An admirable Cocks-combe !

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Asse. *Exit.*

*A Bed discovered, Fyametta upon it. Enter two Dukes,
Piero, Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptista, ut
antea Fyametta.*

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le faire
Lady by her owne volunter disposition, has take a ting
dat is of such a grand operation, it shall make a de
stone for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it ?

Ang. 'Tis not your scurvie English *Poppy*, nor
Mandragon, nor a ting so danger as *Oppium*, but
tis de brave ting a de world, for knock a de braine
asleepe.

Pifa. I am glad shee takes this rest.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snore and snore, two mile
long ; now if your grace vill please for procure Musick,
be restore as brave as de fish.

Flo. Call for the Musicke.

Ang. Makea no noise, but bring in de Fidlers, and
play sweet—

Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor ; hang him, does
he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers—

Ang. De grand French poo stopa de troate, pray
void le Shambera.

Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurse, let her sleepe.

Nurf. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd with a song. *Exit.*

Ang. *Baptista*, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but flumber, *Fiametta*, Love.

Fia. The *Pifan* Prince comes: daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but *Angelo*?

Fia. Ha! who names *Angelo*?

Ang. Angelo himselfe, Who with one foote treads on the throat of death, Whilst t'other stepps to embrace thee, thus i'th shape Of a French Doctor.

Fya. Oh my life, my soule.

Ang. Hearre me.

Fya. Ime now not sicke, Ile have no Phisicke, But what thy selfe shall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happinesse, I am but dead,

If it be knowne I am heere.

Fya. Thou shalt not hence.

Ang. Be wise deare heart; see here the best of men,

Faithfull *Baptista* ——

Fya. Oh, I love *Baptista*, Caufe he loves thee; But my *Angelo* I love bove kings.

Bapt. Madam you'l spoile, Vnleſſe you joyne with us in the safe plot Of our escape.

Ang. Sweete *Fyametta* heare me, For you shall hence with us.

Fya. Over ten worlds, But Ile not hence; my *Angelo* shall not hence,

True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire ;
Ile defie Father, and a thousand deaths—for thee—

Knock within.

Ang. Vndone, vndone.

Bapt. At the Court gate,

I see a Iebbit already to hang's both ;
Death ! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He shall come in ; *Enter Omnes.*
One frowne at thee, my Tragedie shall begin ;
See Father—

Flo. I told you that I heard—her tongue—

Fya. See Father.

Flo. What sweete girlie ?

Fya. That's *Angelo*, and you shall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee says hee pardons thee with all his
heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and
run whirabout like de windmill faile, pardona moy,
por quoy my sweete Madam, pardon your povera
Doctor.

Fya. Because thou art my banish't *Angelo*.

Flo. Starke mad.

Pifa. This her recoverie ?

Fya. Hee is no Doctor,
Nor that his man, but his deare friend *Baptijla* ;
Has black't his beard like a Comœdian
To play the Mountibanke ; away, Ile marry
None but that Doctor, and leave *Angelo*.

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberishe, and I prethee
speake
Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor shee be mad as
the moone.

Flo. Sweet girlie, with gentle hands sir, take her
hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I must follow *Angelo*.

Pifa. Thine eyes drinke sleepe from the sweet god
of rest.

Fya. Oh, you shoothe poyson'd arrowes thorow my
breast.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptista.

Flo. What strange new furie now possesst her?

Ang. Begar her Imaginashon be out a de vitts,
and so dazell de two nyes, and come downe so into
de bellie, and possibla for make her tink mee or you
to be le shentle-man shee lovea, and so shee takea my
man for a Iack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptista*.

Ang. Povera garfhon a ma trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both; but honest Doctor,
Straine all thy Art, and so thou leave her well,
I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all
ready be my trat my Lor, mee no stay heere for
ten hundred hundred Coronae, she cry upon mee 'tis
Master *Angelo*, you tink so not one and two time, but
a tyrd time, you smella me out; And so cutta my
troate; adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine,
And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her
sownde,
There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wounde.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a prosperous gale.

Ang. Poore love, thou still art strucke with thine
owne fate;
My life hangs at a thred, friend I must flie.

Bapt. How, to be safe?

Ang. I will take sanctuary,
I know a reverend Fryar, in whose cell

Ile lurke till stormes blow ore ; If women knew
What men feele for them, None their scornes should
rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonſina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the
Caſtle beene besieged thus long, lien open for a
breach ; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece ? oh y'ar a proper foldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more cloſe, or i'le
leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe ?

Alp. Why I would ha' you (tho' you be in womans
apparrell) to be your ſelfe a man, and do what you
come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thouſand on fetts,
And ſtill a bluſhing cheeke makes me retire ;
I ſpeake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To aſke forgiuenes of her.

Alp. Muſt thou needs at thy firſt encounter tell
her thou art a man, why when you walke together,
cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a
time, there was a loving couple that having tyred
themſelves with walking, ſat downe upon a banck,
and kift, and embraced, and plaid, and ſo by degrees
bring the tale about to your owne purpoſe. Can you
not ? fie, you are the worſt at theſe things Sir.

Tib. I am ſister indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed : you fee
how the old ſlinking fox her husband is ſtil rubbing
me as if I had the palfy, Ile not have his wither'd
hands (which are as moift as the ſide of ſtock-fiſh) lye
pidling in my boſome, therefore determine ſome thing,
or farewell.

Tib. I have deare ſister, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promife of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed ;

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Rap'd with joy, he'l feigne businesse of slate,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone.

Alp. Very good.

Tib. Then my request shall be, that for that
night

She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no question sister of the grant,
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all so even on levill ground,
That my offence shall in my love feeme drownde.

Alp. The clocke for your businesse thus far goes
true, but now for me, what shall I do with the old cock
in my Roost?

Tib. Sister, you have some tricke (no doubt) to
keepe
Him within compasse.

Alp. No not I, beleeve me, I know not what to
doe with him, unlesse I should give him a little *Nux vomica*, to make him sleep away the night, but brother,
to pleasure you, Ile venter a joynte, and yet it troubles
me too, that I should prove a Traytor to my sex,
I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know
not.

But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwise, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courtefie.

Tib. I doubt not but it shall.

Alp. We nothing can,
Unlesse man woman helpe, and woman man. *Exeunt.*

Aetus quartus. Scæna prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter *Torrenti* very brave, betwene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his costly habit. Enter a mask, women in strang habitts. *Dance.* *Exit.* He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Duke; and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. *Exit.* *Nicholletti* and he stay.

Nic. **T**Hou art my noble kinsman, and but thy mother
(Vpon my soule) was chaste I should beleeve
Some Emperor begot thee.

Tor. Why pray Vnkle?
Nico. Suppose all kingdome on the earth were
balls,
And that thou held'st a racket in thy hand,
To tosse 'em as thou wu'd'st, how wo'dst thou play?

Tor. Why ? as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.
Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what doest thou thinke, that I now think,
Of thy this days expence?

Torr. That it was brave.
Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious brag-
ging knaue,
That golden wombe thy father left so full,
Thou vulture-like eat'st thorough: oh heeres trim fluffe;
A good-mans state, in Gartyres, strings and ruffe;
Haft not a saffron shirt on too ? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-sicknes, thou look'st wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling must my hoafe
Match your old greaft cod-piece?

Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compasse.
Tor. Foole, I'le be
As the sun in the Zodiack; I am he
That wood take Phaetons fall, tho' I set fire

On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.

Nico. Vaine riotous cockfcombe,
Tha'nt fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forrests, chases,
Have no part left of them, but names and places ;
'Tis voic'd abroad thy lands are all at pawn.

Tor. They are, what then ?

Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ransome of a king.

Tor. You lye.

Nico. I thanke you Sir.

Tor. Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th'yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th' yeare a Cardinal ;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'de feast 'em all.

Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving
bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a fresh-whore, cost thee 4000. duckets,
Else the bawd lies.

Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de send thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should finge it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-
master.

Nico. I a whore-master ?
To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy
tomblers

Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to 'em.

Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou enviest bees with flings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.

Nico. They shall.

Tor. And then Sir I'le turne pickled theefe, a
Pirate,
For as I to feed Ryot, a world did crave,

So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th' Center.

Nico. What's that circle ?

Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,
In me all prodigalls loofenes fresh shall flowe,
Wine, harlots, furtetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Fashions, all sensuall sins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me ; Ile feast every fence,
Nought shall become me ill, but innocence. *Exit.*

Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.
Exit.

*Enter an Apothecary give a serving-man gold, Iacomo,
Servants in blew-coats : Stew. Broker, Goldsmith,
Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.*

Gent. What finds this trumpet for ?

Omnes. Dinner my Lord.

Gent. To feast whome this day are my tables
spread ?

St. For sea-men, wrack't, aged, or sicke, or lame,
And the late ransom'd captives from the Turke.

Gent. Cheere them with harty welcomes in my
name,
Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To fend 'em sad hence, bounty shall be plac'd
At the boards upper end ; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're stand still,
Their dialls-hand ere points to'th stroake of death,
And (albeit feldome windlesse) loofe their breath ;
I love 'em, for they eat the dearest bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs ;
Water and aire, they are sav'd by their good starrs.
And for the gally-slaves, make much of those, love
that man
Who suffers onely for being christian ; What fuiters
waite ?

St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.

Bro. A sorry man, a very sorry man.

Gen. What makes thee sorry ?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the quick, a boxe of my sweete evidence my Lord.

Gent. Show me some proofe of this.

Brok. Alas too good proofe, all burnt, nor sticke, nor stone, left.

Gent. What wo'dst have me doe ?

Brok. Beslow but a bare 100.l. on me, to set me up.

Gent. Steward deliver him a 100.l.

Brok. Now all the—

Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me.

Brok. Oh my hony Lord !

Gent. Faces are speaking pictures, thine's a booke, Which if the leafe be truly printed shews A page of close dissembling.

Brok. Oh my Lord !

Gent. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine, Which I to Charitie give, not to her shrine ; If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated ? how ? th'haſt got

(Being licorish) ratf-bane from a gall-pot,
Taking it for fugar ; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better ;
Farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,
Whom doest thou blow up heere ?

Broak. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gent. What noise is that ?

Stew. My Lord calls to you.

Soul. Was there ever call'd
A devill by name from hell ? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee ?

Soul. A Citie pestilence,

A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after ; hee's a broker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done
thee ?

Soul. More then my limbs losse ; in one weeke he
eate
My wife up, and three children, this christian Iew
did ;
Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,
Built all with pawnes.

Gen. All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the
Raven,

Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowfie wardropes are not ; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me ; (they forfeited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to save my soule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my flumpe heere, for the Interest,
And so hop home.

Gnnt. Vnheard of villaine !
Broker, is this true ?

Brok. Twere sinne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'ft at my
hands ?

Soul. This my Petition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,
To be a Beadef-man in your Hospitall :
But now I come most pitiously complaining
Against this three-pile rascall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayre ;
Give him the *Ruffian* law for all these sinnes.

Gent. How ?

Soul. But one hundred blowes on his bare shins.

Br. Come home and take thine Arms.

So. Ile have those leggs.

Gent. Broaker, my foule foresaw goods thus ill
got,

Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours ; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now must have
His request too, 'tis honest, faire, and just,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.

Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.

Soul. I must bestirre my stumps too. Iustice, my
Lord.

Gent. I will not ravill out time ; Broaker, I offer
you

A hundred for a hundred.

Soul. That's his owne usury.

Gent. A hundred pound, or else a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he shall release you those.

Brok. Take it, and mayst thou rot with't. *Exit.*

Soul. Follow thee thy curse,

Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers stile disburse.

Gent. What next ?

Serv. The Party fir.

Gent. What party fir ?

If honest, speake, I love no whisperer.

Serv. This Gentleman is a great shuter.

Gent. In a Long-bow ? how farre shoothes hee ?

Serv. To your Lordship, to be your Apothecary.

Gent. Vmh ; what spie you in my face, that I
sho'd buy

Your druggs and drenches ? beares not my cheeke a
colour

As fresh as any old mans ? doe my bones

Ake with youth's ryotts ? or my blood boile hot

With feavers ? or is't num'd with dropfies, cold

Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits ?

The common foares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galenist nor Paracelsian,
Shall ere reade Phisicall Lecture upon me.

Apo. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.

Gent. I honour their profession,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too,—but honest
friend,
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecare ; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.

Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our
shops wo'd downe.

Gent. Sir, I beleeve you, bills nor pills Ile
take ;
I stand on sicknes shoare, and see men tost
From one disease to another, at last lost ;
But to such feas of surfeitts, where they're drown'd,
I never ventering am ever found.

Apo. Ever found my Lord ? if all our Gallants
sho'd bee so, Doctors, Pothecaries, and Barber-
surgeons, might feed upon Onyons and Butter-milke ;
ever found ! a brave world then.

Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springes or
falls,
Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make urynalls ;
Man was at first borne found, and hee growes ill
Seldome by course of nature, but by will—
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseaseas cause, and the disease,
I'me free from (thankes good fate) either of these.

Apo. My 50. Crownes.

Ser. Not I.

Apo. No, must I give you a Glister ?

Ser. Hift, hift.

Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minister
to your selfe, pray let me give your man a purgation.

Ser. Me a Purgation ! my Lord, I'me passing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why ?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may cast up 50 Crownes——

Which he swallown as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and sold sir then by you,

A Doctor baits you next, whose mesh of potions
Striking me full of vlcers, a gibberish Surgeon,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, slaves their Soveraignes thus kill ;
Nay, nay, so got, so keepe it ; for his Fifty,
Give him a 100. Crownes, because his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill :
Fare you well sir.

Apo. Who payes mee sir ?

Sir. Follow me, I sir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.*

Enter Goldsmith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is fast.

Gent. What fellow sir ?

Gold. The thiefe that stole this Iewell from your honour,
Hee came unto my stall my Lord.

Gent. So.

Gold. And ask'd mee
Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And so smelling him out.

Gent. You did.

Gold. I did sir,
Smell him out presently, and under hand
Sent for a Constable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him toth' Iale.

Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you ?

Gold. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.

Gent. Else you had bought it,
And beene the thefes receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a fawcie knave ; if I want money,
And send my servants servant (cause the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or fell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I loose halfe in halfe,
Must you sir, play the Marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue ; goe and release him,
Send him home presently, and pay his fees, doe you
fee sir.

Gold. My Lord, I do see.

Gent. Least by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you fast byth' heeles, doe this y'are best ;
You may be gone.

Gold. Heere's a most excellent feaste. *Exit.*

Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of *Florence* sent me
once
A Iewell, have ye it ? For you laid it up.
Ste. My Lord, I have it.
Gent. Are you sure you have it ?
Why change you colour ? Know you this ? doe you
know
Your man, you sent to sell it ? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And so your honestly too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye ; what wo'd you with mee ?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pitty on a wretch late wrackt at sea,
Beaten a shore by penury, 3. yeares a Turkish
Gally-slave.

Gent. Your birth ?

Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my selfe a gentleman,
In *Florence* stood my cradle, my house great,

In mony, not in mercy ; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger passe their doore.

Gent. Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy relieve.

Broth. To steale compassion from them like a
thiefe,

Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather sit, then on the highest tree sing,
That shadowes their gay buildings.

Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's
my steward ?

Give me thy hand, I entertaine thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books de-
liver'd

To this Gentleman.

St. This poore rogue Sir ?

Gent. Thou art a villaine, fo to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take ; Sir I difcharge you ;
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lineings
Which I take care for.

St. Not if you knew how louzie they were.

Gent. Cast not thy scorne upon him, prove thou
but just,
Ile raiſe the Cedars spring out first from dust. *Exit.*

*Enter Niccolotto, Dariene, Alphonſ. Alisandra, Tibaldo,
Cargo.*

Nic. Madam this night I have received from
court,
A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,
And for that purpose will I lie alone.

Dar. Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,
Ile change you for ſome femall bed-fellow.

Nic. With all my heart.

Tib. Pray madam then take me.

Nic. Doe prethee wife.

Dar. And Sir, ſhe is moft welcome.

Nic. Wo'l'd I were at it for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're ;
Good reſt faire *Alphonſina* you'l'e not faile.

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Alp. No, feare me not.

Nic. All all to bed, to bed.

Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleepe ; Ile follow you.

Exit.

Dar. I to my closet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company.

Tibal. I will be for your Lady.

Aleff. Madam so please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.

Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I must
not.

Aleff. Lady I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceales,
What's bosom'd in another : but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting.

Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine.

Aleff. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe relieve from you,
Let me at least win pitty, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother ; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish
That he beheld me now and heard me ;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake
to him,
And that provokes a blush to affaile my cheeke ;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you ; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman i 'twas for his sake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to
fellow nights with him.

Tib. Troth I do wish it.

Aleff. And if in this you inrich me with your
counsell,
Ile be a gratefull taker.

Tib. Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. *Alefandra.*

within.

Aleff. Madam.

Dar. A word, come quickly.

Exit.

Tib. O ye heavens ! how strangely one houre
works upon an other. It was but now heart-sick, and
long'd for meat,
Which being set before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother.

Enter Alphonfina.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber ?

Alp. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now ? haft lost thy witts ?

Alp. Ile sweare thou haft, for thou haft candied
Thy sweete but poysonous language to dishonour
Me thy most wretched sister, who no better then a vile
Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be fil'd,
Baud, worse then the bauds.

Who every day i'th' weeke shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience dearest sister ; I protest,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou shalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well blush discourse faire *Aliffandra*,
Supposing me your sister hath discover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutish purpofe broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother.

Alp. My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes shall
be
Cut off and croft.

Tib. Get to your chamber ;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night shall change my habit with my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber she lies, and that's her window; wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I shall bite anon, sharpens my flomack, the watch-word is a cornet, (*Cornet within*) it speakes, she bids me come without a light, and reason, shes light enough herselfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in secreet.

Enter Alphonfina, above.

Alp. My Lord.

Nic. What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

Alp. Who is there with you?

Nico. No christian creature, I enter *solus*.

Alp. I feare I must entreate you to stay a little.

Nic. As long as thou desir'st, but wilt come downe?

Alp. I would be loth to loose all upon rest.

Nic. Shall I mount then?

Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.

Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.

Alp. Say you should get me with childe.

Nic. I hope I am not the first Lord has got a lady with childe.

Alp. Is the night hush't?

Nic. Ther's nothing stirring, the very mice are a sleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which some Citizens will not doe, to some Lord.

Nico. What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come.

Nico. Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter sir? *Musick within.*

Nico. I heare a lute, and sure it comes this way.

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Alp. My most lov'd Lord, step you aside, I would not have you seene for the faving of my right hand, preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love.

Enter Trebatio with Musicke.

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind ?

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richest casement that ever let in Ayre.

Alp. Trebatio.

Treb. I, my most faire Mistris.

Alp. Neither of both good sir ;
Pray play upon some other, you abuse mee,
And that which feemes worfe, in your fathers house.

Nico. Brave girle.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholsome foggs, and blasts ; to bed my Lord,
Leaft they attach your beautie : nothing more,
Ile pay you for your song. *Exit.*

Treb. Are you gone so ?
Well, you hard-hearted one, you shall not ever
Be Lady of your selfe—away. *Exit.*

Enter Cargo running.

Car. Oh my Lord, I have stood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted.

Nico. With what ?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all.

Enter Dariene.

Dari. Doe you shrinke backe my Lord ? you may with shame ; Have I tane you napping my Lord ?

Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what fits on
your owne sonnes fiste ?

Nicho. How ! my sonnes fiste ?

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have
bin your Harlot

Your sonne has long since wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercis'd
Our witts to mockē your dotage.

Nico. Am I then gull'd ?

Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders
Tibaldo Neri come this morning.

Dare. So early, Is his sister with him ?

Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong
Mistris, three or four times, I thinke 'twere good to
aske the banes of Matrimony.

Nico. Wo't were no worse, let's in, and give 'em
the mornings Salutation.

Dare. Ile tell him all.

Nicho. Sweete Lady, seal my pardon with a
kisse,
He ne're was borne, that never did amisse. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pisa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. Sir, I have found *Angelo* with long and busie
fearch.

Flo. And will he come ?

Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I im-
pawn'd
For his safe passage.

Flo. By my life hee shall ; when will hee come ?

Pie. My friend brings him along.

Flo. *Philippo Mutio*, goe and perfwade our
daughter

To walke, and take the ayre.

Pisa. Ile play that Orator.

Exit.

Flo. Attend the Duke of *Pisa* ; prethee *Piero*
Discover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.

Pie. The world he has shut up, and now the
booke
He readeas, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametta.

Flo. Way for my daughter ; looke you, there's
Angelo.

Fya. Ha ? yes, 'tis the starre I saile by ; hold me
not,
Why doe you sticke like rocks, to barre my way,

And utterly to wracke mee ?

Flo. Art thou mad ?

Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my best life, my soule !

Runs to him.

Ang. Whom seeke you Lady ?

Fya. Doe you not know me fir ?

Ang. Yes.

Fia. Doest thou not love mee ?

Ang. Yes.

Fya. At very heart ?

Ang. Yes, at the very soule.

Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman ?

Ang. Noe.

Fia. Ha, no ?

Flo. Hee sayes no.

Fia. Then so, *quod dedi perdidisti.*

Ang. How can I love you Lady ?

I have clim'd too many of such fruitleſſe trees.

Fia. Have you indeede ?

Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.

Fia. Now I besbrew your fingers.

Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to dust.

Why ſhould you love me ? I have chang'd my pleasure

In beauteous dames, more then I have my dreames, Foure in one night.

Flo. Hee'le prove a lustie Larrence ; This is the flarre you sayle by tho.

Ang. Why ſhould you love me ? I am but a Tomb,

Gay outſide, but within, rotten and foule.

Flo. Ile ſweare th'art moſt difeaf'd, even in thy ſoule ;

Oh thou, thou moſt perfidious man alive, So proſper, is my poore ſicke heart doth thrive ; Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.

Gome, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell.

To Pifa.

Pifa. I'me rap't above the ſpheares, Ioy ſtrikes me dumbe.

Flo. Th'art lent unto mine age a ſcore of yeares, More then eie nature promi'd, by thy loving This Noble Trince ; th'art his then ?

Fya. His—to prove it ; hence Thou from mee ; ne're more behold mine eyes.

Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart laſt dies.

Exit.

Flo. I, I, 'o, ſo ; If it die, it ſhall be buried.

Fya. Good reverend Sir, ſtay you, and as you witteneſſe

This my divorce, ſo ſhall you feale my contract.

Fryar. I vill, your pleasure.

Flo. Fyametta,

Make choice thy selfe of thine owne wedding day.

Fya. To morrow be it, Loves poyson is delay,

Gallants, pray flirre betimes, and rowse your Mistrefles;

*Let some invite Lord *Vanni* and his Lady;*

*Wee dine to day with Lord *Iacomo*,*

Thither let's hasten : Sir, this holy man,

Shall be this night my confessor ; about mid-night,

Expect my fending for you.

Fryer. Your devotion

Commands my service. W're least i'th fryers stead.

The Prince be your confessor ; girele prepare

To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,

*One night past o're, thinke nere to rise a mude. *Exit.**

*Trumpets sounding services carried over the stage, Poore attending Torrenti one, then enter *Iacomo* bare betwixt the two Dukes, *Piero*, *Philippe*, *Tornelli*, *Mutio*.*

*Flo. No more of complement, my Lord *Gentili* ;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay
Nothing but thanks.*

*Gent. That's more then the whole dect comes to,
Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver flore ;
I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full sea still : why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed,
He that made beggers proud, begs now himselfe for
need.*

Flo. But who releaves him now ?

Gent. None, for I know

*He that in riotous feafling, wastles his flore,
Is like a faire tree which in sommer boore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaues and fruite,
Whose plenty lasting, all men came unto't ;
And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away ;
But when the boughes grow bare, and eaves decay :*

And the great tree stands saplesse, wither'd dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornfull eye,
And grieves to see it stand, nay do not greeve,
Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave ;
The fall of such a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke.

Pifa. Nay good my Lord make hast.

Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th stayng.

Flo. Get 2. at night for't.

What is the bride yet drest ?

Pier. She's rigging Sir.

Flo. 'Tis well, musicke ? from whence ?
What chambers that ?

Mut. It Ioynes close to the
Lodgings of the bride.

Flo. Inquire

If she be ready, *Mutio*, say her bride-groome
Attends on her below.

Mut. I shall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, she looks her selfe out.

Flo. Come, come loiterer.

Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that
Prince,
That should have bin my bridegroome.

Flo. Should ha beene ?

Pier. Is the Moone chang'd already ?

Fia. In her changes

The Moone is constant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is taryng,
But one man in the moone at once appears,
Such praise (being true to one) a woman beares.

Flo. Take thou that praise and to this Prince be
true,

Come downe and marry him.

Fia. What would the world fay,

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If I should marry two men in one day ?

Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her.

Pier. Sir what villaine ?

Flo. That slave, the banish't runnagate.

Pier. Cast not on him

Such foule aspersions, till you know his guilt ;

Even now you said he was a worthy spirit,

Crown'd him with praeise, and do you now condemne

An absent man unheard ?

Flo. Ile hang thee traitor.

Pifa. Locke all the gates of Florence, least he
scape.

Flo. Our pardon, whosoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh ! who would trust in Princes, the vaine
breath,

Who in a minute gives one man life and death ?

Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill
him all,

Lower then what you stand on, none can fall.

Angelo above.

Ang. I now must stand your arrowes, but you
shoote

Against a breast as innocent —

Flo. As a traytors.

Ang. Your patience Sir,

Pifa. Talk'ft thou of patience ? that by thy most
perfidious —

Enter frier above.

Ang. Heare me pray.

Of if not me, heare then this reverend man.

Pifa. VVhat makes that Fryer there ?

Pier. Father speake your minde.

Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confessour,
And came, but then she wounn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

To heare her speak unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, she opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promises,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and soules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, said faintly no.

Pifa. Faintly, he then was willing ?

Pier. Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried : he thrice cried no ; At which
this Ladie

Desperately snatching from her fide two knives,
Had stab'd her selfe to th' heart, but that we knit
Our force against it, what should I doe in this ?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens blisse ?
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have seene her flaine ?

Flo. Then you have married her ?

Fry. I have.

Pier. Brave girle.

Pifa. Ile cut that knot asunder with my fword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no
man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never shall the
heart.

Flo. Why didst thou make to him thy promise
then ?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of
men.

She that's made fure to him, she loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but she wedds in hell ;
Parents that match their children gaint their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,

Ile stop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. *Draw.*

Fia. Villaine ? it is my husband.

Flo. Enter and kill him.

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I blush
To see two Princes so degenerate.

Fia. Oh noble brother !

Pier. What would you have him doe ?
He well deserves to have her to his wife ;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In sight of angels she to him was given,
So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.

Flo. You see there is no remedie.

Pisa. Troth none ;
I threw at all (and gamesters lucke) all's gone ;
Farewell brave spirited girle, he that gainst winde,
Fier and the sea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wife,
And neuer more put trust in woman's eyes.

Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.

Flo. Will you come downe pray ?

Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke.

Flo. Yet more adoe.

Pisa. Will you not trust your father ?

Fia. Why should I ? you see there is no trust i'th'
daughter ;

Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.

Flo. By my hopes I sweare.

Fia. And you too ?

Pisa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.

Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy
wings,
In this warr I defie a campe of Kings. *Exit.*

*Enter Niccolotto, Tibaldo, Alphonsin, Dariene,
Aliffand, Trebatio.*

Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most
beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.

Nic. My Lord thofe tides,
Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.

Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore
fent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I fee) prosper, ours are overthowne.
Nic. How meane you overthowne?

Enter Angel. Fiametta.

Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how: nay,
nay, pray rise,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.
Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your
frowne.
Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.
Flo. What begg you of this Prince?
Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.
Pifa. Pray let it be of willow.
Fia. Well then it shall.
Alph. Why willow? is the noble Prince forfaken?
Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken.
Alp. Now in good footh my Lord, shee has but
vs'd you
As watermen use their fares, for shee look'd one way
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and shee dealt wisely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if she doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite, woe,
Court, cogge, and curse, and fweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, else hee's not
mine;
That flesh eates sweetest that's pick'd close toth'
bone,
Water drinkest best, that's hew'd euen from the stome;
Men must be put to 't home.
Nico. He that loves ducking, let him come learne
of thee.
Flo. Shee has good skill;

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At table will wee heare a full discourse
Of all these changes, and these Marriages,
Both how they shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are best, after the trumpes were out,
Who plaid falfe play, who true, who sought to save
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave ;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's lost,
Vnlesse you cogg, hee that pack's best, wins most.

Alp. Since such good gamsters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another sett. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
Sun's-Darling:
A Moral Masque:

As it hath been often presented by
their Majesties Servants; at the Cock-
pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applause.

Written by John Foard
and
Tho. Decker Gent.



LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1656.





To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of Southampton, Lord

WRIATHESLEY, of Tichfield, &c.

MY LORD !

Herodotus Reports that the *Ægyptians* by Wrapping their Dead in Glasse, presents them lively to all Posterity ; But your Lordship will do more, by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage florish't, the POEM liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauses, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court ; But since hath languish't for want of heate, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selfe at the

Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the issue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplit with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainement, the more Destitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favoure, it will become Prooфе against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius statues appeare fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, we should not dare to Assume an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your HONOR, and KNOWN JUDGMENT; whose HEARTS are ready SACRIFICES to your NAME and HONOR, Being my Lord

Your Lordships most humble, and most

Obligedly, Submissive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

*Andrew Penneycuicke.**

* In some copies of this play (1656) the same Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady Newton, Wife to the worshipfull Sir Henry Newton, Knight," and the name of Andrew Penneycuicke is alone subscribed. Other copies bearing the date of 1657 have the names as above.



Vpon the SUN'S DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phæbus* make holliday:
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the
Cyclops Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furnish the
heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at six and seavens;
And *Ganimede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, that the Gods may
swim,
To solemnize their healths, that did dis-
cover
The oscure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall
mirth
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.



READER.

I T is not here intended to present thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man; Nor their Co-existence, the World determining with Man: this I presume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Morall, you shall finde him in his progression as followeth.

The first Season.

Presents him in the Twy-light of his age
Not Pot-gun-proofe, and, yet hee'l have his
page:
This smale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearch, and like the partridge Springs.

The second Season.

Folly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells sings.
He follows them ; forsakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is feene.

The third Season.

As foone as *Nerv'd* with strength, he becoms
Weake,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reason breake ;
Hurries him from his Noon-tide to his even :
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Season.

And now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him ;
The sad remembrance of his errours wakes him ;
Folly and *Humor*, Faine hee'd cast away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus Man as *Clay Descends*, *Ascends* in spirit ;
Dust, goes to dust, The foule unto It's Merit.



The Names of the Persons.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Phœbus</i> the Sun, | <i>Winter.</i> |
| <i>Raybright</i> the suns Dar- | <i>Conceit.</i> |
| <i>Lady Spring.</i> (ling | <i>Detraction.</i> |
| <i>Youth.</i> | <i>Time.</i> |
| <i>Delight.</i> | <i>Priest of the Sun.</i> |
| <i>Health.</i> | <i>Folly.</i> |
| <i>Summer.</i> | <i>A Souldier.</i> |
| <i>Plenty.</i> | <i>A Spanyard.</i> |
| <i>Pomona.</i> | <i>An Italian Dancer.</i> |
| <i>Cupid.</i> | <i>A French Taylor.</i> |
| <i>Fortune.</i> | <i>A Forrester.</i> |
| <i>Autumne.</i> | <i>Æolus.</i> |
| <i>Bacchanalian.</i> | <i>Maskers.</i> |
| <i>Bounty.</i> | <i>3 Clowns.</i> |



THE
Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

A N A L T A R.

Enter the Priest of the Sun.

Raybright discovered sleeping.

Pr.  Et your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spears,
overtake him :
Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. begin.

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure :*

*They who by their dreams
true joies measure ;
Feasting, starve ; laughing, weep ;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,
wake and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.*

*Thoughts flie away, Time hath past 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.*

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the soul's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I late inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good ; I envie not
The pomp of your high office : all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting thofe found parts which shoule preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness ;
The times are better to me ; there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessednes
Depends on beeing miserable.

Pr. Raybright :
Thou drawft thy great descent from my grand patron
the Sun ; whofe priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage ;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlement
Of sparkling stars, unles I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thirst.

Pr. Haſt thou not flow'd in honors ?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of loofing em, to bee their monſtrous creature
An age together, 'tis beside as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the graſs,

Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd
at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine Afs-trappings.

A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion.
Can by a crofs-legg'd Tailor be transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of passing bravery :
'Tis a flout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool — mew.

Pr. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed so gentle.
Honfie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee discovered, troath fir
I care for no long travals with lost labor.

Pr. Pleasures of every fence have been your ser-
vants,
When as y'ave commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wrest
Desires of better life, to those of these
This scurvie one, this life scarce worth the keeping.

Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections : fway your judgment,
You could not else bee thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of yee.

Ray. The care, the scorn hee throws on mee.

Pr. Fie, fie ;
Have you been fent out into strange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home such neglect.

Ray. I have reason for't.

Pr. Pray shew it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.

Pr. Your fantasie
Misleads your judgment vainly, sir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray :
The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh ! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered.
Contein your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witnes.

Ray. Hee may come.

*Enter Time with a whip, whipping Follie
before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, man-
kindes foil :
Time whipps thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip ? am I
a dog, a cur, a mungrel : baw waw. Do thy worst, I
defie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and squander,
Cozen, and bee drunk too ;
I will maintein my Pander,
Keep my Horf and Punck too ;
brawl and scuffle,
shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my Potmeals :
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.*

*Pox a time, I care not,
being past 'tis nothing :*

*I*le be free and spare not,
Sorrows are lives loathing :
Melancholy
Is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will bang thee,
Though I die in cotters.

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten bearded rascal ; as I am Follie by the mothers side, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex mee : Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on now and then his working-day robes of humility, but he must prently be subje^ct to a Beadles rod of Correction ; goe mend thy selfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Cast-suits, and their Ladies fall for em ; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fooles : Pitifull Time ! pitifull Time !

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth ;
Behold the sand glasse of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, I'le shatter that too.

Ty. No ; th'ast mispent thy hours, lavish fool,
like

The circuit of thy life, in ceaselesse riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldest live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majest^y
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon shews her hornes, except the Conffistory Court, and there she need not appeare ; Cuckolds Carry such sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'le live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauger thy scurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle ;

Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand, but the others long enough a Conscience to be honest Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he tooke you for a fore-man of a Jurie.

Ray. Pray fir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cosen german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, fir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinkeing, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Foisting, Lying, Cogging, Canting, & cetera, will you have any more.

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; fo, fo, I laugh not at those whome I feare, I fear not those whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one who knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must a void.

Enter Recorders.

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the Alter,
And with amazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descending,—
Stand— *The Sunne above.*

Fol. Oh brave !
Pre. Stand.

SONG.

*Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extreams
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.*

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy funne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty : till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascall, and cannot speak
one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray-bright.

Pre. It calles yee, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give release,
Boldly make thy demands, for we wil please
To grant what ere thou saist for.

Ray. Fair beam'd sir ;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial pietie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts bliss ;
If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
With every seafon in his kinde,
Can bleis a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou master'ft thy desire, and shall not want it ;
To the spring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid :

All the varieties the Spring can shew,
Be subject to his will.

Pre. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies. *Exit.*

Sun. We must descend, and leav a while our
sphere

To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beames that shine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine :
No let em shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in Summer flourish
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves :
Oh may you all like flars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of blest contents :
Mean while recreations wee present,
Shall strive to please ; I have the foremost tract ;
Each feason else begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.*

Spr. Welcom the mother of the year, the
Spring ;
That mother on whose back age ne're can sit.
For age still waits upon her that Spring the Nurse ;

Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton.
Physitian to the sick, strength to the sound ;
By whom all things above, and under-ground
Are quickned with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kisses laies
Ten thousand welcoms, free as are those raies
From vwhich thy name thou borrowest : glorious
name !

Raybright, as bright in person as in fame.

Ray. Your eies amaz'd mee first, but now mine
ears
Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the
sphears.
Oh Ladie ! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never sent me to you.

Spr. Why ! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I in your sphear seem a star more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot ; shoud I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Sp. Oh that sweet breath revives mee ! if thou
never
Part'ft hence (as part thou shalt not) bee happie ever.

Ray. I know I shall.
Spr. Thou to buy, whose stafe ?
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

You. Madam I shall,
And on his smoeth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall fit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave shall spring agen.

Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of
gold
Are slaves and wretches) Health that canst nor be
fold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.

Hea. One of my hands is writing still in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Physicks treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortalitie sure falls from me.

Spr. Thou to whose tunes
The five nice Sences dance ; thou that dost spin
Those golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off man-
kinde.

Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightest Delphick fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air ;
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes stir but fair.

Hea. Leav blustring March —

S O N G .

What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale ;
Fugg, Fugg, Fugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth, to heauen she flies——Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-song ; who is't now we hear !
'Tis the larks silver leer a leer :
Chirrup the Sparrow flies away ;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.

Spr. How does my sun-born sweet-heart like his
queen ;
Her court, her train.

Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.

Hea. Fresher and fresher pastimes, one delight
Is a diseafe to th' wanton appetite.

Del. Musick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick
rounds
To thine owne times in repercussive sounds. *Exit.*
Echo of Cornets.
Spr. Enough? I will not weary thee, pleasures
change.
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range.—

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highnes, to present their spott.

Spr. What is't?

Del. A Morris.

Spr. Give them our Court:
Stay, these dull birds may make thee sloop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting; whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice fit crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.

Spr. Becken the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, shouldst thou be stoln away.
By great ones, that's my fear.

Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black forceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.

Spr. I am made
In that word the earths Empres—
Are not these sports too rustick?

Morris

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.
Spr. My youngest girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrivall.

Ray. I shall attend.

Spr. On then, and bid my rosie-finger'd *May*
Morris

Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way.

Exit.

Ray. An Empress, faist thou, fain in love with me.

Fol. Shee's a great woman, and all great women
wish to be Empresses ; her name, the Ladie *Humor*.

Ray. Strange name, I never saw her, knew her
not :

What kinde of creature is shee ?

Fol. Creature ! of a skin soft as Pomatum, fleek as
Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds ; no Mercers wife
ever handled yard with a prettier breath ; sweet as a
Monkies ; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of
diamond, foot and leg as —

Ray. And what's thy name ?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humor and Folly ; to my listning ear
Thy Ladies praises often have been fung,
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. Shee's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd
trifle.

Fol. A green sickness thing, I came by the way of
a hobby-horse letter of Attorney, sent by my Ladie as
a spie to you : *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and
gardens las, 'can you feed upon fallets and tanzies,
eat like an Ass upon grasse every day at my Ladies,
coms to you now a Goose, now a Woodcock, nothing
but fowl ; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and
is not fowl very good fare ?

Ray. Yea marry is't sir, the fowl being kept
clean.

My admiration wastes it self in longings
To see this rare piece, I'le see her ; what are Kings,
were not their
Pleasures varied ; shall not mine then ? should day
Last ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.
Change is the fawce that sharpens appetite ;
The way, I'le to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow ; for look you,
I do but winde this Cornet, and if another answer it,
the coms.

Ray. Be quick then—

Cornets.

Enter *Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian
Dance, a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* so dotes
upon ?

Fol. This is that hony-suckle, she sticks in her
ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection !
You fet my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eie gives that sentence on thy person ;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to fave thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankinde to gain thee ; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glames at her, and for fending
Whole quires of singers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiffe.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious.
Turne mee into a bird that I may sit
Still finging in fuch boughs.

Fol. What bird ?

Sol. A Ring-tayl.

Hu. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to
mine,
My Mine of pleasures which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm Nectar bathes the palm :
Invent som other tyres ; musick ; flay ; none

Fol. Hoy-day.

Hu. New gowns, fresh fashions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the Moon
Riding at midnight in her cristal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of stars
Is half so glorious.

Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradice,
Shall it bee yours.

Ray. No Kingdome buies it from mee.

Fol. Being in fools paradice he must not lose his
bawble.

Ray. I am wrapt.

Fol. In your mothers smock.

Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being
sphered
In such a globe of rarities, but say Ladie
What these are that attend you.

Hu. All my attendants
Shall be to thee fworn fervants.

Fol. Follie is fworn to him already, never to leav
him.

Ray. Hee.

Fol. A French Gentleman that trayls a Spanish
pike. A Tailor.

Tay. Wee Mounfieur, hey nimbla upon de crosse
caper, me take a de measure of de body from de top
a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh fish de fine :
dis collar is cut out in anger scurvie, oh dis beefhes
pincha de bum, me put one French yard into de toder
hose.

Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at least.

Ray. Shall I bee brave then ?

Hu. Golden as the fun.

Ra. What's hee that looks so fmickly ?

Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping, one
that loves mutton so well, he alwaies carries capers
about him ; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve
him to no other use then to do tricks, as if he had

bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name—

Dan. Signior Lavolta (Meffer mio) me tefha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piamentaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaes de Tuscana.

Ray. I ne're shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-silver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Consecianador, which in your tongue is, a Comfit-maker, of *Toledo*, I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo*!

Spa. In Conservs, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamotu, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, oriones, potataes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your servidor.

Ray. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this last?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two stelettoes in one sheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, prefents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable Mistrefie.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'le drill you how to giue the lie, and stab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How: dare not fight! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the musick.

O yes! Musick!

Ray. No more of this, this sword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I rise up in arms,

The field embraces, kisstes our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet stand still : strike up.

Dance.

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

Spr. Oh ! thou inticing strumpet, how durst thou Throw thy voluptuous spells about a Temple That's consecrate to me.

Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife ; How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel I ha bought for mine own wearing.

Spr. Bought ! art thou bold then ?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts, she buys me with her graces.

Heal. Graces ! A Witch.

Spr. What can she give thee.

Ray. All things.

Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea too.

Fol. And shew him a hobbie-horse in my likeness.

Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me ; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowrie can you bring me ?

Spr. Dowrie ! ha ! is't com to this ? am I held poor and base ?

A girdle make, whose buckles stretch'd toth' length Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole : What ground soever thou canst with that inclose I'le give thee freely, not a Lark that calls The morning up, shall build on any turf But shee shall be thy tenant, call thee Lord, And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song ?

Hu. Live with mee still, and all the meafures Plaid to by the spheres, I'le teach thee ; Let's but thus dallie, all the pleasures The Moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest !

Fol. Here's a Lady.

Spr. Is't come to who gives most ?
The self same Bay tree into which was turn'd :
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green ;
That tree shall now be thine, about it fit
All the old poets with fresh Lawrel Crowdnd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity ;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to sing :
And invoke none but thee as *Delian King*.

Ray. Live by singing ballets ?

Fol. Oh ! bafe, turn poet, I would not be one
my self.

Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And see fields of armies fighting :
Oh ! part not from mee, I will discover
There, all but books of fances writing ;

Del. Not far off stands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'le leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear :
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muse.

Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themselves in Sack &
Claret.

Hu. Do not regard their toyes,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a dying ;
Call me their Empresse ; time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh ! my all excellence.

Sp. Speake thou for me ; I am fainting.

Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the
world

I'le bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings ;
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;
Kisse Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing :
The day in manly pastimes ; snatch from time
His glasse, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg them, riot it, go brave ;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen shall beare thee out :

Yet all this while, tho thou climb hills of yeares,
Shall not one wrinkle fit upon thy brow,
Nor any sicknesse shake thee ; Youth and Health,
As slaves, shall lackie by thy Chariot wheeles ;
And who, for two such jewelles, would not fell
The *East*, and *West Indies* ; both are thine, so
that——

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow
old, nor be fick ; a lie ; one gallant went but into
France last day, & was never his own man fince,
another stept but into the low Countries, and was
drunk dead under the table, another did but peep
into *England*, and it cost him more in good morrows
blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and
Trumpets, then his whole voyage, besides he run mad
upon't.

Hu. Here's my last farewell, ride along with me ;
I'le raiſe by art, out of base earth, a pallace ;
Whither thy ſelfe, waving a Christal ſtream,
Shall call together the moſt glorious ſpirits
Of all the Kings that have been in the world ;
And they ſhall come onely to feaſt with thee.

Ray Rare !

Hu. At one end of this pallace ſhall be heard
That Muſique which gives motion to the Heaven ;
And in the midle *Orpheus* ſhall ſit and weep,
For ſorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell ;
Then at an other end——

Ray. I'le hear no more ;
This ends your ſtrife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh ! I am ſick at heart ; unthankfull man
'Tis thou haſt wounded mee, farewell. *She is led in.*

Ray. Farewell ?

Fol. Health, recover her ; ſirrah Youth, look to
her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest ſleeps out the
ſpring

May fly in Summer, but with sickly wing.

Exit.

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye fure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,

And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning

See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly.

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,
Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou

Cesar,

And lead me.

Ray. Neither; wee'l ride with equall state
Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.

Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;
For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave
him,

This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright Melancholy.*

Ray. O H my deer love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements

Dwelt never in a fairer ; a minde princely :
 Thy language like thy fingers, Musical.
 How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
 How temperate, and yet sumptuous ; thou wouldest not
 waste
 The waight of a fad violet in excesse ;
 yet still thy board had dishes numberlesse.
 Dumbe beasts even lov'd thee ; once a young Lark
 Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
 Mounted and fung, thinking them moving skies——

Enter *Follie*.

Fol. I ha don my Lord : my Mufe has pump'd
 hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*,
 and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read ; so I will, please you to reach mee your
 high ears.

Here lie's the blith Spring,
Who firſt taught birds to ſing ;
Yet in April herſelf fell a crying :
Then May growing hot
A ſweating ſickneſſ ſhee got,
And the firſt of June lay a dying.
Yet no month can ſay
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty,
The Cuckow fung in verſe
An Epitaph o're her herſe,
But affure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot ; haſt thou
 none
 To poifon with thy naſtie iggs but mine,
 My matchleſſ frame of nature, Creations wonder,
 Out of my fight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd ſee but ſcurvily

you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beastly base one, blockish away ;
Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper ; then fir, your self.

Fol. My self ! Carbonado me, baſtinado me,
strapado me, hang me, I'le not stir ; poor Follie,
honest Follie, jocundary Follie forſake your Lordship ;
no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women
are given daily to me (if I would take em) fome not
far off know ; Tailor gon, Spanish figg gon, all gon
but I —

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them ;
Whence com these thunder-bolts, what furies haunt
you ?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee !

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, difeas'd, and melancholy ;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring beſlow'd upon me :
But for you two, I ſhould be wondrous good ;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn
From the embracements of the nobleſt creature.

Hu. Your *Spring.*

Ray. Yes ſhe, even ſhe, onely the *Spring* :
One morning ſpent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world :
She was unhappy never, but in two fons,
March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a sweet creature, and yet a great raifer of *May-poles*.

Hu. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot passe through any Princes Court,

Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner spoke thosse very words last night,
to a company of roring boies, that would not pay
their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your squire else.

Fol. Squire! worshipful Mr Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has 'his Humor, has he not
Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's
humor is to bee braue, and not pay for't; to bee proud,
and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your bastards that
are given to humor you, you have a companie of as
arrant rascals to your children, as ever went toth'
gallows; a Collier being drunk jossell'd a Knight into
the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight
broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am:

Raile, curfe, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Mistresse; dig up your dead *Spring*
And lie with her, kisse her; me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay : must I lose all comfort, dearest stay ;
There's such a deal of magick in those eies,
I'me charm'd to kisse thefe onely.

Fol. Are you so ? kisse on, I'le be kis'd som
where I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon
worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but figh, I take
my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horse,—Will you be merry
than, and jawfand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the spring.

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way ?

Hu. I'le be your convoy,

And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majestick creature)
Her face out-shining the poor Springs, as far
As a sun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'de move in, attend us
Follie. *Ext.*

Enter *Raybright* and *Humor*.

Ray. I muse, my nimble Follie staines so long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, (I
swear)

That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His companie is musick, next to yours ;
Both of you are a Confort ; and I, your tunes
Lull me asleep, and when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams :
But how far must we travel, is it our motion
Puts us in this heat ; or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This shews, her Court

Is not far off, you covet so to see :
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings.

Hu. Magnificent and curious ; every noon
The horses of the day bait there ; whilst he
(Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine fights there ?

Hu. Oh !

Ray. And hear more ravishing musick ?

Hu. All the quiristers
That learn't to sing i'th Temple of the Spring ;
But her attain such cunning, that when the windes
Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o're our head, their voices have such charms,
They'l all stand still to listen——

Ray. Excellent.

Enter Follie.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of *Asia*, and
drop like a Cob-nut out of *Africa*——

Enter a Forrester.

For. Back : whither go you ?
Oyes ! this way.

For. None must passe :
Here's kept no open Court ; our Queen this day
Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her——back.

Exit.

Enter Summer and Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.

Del. Yes with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother nurse the
Spring,
I'le breake his heart for't : had she not a face,
Too tempting for a *Fove.*

Del. The graces fate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Lusting for change, so doted on a Lady,
Phantaſtick, and yet fair ; a peece of wonder :
They call her *Humor* ; and her parasite *Folly*,
He cast the sweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him ;
Yet his celestial kinsman, for young *Raybright*
Is the *Suns* darling : knowing his jórneying hither
To fee thy glorious Court, sends mee before
To attend oh you, and spend all my hours
In care for him——

Enter *Sun. Recorders.*

Sum. Obay your charge—oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid ! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories sit ;
I ride in tryumph on a silver cloud ;
Now I but fee thee.

Sun. Rise ; is *Raybright* come yet.

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy treasure——

Enter *Plenty.*

Plen. Our princely Cosen *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.

Sun. Who with them.

Ple. A goddesse in a woman, attended
By a prating fawcie fellow, called *Follie*.

Sun. They'l confound him, but he shall run,
Go and receive him.

Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers : earth it self will sweat

To bear our weights; vouchsafe, bright power, to
borrow
Winds not too rough from *Æolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces.

Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.

Æo. I will.

Sun. No rorers.

Æo. No.

Sun. Quickly. *Hoboyes.*
Æo. Fly you slaves, Summer sweats; cool her.
The Sun takes his seat above.

Enter *Summer*, *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Plenty*, *Folly*,
Country-fellows and *Wenches*.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dresse up with Musk-rose her Eglington bowers,
Daffadills strew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.
the Sun does bravely shine
on our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.
Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
com to behold our sports,
Each bonny laffe here is countred a rare one,
as those in Princes Courts.
theſe and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to refound,
and the hills with echo's hollaw:

*skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.*

*Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks fly.*

*Horfes amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies,
how the proud bird flies,
and fowcing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.—*

The Sun by degrees is clowded.

Sum. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn
A clowd before his face.

Hu. He is vex'd to fee
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coynes will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot—fair Prince!
Though your illusfrious name has touch'd mine ear:
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha Ladie!
Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
raies
You boast your great name, for that name I hate you,
Becaufe you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.
Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.
Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasurie
As deep as I my felf: *Plenty* shall wait
Still at your elbow, all my sports are yours,

Attendants yours, my state and glorie's yours ;
But these shall be as sun-beams from a glasse
Reflected on you, not to give you heat
To dote on a smooth face, my spirit's too great. *Exit.*

Ray. Divinest !

Florish.

Hu. Let her go.

Fol. And I'le goe after, for I must and will have a
fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne're was scorn'd till now.

Hu. This is that *Alteza*,
That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun :
I fear'd thine eies should have beheld a face,
The Moon has not a clearer, this ! a dowdie.

Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple ; or a crab she
gave you.

Hu. She bid's you share her treasure, but who
keeps it.

Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with
fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no
drawing, not a drop of wine : whole ears of corn lay
their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can
touch.

Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.

Ray. In scorn, as he doe's me.

Fol. Scorn ! If I be not deceived, I ha seen
Summer go up and down with hot Codlings ; and that
little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying fix bunches
of Raddish for a penny.

Hu. Thou shalt have nobler welcoms, for I'le
bring thee
To a brave and bounteous house-keeper, free
Autumne.

Fol. Oh ! there's a lad—— let's go then.

Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother ; for the
Indies
Must not have you part——

Ra. Must not ?

Sum. No ; must not.
I did but chide thee like a whistling winde

Playing with leavie dancers : when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied ; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'le give thee corn
enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn ;
What land soe're, the worlds surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine :
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie ; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor :
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple.

Plen. Shee's too good for thee ;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, onely to kisse those eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before :
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his sisters sphere
Place them, since she had no two flars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipsie.

Sum. Oh ! I am lost.

Ray. Love scorn'd, of no triumph more then love
can boast. *Exit.*

Plen. This strump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded—

Enter *Sun.*

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his spightful eies
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.

Cupid and Fortune take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
Som nine months hence I'lle shine on thee again.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona, Raybright, Cupid and Fortune.*

Ray. **Y**Our entertainment, Autumns bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield, are much too course for thee;
Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
Into one form, and that form to contein
All delicates, which the wanton fence
Would relish: or defire to invent to please it,
The present were unworthie far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In surfets of the ear, with various musick
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-trim'd earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my fences
With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eies to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish pettie dainties, but my taste
Is onely here pleas'd, t'other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the
creatures

Of every age and qualtie poſts, madding
From land to land, and ſea to ſea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,
Powr out thy mint of treasures, crown him fove-
reign

Of what his thoughts can glorie to command :
He ſhall give paiment of a roial prize
To Fortune, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.

Fort. Be a Merchant, I will freight thee
With all ſtore that time is bought for.

Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
With ſucceſſe in life moſt fought for.

For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatneſſe shall ſhine glorious.

Cup. Chaſtitie, if thou ſmile on her,
Shall grow fervile, thou victorius.

Fort. Be a warrior, conqueſt ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depoſe me,
I'me thy ſlave, thy power hath bound me.

Cup. Cupids shafts are thine, diſpoſe me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.

Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel ;
We obey, oh ! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay

A bountie of more soveraigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can support—

Enter *Humor* and *Follie*.

Hu. Whats here.

Fol. Nay pray observe.

Ray. Be my hearts Empresse, build your kingdom
there.

Hu. With what an earnesnesse he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Costermonger*,
and is projecting how to forestall the market ; I shall
crie Pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're satisfied,
And the defires my fensuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes we are fill'd and must be emptied, these
wind fruits have distended my guts into a Lenten
pudding, theres no fat in them, my belly swells, but
my sides fall away, a month of such diet would make
me a living Anatomie.

Po. These are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie ;
Dwell but amongst us, industrie shall strive,
To make another artificiall nature ;
And change all other seafsons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no
longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor* ?

Hu. A little flirr'd, no matter, i'le be merry :
Call for some Musick, do not ; i'le be melancholly.

Fol. A fullen humor, and common, in a dicer that
has lost all his money.

Po. Lady ! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courtesie
In us, that so disturbs you, if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause,
It shall be foone removed.

Hu. Oh ! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.

Fol. And unlace your peticoate.

Hu. Sawcie, how now ! 'tis well you have some
sweet heart, some new fresh sweet heart; i'me a goodly
foole to be thus plained on, stall'd, and foyld.

Po. Why Madam ?

We can be courteous without staine of honor ;
'Tis not the raging of a lustfull blood
That we desire to tame with satisfaction :
Nor hath his masculine graces in our brest
Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaste and honorable.

Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humor in fashion with gallants, and brought
out of the low Countries.

Hu. Fie ! there's no musick in thee, let us sing.

Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more
such toies would make the little world of man runne
mad, as the *Puritan* that sold his conscience for a
May pole— *Florish : Showte.*

Ray. The meaning of this mirth.

Po. My Lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend, to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours—

Enter *Autumne & Baccanalian, Humor & Follie.*

Pom. My dearest Lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have with all obseruance,
Given entertainement to this noble stranger.

Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandfires beames
Shine graciously upon our fruits, and vines :
I am his vassail-fervant, tributarie :
And for his sake, the kingdomes I posseesse,
I will divide with thee, thou shalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,

Expressing their rich juice : a hundred graines
 Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
 Shall be Congested for thy sacrifice
 In *Ceres* fane, *Tiber* shall pay thee Apples,
 And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choicest fruits,
 Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
 Of your respected favours, and that honor
 Shall equall my ambition.

Au. *My Pomona*,
 Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties ;
 This is a day of rest, and we the whiles,
 Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
 With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey :
 Will't please you Madam, a retirement
 From these extremes in men, more tollerable,
 Will better fit our modeſties.

Hu. I'le drink, and be a *Bacchanalian* ; no, I will
 not ;
 Enter, i'le follow ; stay, i'le go before.

Po. Ee'ne what humor pleafeth. *Exit. Florishes.*
Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phaebus*—*Drinks.*
 These are the Peans which we sing to him,
 And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
 Crowned with *Lyeus* blood, to him a health—

Driuks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.
Au. Now one other health
 To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowship ;
 Whose livery, all our people hereabout
 Are call'd in.—

Drinks.

Ray. I am for that too.
Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome
 is
 Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
 Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes ;
 Sing *Fos* unto *Baccus*.
ol Hey hoes, a god of windes, there's at

least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly ; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door ; and how sweet the Musick of their roring will be, let an *Irishman* judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one ; my Musiques naturall, and came by inheritance ; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtaile ; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and lost my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest ; but i'le venture for one, fill my dish ; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. *Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,*
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow :
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send
it.

Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.

Play it off slifly, we may not part so : mer-
rily &c.

Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too ;
quickenes the wit, and makes the back able ;
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more Liquor ;
Brothers of a rowt, our braines wilt flow
quicker ;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and
spare not,
Merrily, &c.

Now have I more air then ten Musicians, besides there is a whirlwinde in my braines, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh ! a Dance by all meanes,
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Befir yee nimblly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the
lees of these rowfes into a freer paſſage ; but take
heed of fure footing, 'tis a ſlippery feaſon ; many
men fall by riſing, and many women are raifed by
falling—

Dance.

Au. How likes our friend this paſtyme ?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh ! how have I in ignorance and dullneſſe,
Run through the progreſſe of ſo many minutes ;
Accuſing him, who was my life's firſt author,
Of slackneſſe and neglect, whilſt I have dreamt
The folly of my daies in vain expence,
Of uſelesſe taste and pleaſure ; pray my Lord
Let one health paſte about, whilſt I bethink me
What courſe I am to take, for being deniſon
In your unlimited courteſies.

Au. Devife a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumns* ſelſe.
And here let time hold ſtill his reſtlesſe glaſſe,
That not another golden ſand may fall
To meaſure how it paſſeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy preſence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor ;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expreſſe
my thankfullneſſe.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When ſhe doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* ſweats
Either in paſturing her furlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners house them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them ; I alone in every land
Traffique my uſefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly poſſeſſions, are for my commodities

Morgag'd and lost, I sit Cheefe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th' extreames
Of *Winters* tedious frost ; nay, in my selfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring* :
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canst hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new variety of feasts ;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests. *Exit.*

Ray. My Lord I'le follow ; sure I am not well.

Florish.

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monstrously
mistaken, you mean to stay here belike.

Ray. Whither should I go else ?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your selfe in your own
defence, I'le not be of your Jurie——

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. You have had precious pleasures, choice of
drunkennesse ; will you be gon ?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution ;
There cannot be a seafon more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choifest viands.

Fol. Plenties horne is alwaises full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes ;
When day and night have their distinguishtment
With a more equall measure.

Hu. Ha ! in contemplation.

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts ; this
belly-aking *Autumne* ; this Apple *John Kent*, and
warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant
beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus,
You study some *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the palenesse to supply the vacancie
Of *Cinthia's* dark defect.

Fol. Madam ! let but a green sicknesse chamber-
maid be throughly steel'd, if she get not a better color
in one month, I'le bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever,
and fruite-eat my flesh into a confumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatfo'er'e suggesftions
Have won on thy apt weakenesse, leave these empty
And hollow sounding pleafures, that include
Onely a windy fubftance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre :
I'le flay no longer here.

Ray. I muſt.

Hu. You muſt not,
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies ; I'le
bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food :
Shall not be ficklie fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very sweet Mutton,
veale Venſon, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridgē, Snite,
plover, larkes, Teale, admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Miftery there, like to another nature,
Confects the fubftance of the choifest fruits,
In a rich candy, with fuch imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceiue the eye :
Until the taste be ravished.

Fol. Comfits and Carawaines, Marchpaines and
Marmalades
Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, gingerbread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'le not spare
T' exhaust the treasure of a thouſand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders !
Be my conductresse, I'le flie this place in secret ;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me ;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hu. Leav this naked feason,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a found bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring ;
An embleme of four Provinces we sway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;
Shall both be subiect to our glorious state,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate :
And since wee've notice that som barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'l not desist, wee'l force our way with sworde.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. **H**ear you the news neighbor ?
2. Yes, to my grief neighbor ; they say our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers ; wee'r like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho' our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't : Oh ! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves ; but ere I'le suffer it, I'le pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and reslove to die like men, rather then live like beasts.

2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor ; they may talk and call us Rebells, but a figg for that, 'tis not a fart matter ; let's be true amongst our selvs, and with our fwords in hand refist his entrance—

Enter Winter.

Wint. What such murmurings does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North ;
Bold fawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With fnow and ice to quench the sphere of fire :
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience ;

How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Princes entrie into this his land ;
A Prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more then blood ;
In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
The attributes of Merciful, and Wife :
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, cause th're truly just :
Who does with princely moderation give
His subiects an example how to live ;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect :
That as the Sun does unto all dispence
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, possest with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawlesse furie, think to wage,
War against heaven, and from his shining thone
Pull *Fove* himself, for you to tread upon ;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they subiect to his thunder-stroak ;
And he can sink such wretches as rebell,
From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The divel a can as soon, we fear no colors, let
him do his worst ; there's many a tall fellow besides
us, will die rather then see his living taken from them,
nay even eat up ; all things are grown so dear, there's
no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou 'rt a wise fellow, neighbor, prate is but
prate ; they say this Prince too would bring new laws
upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and
that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd first —

Wint. A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience ;
Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Coms, as in droughs the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live :

Things void of foul, can you conceive that he,
Who's every thought's an act of pietie,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fitteſt way
To ſerv those powers, to which himſelf does pay
True zealous worship, nay's fo near ally'd
To them, himſelf muſt needs be deified—

Enter *Follie*.

Fol. Save you Gentlemen ! 'tis very cold, you live
in froſt, y'ave Winter ſtill about you.

2. What are you fir ?

Fol. A Courtier fir ; but you may queſte, a very
foolish one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the
Prince, to travel hither ; I have an Ague on me, do
you not fee me ſhake : Well, if our Courtiers, when
they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good
wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into
an Apoplexie ; farewell froſt, I'le go feek a fire to
thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere ſuch as theſe ſhall
eat what we have ſweat or, wee'l ſpend our bloods ;
com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and
go meet this Prince he talks fo of.

3. Som shall have but a fourt welcom of it, if my
Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint. 'Tis, I fee,
Not in my power to alter destinie :
You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
What I preſage, with understanding clear :
As your black thoughts are miſtie, take from me
This as a true and certain augurie,
This Prince ſhall com, and by his glorious ſide
Lawrel-crown'd conqueſt ſhall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cauſe,
You ſhall with penitence embracē his laws :
Hee to the frozen northern clime ſhall bring

A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Ufurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night shall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happiness shall still increasē,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him shall like swift Comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new star birth.

Florish.

Enter *Raybright, Humor, Bountie, Winter and Delight.*

But see, our star appear's, and from his eie
Flie thoufand beams of fparkling majestie.
Bright son of *Phēbus* ! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crifled skin ;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Riphean* fnow ;
Nay, the flow moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his ificles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare disturb
The happy progreſſe of our glorious peace.
Contemne the Justice of our equall lawes,
Prophane thofe sacred rights, which stil must bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drooping foules by vigor of my beams ;
And have I this ſtrange welcom ! reverend Winter !
I'me come to be your guest ; your bounteous free
Condition does affure, I ſhall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illuſtrious fir ! I am ignorant
How much exprefſion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, ſhall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light

Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night ;
I am so much a vassaile, that I'le strive,
By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning spirit ;
Therefore as I am Winter, worne and spent
So farre with age, I am Tymes monument ;
Antiquities example, in my zeale,
I, from my youth, a span of Tyme will steale
To open the free treasures of my Court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure ;
So royall, so abundant in earth's blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beames,
With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
The other seafons, yet my pleasures with you,
From their false charmes, doth get the flart as farr
As heaven's great lamp from every minor flarr.

Boun. Sir ! you can speak wel, if your tongue
deliver
The message of your heart, without some cuning
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
The lasting riches of your prefence hence,
Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winters sweet bride,
All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
Natures perfection ; whom all love, all serve ;
To whom Fortune, even in extreame's a slave,
When I fall from my dutie to thy goodnes,
Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.

Boun. Come, you flatter mee.

Ray. I flatter you ! Why Madam ? you are Bounty ;
Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.

Hu. He minds not mee now.

Ray. Bounties self !
For you he is no fouldier dares not fight,
No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,

Or studi your best Sweetnes, shoud the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbear to shine
Upon the bosome of our naked pastures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your imiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm hartles misery,
And cherish desolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I serve you.

Hu. Are these the rare fightes, these the promis'd
Complements.

Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with fable-footed night ;
Both shall forfake their orbes, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth, and harmlesse pleafures here ;
While plump *Lyeus* shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters festivall :
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choycest viands bring.
Wee'l robb the sea, and from the fubtil ayre,
Fetch her inhabitant, to supply our fare.
That were *Apicious* here, he in one night
Should fate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundlesse measure—

Florish.

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleasure soft attention,
Grace the sports of our invention.

De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antick leave me ;
For in laboring to bereave me
Of a scholars praiife, thy dotage
Shall be hift at.

De. Here's a hot age ;

When such pettie penmen covet
Fame by folly, on, I'le prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
Here are nobler Judges, wit
Cannot suffer where they fit.

De. Pri'hee foolish Conceit, leave off thy set
speeches, and come to the conceit it selfe in plain lan
guages ; what goodly thing is't, in the name of
laughter ?

Con. Detraction doe thy worst, Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
Before thy censure ; know then that the spheres,
Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
Their seats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have atton'd
A noble league, and feverally put on
Materiall bodies ; here amongst em none
Observes a difference ; Earth and Ayre alike
Are sprightly active ; Fire and Water seek
No glory of preheminence ; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
To entertain Time in a courtly meaure.

De. Impossible and improper ; first to personate
insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite op
posite humors ; fie, fie, fie, i'ts abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance ! how darest thou vainly
scam
Impossibility ; what reignes in man
Without disorder ; wisely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
To fashion and preserve so high a creature.

De. Sweete sir ! when shall our mortall eyes be
hold this new peece of wonder ;
We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse.

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chase,
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

The Maskers discover'd.

De. Fine ifaith ; pretty, and in good earnest ; but
firrah scholar ; will they come down too ?

Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents
Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements.

De. A nimble rascall, I warrant him some Alder-
mans son ; wonderous giddy and light-headed ; one
that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A choleric gentleman, I should know him, a
younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or
never carries any money about him ; he was begot
when the sign was in *Taurus*, for he rores like a Bull,
But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmattick cold piece of stuff, his father
me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one
that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival
times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole
vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great
lover of news ; I guesse at the rest, Blood is placed
near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are
sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.—

SONG. *See the Elements conspire,*
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To give our Princes pleasure birth ;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
In one composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day ;

*In which the Darling of the Sun is com,
To make this place a new Elium.*

Wint. How do these pleasures please ?

Hu. Pleasures !

Boun. Live here,

And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary
A thousand waies, invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.

Hu. Trifles : progresse o're the year
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulnesse and contempt ;
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely Virgin.

Wint. My roial Lord !

Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge grosse exhalations from the earth ;
My frosts and snows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and
fair :

And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie ;
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradice.

Ray. That wonder ; Oh ! can you bring me
thither ?

Wint. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hu. But where's the guide ?

Quicken thy spirits, *Raybright*, I'le not leav thee,
Wee'l run the self same race again, that happinesse
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights
Becom not noble action.

Ray. To the *Spring*

Recorders.

I am resolv'd—Oh ! what strange light appears ;
The *Sun* is up sure. *The Sun above.*

Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with
amazement.

Ray. Yes ! gracious Lord.

Sun. Thy sands are numbred, and thy glasle of
frailtie

Here runs out to the laſt : here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes ;
The feaſon of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unrelish'd beauties
Of gawdie fight ; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens strength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie ;
Winter at laſt draws on the Night of Age ;
Yet ſtill a humor of ſom novel fancie
Untasted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of reſolution, which ſhould bid farewel
To a vain world of wearineſſe and ſorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage : to be thankful
Again to them, Man ſhould caſheer his riots,
His boſom whorish sweet-heart, idle Humor ;
His Reaſons dangerous ſeducer, Follie ;
Then ſhall like four ſtreight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly ſtructure of mortalitie ;
Then ſhall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his bodie,
Nourifh and comfort every vein and ſinew.
No fickneſſe of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of healths real bleſſings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reſerv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Queſtion the power of ſupernal greatneſſe,
But given us leav to govern as wee please

Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preservation ; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him ;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS.

The Witch of Edmonton:

A known true S T O R Y.

Composed into

A TRAGI-COMEDY

By divers well-esteemed Poets ;

William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the

Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*, once at

Court, with singular Applause.

Never printed till now.



London, Printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore,
at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard. 1658.

The whole Argument is this Dystich.

Forc'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood re-
quires :
Reproach, Revenge ; Revenge, Hells help desires.



PROLOGUE.

The Town of Edmonton hath lent the Stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil,
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring ;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the first, and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season :
In Acts deserving name, the Proverb says,
Once good, and euer : *Why not so in Plays ?*
Why not in this ? since (Gentlemen) we flatter
No Expectation : here is Mirth and Matter.

Mr. Bird.



The Witch of Edmonton.

ACT. I. SCÆN. I.

Enter Frank Thorney, Winnifride with-child.

Frank. Come Wench ; why here's a busines
soon dispatch'd.
Thy heart I know is now at ease : thou needst not
Fear what the tattling Goffips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame : thy childe shall know
Who to call *Dad* now.

Win. You have discharg'd the true part of an
honest man ;
I cannot request a fuller satisfaction
Then you have freely granted : yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever funded ; now the longest
Of our forbearing eithers company,
Is onely but to gain a little time

For our continuing thirst, that so hereafter
 The Heir that shall be born may not have cause
 To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
 The misery of beggary and want ;
 Two Devils that are occasions to enforce
 A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
 My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
 To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
 How you are married, as it will be now,
 Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
 Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters,
 Or wronged friends are ; and besides, I'll use
 Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
 He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
 To which I am born Heir, shall be assur'd :
 That done, why let him know it ; if he like it not,
 Yet he shall have no power in him left
 To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
 The conquest of my Maiden-love, may easily
 Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
 Must I be hurried ?

Frank. Prithee do not use
 A word so much unsuitable to the constant
 Affections of thy Husband : thou shalt live
 Neer *Waltham Abbey*, with thy Unkle *Selman* :
 I have acquainted him with all at large :
 He'll use thee kindly : thou shalt want no pleasures,
 Nor any other fit supplies whatever
 Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
 Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
 Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month !
 Is this to have a Husband ?

Frank. Perhaps oftner :

That's as occasion serves.

Win. I, I, in case
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And see you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'l'd not have us'd me so : 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the childe I go with, that's your own.
And, 'leſs you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how.

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought ; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawleſs affections, threats,
Or what can be ſuggeſted 'gainſt our Marriage,
Shall cauſe me falſifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, *Winnifride*, whenever
The wanton heat of youth by ſubtle baits
Of beauty, or what womans Art can praćtice,
Draw me from onely loving thee ; let Heaven
Inſliet upon my life ſome fearful ruine.
I hope thou doſt believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will reſolve to do
What you think moſt behoofeſul for us.

Frank. Thus then ; make thyſelf ready : at the
furtheſt houſe
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Uncle
Expects you. For a little time farewel.

Win. Sweet,
We ſhall meet again as ſoon as thou canſt poſſiſbly ?

Frank. We ſhall. One kifs. Away.

Ent. Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney.

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Frank. Here Sir.

Sir Art. Alone? then must I tell thee in plain terms, thou hast wrong'd thy Master's house basely and lewdly.

Frank. Your house, Sir?

Sir Art. Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty. You might, Sir, Have found out some more fitting place then here, To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a Maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet? Make her amends and marry her!

Frank. So, Sir,

I might bring both my self and her to beggary; And that would be a shame worse then the other.

Sir Art. You should have thought on this before, and then

Your reason would have overway'd the passion Of your unruly lust. But that you may Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are A Gentleman, and both of you my servants, I'll make the Maid a portion.

Frank. So you promis'd me Before, in case I married her. I know Sir *Arthur Clarington* deserves the credit Report hath lent him; and presume you are A Debtor to your promise: but upon What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me For being somewhat rude.

Sir Art. 'Tis but reason. Well *Frank*, what thinkst thou of 200l. And a continual friend?

Fra. Though my poor fortunes Might happily prefer me to a choice Of a far greater portion; yet to right

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A wronged Maid, and to preferve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Art. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
employ
The use of what you please to give.

Sir Art. Thou shalt have't.

Fran. Then I claim your promife.
We are man and wife.

Sir Art. Already?

Frank. And more then fo, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her Uncle's house,
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, where she may securely
Sojourne, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking.

Sir Art. Honest *Frank.*

Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep
her
Without a daily charge.

Sir Art. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own ; and though I cannot make
thee

A prefent payment, yet thou shalt be fure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions.

Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occasions,
trust my bounty : it shall not sleep. Hast married her,
yfaith *Frank*?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well : then *Winnifride*,
Once more thou art an honest woman. *Frank*,
Thou haft a Jewel. Love her ; she'll deserve it.
And when to *Waltham*?

Frank. She is making ready.
Her Uncle stays for her.

Sir Art. Most provident speed.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.
Thou'l bring her thither?

Fran. Sir, I cannot : newly

My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Art. Marry, and do : I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a fuit t'ye.

Sir Art. What is't ?

Any thing, *Frank*, command it.

Frank. That you'll please,
By Letters to assure my Father, that
I am not married.

Sir Art. How ?

Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry *Winnifride*; on which he threatned
To dif-inherit me, to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your Letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be assur'd.

Sir Art. But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage ?

Frank. Why you were not
A witness to it.

Sir Art. I conceive : and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Art. Provided,
I never was made privy to it.

Frank. Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker ?

Sir Art. Draw thy self the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty *Frank*; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Dispatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually.

Exit.

Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow ; have I caught the
young man ?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At others cost, must be a bold-fac'd guest.

Enter Win. in a riding-suit.

Win. I have heard the news, all now is safe.
The worl'st is past.

Sir Art. Thy lip, wench : I must bid
Farewel, for fashions sake ; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried :
Ha ! was't not *Win* ?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me ;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laun-
dres
Given way to your immoderate waste of Vertue,
You had not with such eagerness purfu'd
The error of your goodness.

Sir Art. Dear, dear *Win*.
I hug this Art of thine, it shews how cleanly
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve,
To practice. It becomes thee, now we share
Free scope enough, without controle or fear,
To interchange our pleasures ; we will surfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting ?

Win. What to do ?
Sir Art. Good, good, to con the lesson of our
loves,
Our secret game.

Win. O blush to speak it further !
As y're a noble Gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous : 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you speak
For trial ; troth you need not.

Sir Art. I for trial ?
Not I, by this good Sun-shine.

Win. Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble,
To think to what a foul and black intent,
You use it for an Oath? Let me resolve you,
If you appear in any Visitation
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused *Thorney*, my kinde husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not throughly perfum'd with sighs
For former deeds of lust: May I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
To see or hear you. I will change my life,
From a loose whore, to a repentant wife.

Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away, fie on't.

Win. My resolution
Is built upon a Rock. This very day
Young *Thorney* vow'd with Oaths not to be
doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound,
Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred Oath set on Record
In Heaven's Book? *Sir Arthur*, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust, the sin
Of Sacrilege: for if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruine
A Temple hallowed to the purity
Of holy Marriage. I have said enough:
You may believe me.

Sir Ant. Get you to your Nunnery,
There freeze in your old Cloyster. This is fine.

Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'll give me
leave
To weep and pray for your conversion.

Sir Art. Yes, away to *Waltham*. Pox on your
honesty.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want mony yet.

Win. None that I'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint:
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint! *Exit Win.*

Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honest! marry hang her. *Thorney* is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too: but fools have fortune.
Exit S. A.

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, and Old Carter.

O. Thor. You offer Mr. *Carter*, like a Gentleman,
I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis so fair.

O. Cart. No Gentleman, I, Mr. *Thorney*, spare
the Mastership, call me by my name, *John Carter*;
Master is a title my Father, nor his before him, were
acquainted with. Honest *Hertforshire* Yeomen, such
an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved
one at all times. I mean to give you no security for
the Marriage-money.

O. Thor. How! no security! although it need
not, so long as you live; yet who is he has surety of
his life one hour! *Men*, the Proverb says, *are mortal*:
else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum
double.

O. Cart. Double, treble, more or less; I tell you,
Mr. *Thorney*, I'll give no security. Bonds and Bills
are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves
busie; my security shall be present payment. And we
here, about *Edmonton*, hold present payment as sure
as an Alderman's Bond in *London*, Mr. *Thorney*.

Raskal to an hairs' breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. Thor. What is the other Gentleman?

O. Cart. One *Somerton*, the honestest man of the two, by 5*l.* in every stone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Estate of land in *West-ham* by *Essex*. *M. Ranges* that dwells by *Enfield*, sent him hither. He likes *Kate* well. I may tell you, I think she likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that *Warbeck* is such another —. I use him kindly for Mr. *Somerton's* sake: for he came hither first as a Companion of his. Honest men, Mr. *Thorney*, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a yeer Ioynture, *Sue*.

Suf. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain?

Suf. Not a whit, Sir.

Should all that use the Seas be reckon'd Captains,
There's not a Ship should have a Scullion in her
To keep her clean.

Warb. Do you scorn me, Mrs. *Sufan*?
Am I a subiect to be jeer'd at?

Suf. Neither

Am I a property for you to use
As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse.
Pray Sir be civil.

Warb. Wilt be angry, Wasp?

O. Cart. God-a-mercy, *Sue*. She'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter Frank.

Mr. *Francis Thorney*, you are welcome indeed. Your Father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful Knight, Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your Master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

O. *Thor.* Now
You come as I could wish.

Warb. *Frank Thorney*, ha !

Suf. You must excuse me.

Frank. Virtuous Mrs. *Sufan*.

Kinde Mrs. *Katherine*. Gentlemen, to both

Salutes them.

Good time o'th' day.

Som. The like to you.

Warb. 'Tis he.

A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man
Stands fair in crossing *Sufan*'s love to me.

Som. I think no lefs. Be wise, and take no notice
on't.

He that can win her, best deserves her.

Warb. Marry

A Servingman ? mew.

Som. Prethee Friend no more.

O. *Cart.* Gentlemen all, there's within a flight
Dinner ready, if you please to taste of it: Mr.
Thorney, Mr. *Francis*, Mr. *Somerton*. Why Girls ?
what, Huswives, will you spend all your forenoon in
tittle-tattles ? away : It's well yfaith. Will you go in,
Gentlemen ?

O. *Thor.* We'll follow presently : my Son and I
Have a few words of businesfs.

O. *Cart.* At your pleasure. *Ex. the rest.*

O. *Thor.* I think you guesfs the reason, *Frank*, for
which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, Sir.

O. *Thor.* I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers dayly
The best part of my whole Estate's encumbred :
Nor have I any Clew to winde it out,
But what occasion proffers me. Wherein
If you should faulter, I shall have the shame,
And you the losf. On these two points relie

Our happiness or ruine. If you marry
With wealthy *Carter's* Daughter, there's a Portion
Will free my Land : all which I will inflate
Upon the marriage to you. Otherwife,
I must be of necessity enforc'd
To make a present sale of all : and yet,
For ought I know, live in as poor distres,
Or worse, then now I do. You hear the sum :
I told you thus before. Have you considered on't ?

Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could wish
To enjoy the benefit of single Freedom,
For that I finde no disposition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That Marriage brings with it ; Yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your Credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.

O. Thor. You have already us'd
Such thriving protestations to the Maid,
That she is wholly yours. And speak the truth,
You love her, do you not ?

Frank. 'Twere pity, Sir,
I should deceive her.

O. Thor. Better y'had been unborn.
But is your love so steady that you mean,
Nay, more, desire to make her your Wife ?

Frank. Elfe, Sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.¶

O. Thor. True,
It were : and you will marry her ?

Frank. Heaven prosper it :
I do intend it.

O. Thor. O thou art a Villain !
A Devil like a Man. Wherein have I
Offended all the Powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceleſs godleſs Son ?

Frank. To me, Sir, this ? O my cleft heart !

O. Thor. To thee,

Son of my curse. Speak truth, and blush, thou mon-
ster,
Hast thou not married *Winnifride* ? a Maid
Was fellow-servant with thee.

Fra. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad. I must out-face it.
O. Thor. D'you study for excuse ? why all the
country
Is full on't.

Fra. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I am sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'refway'd with credulous conceit
Of meer impossibilities. But Fathers
Are priviledg'd to think and talk at pleasure.

O. Thor. Why canst thou yet deny thou hast no
wife ?

Frank. What do you take me for ? an Atheist ?
One that nor hopes the blessednes of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such a make the Marriage-bed an Inne,
Which Travellers day and night,
After a toylsome lodging leave at pleasure ?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of Creations work ? My foul !
O I have liv'd too long,

O. Thor. Thou hast, diftembler ;
Dareft thou persevere yet ? and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the Grave of horror ? I believe thee not.
Get from my sight.

Fran. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witnes then the cleernes
Of an unperish'd conscience ; yet for that
I was enform'd, how mainly you had been
Posseſ'd of this untruth, To quit all scruple
Please you peruse this Letter : 'tis to you.

O. Thr. From whom ?

Fran. Sir *Arthur Clarington* my Master.

O. Thor. Well, Sir.

Fran. On every side I am distract'd ; Am waded deeper into mischief, then vertue can avoid. But on I must : Fate leads me : I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.

O. Thor. Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me, *Frank.* Credulity abus'd me. My tears express my joy : and I am sorry I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas ! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me : so I conceiv'd it.

O. Thor. My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Enter Old Carter.

O. Cart. Why Mr. *Thorney*, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner ? the Company attends your coming. What must it be, Mr. *Frank*, or Son *Frank* ? I am plain Dunstable,

O. Thor. Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she's not alter'd From what I left her at our parting last : Are you, fair Maid ?

Sus. You took too sure possestion Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

O. Cart. Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, *Frank.* The nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and spare not. When's the day ?

O. Thor. To morrow, if you please. To use ceremony
Of charge and custome, were to little purpose :
Their loves are married fast enough already.

O. *Cart.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an houshold Dinner ; and let the Fiddlers go scrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together : no matter for the Guests. To morrow, *Sue*, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now ?

O. *Thor.* We are on all fides pleas'd, I hope.

Suf. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me.

Now my heart is settled.

Frank. So is mine.

O. *Cart.* Your Marriage-money shall be receiv'd before your Wedding-shooes can be pull'd on. Blessing on you both.

Frank. No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T. II. Scæn. I.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, gathering sticks.

Sawy. And why on me ? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By fome more strong in mischiefs then my self ?
Must I for that be made a common slink,
For all the filth and rubbish of Men's tongues
To fall and run into ? Some call me Witch ;
And being ignorant of my self, they go
About to teach me how to be one : urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,

Themselves, their Servants, and their Babes at
nurse.
This they enforce upon me: and in part

Enter O. Banks.

Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adversaries.

O. Bank. Out, out upon thee, Witch.

Sawy. Dost call me Witch?

O. Bank. I do, Witch, I do: and worse I would,
knew I name a more hateful. What makest thou upon
my ground?

Sawy. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

O. Bank. Down with them when I bid thee,
quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Sawy. You won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miser: there
they be. Would they stuck crost thy throat, thy
bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

O. Bank. Sayst thou me so? Hag, out of my
ground.

Sawy. Dost strike me, slave? curmudgeon, now
thy bones aches, thy joynts cramps, and convulsions
stretch and crack thy sinews.

O. Bank. Curse thee, thou Hag! take that, and that.

Exit.

Sawy. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and
arm
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten
Trunk.

Abuse me! beat me! call me Hag and Witch!
What is the name? where and by what Art learn'd?
What spells, what charms, or invocations?
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd?

Enter Young Banks, and three or four more.

Y. Bank. A new head for the Tabor, and silver

tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five lesh of new Bells.

1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye shall have 'em straight in. *Crooked Lane*: double Bells all, if it be possible.

Y. *Bank*. Double Bells? double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpose is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles? not a Mean?

Y. *Bank*. Not one: The Morrice is so cast, we'll have neither Mean nor Base in our company, Fellow *Rowland*.

3. What? nor a Counter?

Y. *Bank*. By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Envile Chafe* Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the disposing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our house, for a Fore-horse, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurnish'd.

3. So much for the Fore-horse: but how for a good Hobby-horse?

Y. *Bank*. For a Hobby-horse? Let me see an Almanack. *Midsummer-Moon*, let me see ye. When the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane, No more. Use your best skill. Your Morrice will suffer an Eclipse.

1. An Eclipse?

Y. *Bank*. A strange one.

2. Strange?

Y. *Bank*. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horse. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horse.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot since he pac'd it from *Envile Chafe* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, cast thy fluff.

Y. *Bank*. Suffer may ye all. It shall be known, I

can take mine ease as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horse where you can get him.

1. *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2. The old Horse shall have a new Bridle.

3. The Caparisons new painted.

4. The Tail repair'd.

1. The Snaffle and the Bosles new saffron'd o're.

1. Kinde :

2. Honest :

3. Loving, ingenious :

4. Affable *Cuddy*.

Y. *Bank*. To shew I am not flint ; but affable, as you say, very well stuft, a kinde of warm Dowe or Puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable *Jack* : let the Hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother *Sawyer*.

1. The old Witch of *Edmonton*. If our mirth be not crofs'd.

2. Blefs us, *Cuddy*, and let her curse her tother eye out. What dost thou ?

Y. *Bank*. *Vngirt, unblefs'd*, says the Proverb. But my Girdle shall serve a riding knit : and a fig for all the Witches in Christendom. What wouldst thou ?

1. The Divel cannot abide to be crofs'd.

2. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3. Away.

4. With the Witch.

Omn. Away with the Witch of *Edmonton*.

Ex. in strange postur.

Sawy. Still vex'd ? still tortur'd ? That Curmudgeon *Banks*

Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd
And hated like a ficknes : made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old Bel-
dames

Talk of Familiars in the shape of Mice,
Rats, Ferrets, Weafels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and fuck'd, some fay, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant: would some power good or bad
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my self,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodnes: be at hate with prayer;
And study Curfes, Imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, Oaths, detested Oaths,
Or anything that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this Miser, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and fucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. "Tis all one,
To be a Witch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, shame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou art mine own.

Sawy. Thine? what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often importun'd to appear to thee, the Devil.

Sawy. Blefs me! the Devil?

Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too well

To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd: have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Sawy. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto Man or Beast,

And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me.

Sawy. Out, alas !
My Soul and Body ?

Dog. And that instantly,
And feal it with thy blood : if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Sawy. I know not where to seek relief : But
shall I
After such Covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me ?

Dog. Ha, ha, silly woman !
The Devil is no lyer to such as he loves.
Didst ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To such as he affects ?

Sawy. When I am thine, at least so much of me,
As I can call mine own.

Dog. Equivocations ?
Art mine or no ? speak, or I'll tear.

Sawy. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.

See, now I dare call thee mine ; [Sucks her arm,
thunder and lightning.
For proof, command me, instantly I'll run,
To any mischief, goodnes can I none.

Sawy. And I desire as little. There's an old
Churl, one *Banks*—

Dog. That wrong'd thee : he lam'd thee, call'd
thee Witch.

Sawy. The same : first upon him I'd be re-
veng'd.

Dog. Thou shalt : Do but name how.

Sawy. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Sawy. Hast thou not vow'd ? Go, kill the slave.

Dog. I wonnot.

Sawy. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha !

Sawy. Dost laugh ?
Why wilt not kill him ?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.
Though we have power, know, it is circumscrib'd,
And ti'd in limits : though he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himself he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now Men
That, as he, love goodnes, though in smalleſt
meaſure,
Live without compaſſ of our reach. His Cattle
And Corn, I'll kill and mildew : but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Curſing and fweareng) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I ſhall.
The Witch of *Edmonton* ſhall fee his fall.
If ſhe at leaſt put credit in my power,
And in mine onely ; make Orifons to me,
And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner ?

Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wiſhest ill ;
Corn, Man or Beast, would ſpoyl or kill,
Turn thy back againſt the Sun,
And mumble this ſhort Orifon :
If thou to death or shame purſue 'em,
Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Saw. *If thou to death or shame purſue 'em,*
Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our firſt-made promises
We'll put in execution againſt *Banks.* *Exit.*

Sawy. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert
Scholar ;
Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,
As well as the beſt of 'em. But who comes here ?

Enter Y. Ba.

The Son of my worſt Foe. *To death purſue 'em,*
Et fanclabecetur nomen tuum.

Y. Bank. What's that she mumbles? the Devils
Pater noster?

Would it were else. Mother *Sawyer*, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that
flout a poor old woman. *To death purfue 'em,*
and sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Y. Bank. Nay, good Gammer *Sawyer*, what e're
it pleases my Father to call you, I know you are
Sawy. A Witch.

Y. Bank. A Witch? would you were else yfaith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. Bank. I would he did.

Sawy. And so in time may you.

Y. Bank. I would I might else. But Witch or
no Witch, you are a motherly woman: and though
my Father be a kinde of God bless us, as they say, I
have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kinde
to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as to
kob you another.

Sawy. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call
me Witch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. Bank. My Father? I am ashamed to own him.
If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money
to buy thee a Playster: and a small courtesie I would
require at thy hands.

Sawy. You seem a good young Man, and I must
dissemble, the better to accomplish my revenge. But
for this filver, what wouldst have me do? bewitch
thee?

Y. Bank. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd
already. I would have thee so good as to unwitch
me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I understand thee not. Be plain, my
Son.

Y. Bank. As a Pike-staff, Mother: you know
Kate Carter.

Sawy. The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What
of her?

Y. Bank. That same Party has bewitch'd me.

Sawy. Bewitch'd thee?

Y. Bank. Bewitch'd me, *Hifce auribus.* I saw a little Devil flic out of her eye like a Burbolt, which sticks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my request is, to fend one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or flick another as fast in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawy. We shall have sport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. Bank. Up to the very hilts, Mother.

Sawy. And thou'ldest have me make her love thee too.

Y. Bank. I think she'll prove a Witch in earnest. Yes, I could finde in my heart to frike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawy. But doft thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Y. Bank. Truely, Mother Witch, I do verily believe so: and when I see it done, I shall be half perfwaded so too.

Sawy. It's enough. What Art can do, be fure of: turn to the West, and whatfoe'er thou hearest or feest, stand silent, and be not afraid. *She stamps.*

Enter the Dog; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. Bank. Afraid, Mother Witch? turn my face to the West? I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. And her little Devil should be hungry, come fneaking behinde me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. Tis woundy cold sure. I dudder and shake like an Aspen-leaf every joyn't of me.

Sawy. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,*
Et fan&tabicetur nomen tuum.

How now, my Son, how is't?

Exit Dog.

Y. Bank. Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobblin and you fpout Latine together?

Sawy. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didst thou hear me?

Y. Bank. I heard I know not the Devil what

mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a Drum that had taken cold in the head the last Muster. Very comfortable words: what were they? and who taught them you?

Sawy. A great learned Man.

Y. Bank. Learned Man? learned Devil it was as soon? But what? what comfortable news about the Party?

Sawy. Who? *Kate Carter?* I'll tell thee, thou knowst the Style at the West-end of thy Father's Peafe-field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-set; and the first live thing thou feest, be fure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. Bank. In the Peafe-field? Has she a minde to Codlings already? The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her.

Sawy. To a fight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her close, and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Y. Bank. At the Style, at the West-end of my Father's Peafe-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine. Nay, and I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go neer to make at Eaglet else. *Exit.*

Sawy. A ball well bandied: now the set's half won:
The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son. *Exit.*

SCÆN 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Care. How now Gentlemen, cloudy? I know Mr. Warbeck, you are in a fog about my Daughters marriage.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir?

Cart. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb ; and Destiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are referred to a richer fortune then my poor Daughter.

Warb. However, your promise.

Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confess it.

Warb. Which honest men should pay.

Cart. Yet some Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the Wench : but patience is the onely salve to cure it. Since *Thorney* has won the Wench, he has most reason to wear her.

Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reason to wear her.

Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wife man will take exception ?

Som. Come, frolick *Ned*, were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

Warb. You hold yours in a string though. 'Tis well : but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage e're long.

Som. In my love to her Sister *Katherine* ? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and should flie at an even length, if she do run after her Sister.

Warb. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a furer compafs. I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man ashore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you : I wish yours more prosperous though.

Cart. Whate're you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

Warb. Yes, as you did to me.

Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the Marriage: and that once seal'd,

Enter Young Thorney and Sufan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the rest to my care. But see, the Bridegroom and Bride comes; the new pair of *Sheffield-Knives* fitted both to one sleath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if some body had their due. But—

Cart. No harsh language, if thou lovest me. *Frank Thorney* has done—

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridegroom.

Warb. Come, give thee joy. Mayst thou live long and happy in thy fair choice.

Y. Thor. I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. *Warbeck*, I find you loving.

Warb. *Thorney*, that creature, (much good do thee with her)

Virtue and beauty hold faire mixture in her. She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were she fairer, Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, *Thorney*, 'Tis noblenes in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal: the success I leave to censure. Farewell, Mrs. Bride: Till now elected, thy old scorne deride. *Exit.*

Som. Good Mr. *Thorney*.

Cart. Nay, you shall not part till you see the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Su. Why change you your face, sweet-Heart?

Y. Thor. Who? I? For nothing.

Suf. Dear, say not so: a Spirit of your constancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Y. Thor. In me?

Suf. In you, Sir. Awake: you seem to dream,

and in your sleep you utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully: you may trust my breast as safely as your own.

Y. Thor. With what? you half amaze me, prithee.

Suf. Come, you shall not; indeed, you shall not shut me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. Thor. And I all thine.

Suf. You are not, if you keep the least grief from me: but I find the cause; it grew from me.

Y. Thor. From you?

Suf. From some distaste in me or my behaviour: you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, silly, and plain; more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.

Y. Thor. Come, in nothing.

Suf. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be fullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak't in a frown: if peevishly too nice, shew't in a smile. Thy liking is the glafs by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. Thor. Wherefore dost weep now?

Suf. You, Sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an *April*-day;
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red.
You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Y. Thor. Change thy conceit, I prithee:
Thou art all perfection: *Diana* herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous *Cupid* fits
Feathering Love-shafts, whose golden heads he dip'd
In thy chaste brest. In the other lies
Blushing *Adonis* scarft in modesties.
And still as wanton *Cupid* blows Love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect Embleme of thy modesty.
Then, prithee Dear, maintain no more dispute ;
For where thou speakest, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suf. Come, come, those golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie up my speech, Sir ; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.

Y. Thor. Then look here ;
For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

Suf. Heaven sheld it : where ?

Y. Thor. In mine own bosom : here the cause has
root ;
The poysoned Leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Suf. You speak Riddles.

Y. Thor. Take't plainly then : 'twas told me by a
woman
Known and approv'd in Palmestry,
I should have two wives.

Suf. Two wives ? Sir, I take it exceeding likely.
But let not conceit hurt you : you are afraid to bury
me ?

Y. Thor. No, no, my *Winnifride*.

Suf. How say you ? *Winnifride* ? you forget me.

Y. Thor. No, I forget my self, *Susan*.

Suf. In what ?

Y. Thor. Talking of wives, I pretend *Winnifride*,
A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me
Before thy self.

Suf. I hope, Sir, she may live to take my place.
But why should all this move you ?

Y. Thor. The poor Girl, she has't before thee, and
that's the Fiend torments me.

Suf. Yet why should this raise mutiny within you ?
such presages prove often false : or say it should be
true ?

Y. Thor. That I should have another wife ?

Suf. Yes, many ; if they be good, the better.

Y. Thor. Never any equal to thee in goodness.

Suf. Sir, I could wish I were much better for
you ;

Yet if I knew your fate

Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added
To my successor.

Y. Thor. Prithee, prithe, talk not of death or
graves ; thou art so rare a goodness, as Death would
rather put itself to death, then murther thee. But we,
as all things else, are mutable and changing.

Suf. Yet you still move in your first sphere of dis-
content. Sweet, chafe those clouds of sorrow, and
shine clearly on me.

Y. Thor. At my return I will.

Suf. Return ! ah me ! will you then leave me ?

Y. Thor. For a time I must : but how ! as Birds
their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home
richer dainties.

Suf. Leave me ? Now has my fear met its
effect.

You shall not, cost it my life, you shall not.

Y. Thor. Why ? your reason ?

Suf. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while
with your false love deluded me ? pretending counter-
feit sensè for your discontent, and now at last it is by
chance flole from you.

Y. Thor. What ? what by chance ?

Suf. Your pre-appointed meeting of single com-
bate with young *Warbeck*.

Y. Thor. Hah !

Suf. Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent.
Then in his look I read it : deny it not ; I see't ap-
parent : cost it my undoing, and unto that my life, I
will not leave you.

Y. Thor. Not until when ?

Suf. Till he and you be Friends.

Was this your cunning ? and then flam me off
With an old Witch, two Wives, and *Winnifride* ?
Y'are not so kinde indeed as I imagin'd.

Y. Thor. And you more fond by far then I ex-
pected.

It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
But of our busines within : and by this kifs,
I'll anger thee no more ; troth Chuck I will not.

Sue. You shall have no just caufe.

Y. Thor. Dear Sue, I shall not. *Exeunt.*

A C T. III. Scæn. I.

Enter Cuddy Banks, and Morice-dancers.

1. **N** Ay, *Cuddy*, prithee do not leave us now :
if we part all this might, we shall not
meet before day.

1. I prithee *Banks*, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wife, a word would serve : but
as you are, I must be forc'd to tell you again, I have
a little private busines, an hours work ; it may prove
but an half hours, as luck may serve ; and then I take
horse and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in
the Morice ?

1. No, no ; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and
the Hobby-horse.

Clow. I'll have a Witch ; I love a Witch.

1. Faith, Witches themselves are so common now
adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They

say we have three or four in *Edmonton*, besides Mother *Sawyer*.

2. I would she would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I ; for if she comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. Well, I'll have a Witch : I have lov'd a Witch ever since I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse dres'd : give him Oats ; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first ?

2. To Sir *Arthur Clarington's* first, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. Well, I am content : but we must up to *Carter's*, the rich Yeoman. I must be seen on Hobby-horse there.

1. O, I smell him now : I'll lay my ears *Banks* is in love, and that's the reasoun he would walk melancholy by himself.

Clow. Hah ! who was that said I was in love ?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to : no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say : believe that.

1. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it : I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to *Carter's* of *Cheffum*. *Banks*, were you not there last Shrovetide ?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but seven dayes in the week ?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon *stila nova*, as a Traveller : thou understandest as a fresh-water Farmer, that never sawest a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in high *Germany*, *Italy*, and those remoter places ?

3. I, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Clow. How now ! who's that speaks ? I hope you have not your reading Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read *Esof's* Fables then ; I have play'd one of your parts then ; the Dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little : What might one call your name, *Dog* ?

Dog. My Dame calls me *Tom*.

Clow. 'Tis well ; and she may call me *Afs* : so there's an whole one betwixt us, *Tom-Afs*. She said, I should follow you, indeed. Well, *Tom*, give me thy fist ; we are Friends : you shall be mine Ingle : I love you ; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. Well, you shall have Jowls and Livers : I have Butchers to my Friends that shall bestow 'em : and I will keep Crufts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, *Tom*.

Dog. Any thing : I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou ? That promise shall cost me a brown Loaf, though I steal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat flossen Goods, *Tom*, will you not ?

Dog. Oh best of all. The sweetest bits, those.

Clow. You shall not starve, *Ningle Tom* ; believe that, if you love Fish, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles ? Oh, sweet bits ! Banqueting stuff, those.

Clow. One thing I would request you, *Ningle*, as you have play'd the Knavish Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance ?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing : I'll be there, but unseen

to any but thy self. Get thee gone before : feare not my presence. I have work to night. I serve more Masters, more Dames then one.

Clow. He can serve *Mammon* and the Devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy Loves purchase :
There's a gallant Rival loves the Maid ;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief
Before the Morrice ends, shall light on him.

Clow. Oh sweet *Ningle*, thy neufe once again.
Friends must part for a time : farewel, with this remembrance ; shalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honest Devil, 'twill be the Devil of *Edmonton*, I fee. Farewell *Tom*. I prithee dog me as soon as thou canst. *Ex. Banks.*

Dog. I'll not mis thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. *Ex. Dog.*

Enter Young Thorney, Winnifride as a Boy.

Frank. Prithee no more : those tears give nourishment
To weeds and briers in me, which shortly will
O'regrow and top my head : my shame will fit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now : thus singled with your self,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about.
Some going before, and some on either side ;
But infinite behinde : all chain'd together.
Your second adulterous Marriage leads ;
That's the sad Eclipse, the effects must follow.
As, plagues of shame, spight, scorn, and obloquy.

Y. Tho. Why ? hast thou not left one hours patience
To add to all the rest ? One hour bears us

Beyond the reach of all these Enemies.
 Are we not now set forward in the flight,
 Provided with the Dowry of my sin,
 To keep us in some other Nation ?
 While we together are, we are at home
 In any place.

Win. 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
 Far worse then Usury or Extortion.

Y. Thor. Let my Father then make the restitution,
 Who forc'd me take the bribe : it is his gift
 And patrimony to me ; so I receive it.
 He would not bleſs, nor look a Father on me,
 Until I fatisſed his angry will.
 When I was fold, I fold my ſelf again
 (Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
 For money, and I have the hire. But, ſweet, no
 more,
 'Tis hazard of discovery, our diſcourse ;
 And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
 For only but to take her leave of me,
 My Wife is coming.

Win. Who coming ? your Wife ?

Y. Tho. No, no, thou art here : the woman ; I
 knew
 Not how to call her now : but after this day
 She ſhall be quite forgot, and have no name
 In my remembrance. See, ſee, ſhe's come.

Enter Sufan.

Go lead the horses to the hills top, there I'll meet
 thee.

Suf. Nay, with your favour, let him ſlay a little.
 I would part with him too, becaufe he is
 Your ſole Companion ; and I'll begin with him,
 Referving you the laſt.

Y. Thor. I, with all my heart.

Suf. You may hear, if it please you, Sir.

Y. Thor. No, 'tis not fit.

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings. And so.

Suf. No, indeed, Sir.

Y. Thor. Tush, I know it must be so, and 'tis
necessary.
On, but be brief.

Win. What charge so'ere you lay upon me,
Mistress,
I shall support it faithfully (being honest)
To my best strength.

Suf. Believe't shall be no other. I know you
were
Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.

Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!
Suf. How now? what ail'st thou, Lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water
still,

Even as you said, *Commended to my Husband*.
Some door I think it was. I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Suf. Whose servant once my *Thorney* was him-
self.

That title methinks should make you almost Fellows,
Or at the least much more then a Servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.
Your love to him then needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do;
'Tis fit it should be bought with someting more
Then fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper
These words to thee, *Thou hast my Jewel with thee*.
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou returnst, with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.
Why, thou art many now, besides thy self:
Thou maist be Servant, Friend, and Wife to him.
A good Wife is then all. A Friend can play
The Wife and Servants part, and shift enough.

No less the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
Enterchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping.

Y. Thor. Not done yet?

Suf. Even now, Sir.

Win. Mistres, believe my vow, your severe eye
Were it present to command; your bounteous
hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more dear or neer unto him,
Then I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, Friend, Wife to him.

Suf. Wilt thou?

Now blessings go with thee for't: courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly, Mistres,
Are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Suf. Sayst thou so?

I would thou hadst a womans bosom now.
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicition:
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my *Thorney*.

Win. Believe it, Mistres,
I'll be no Pander to him; and if I finde
Any loofe lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, protest I'll shew you all.
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Suf. Thine own diligence is that I prefs,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewel: if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.

Y. Thor. Prithee take that along with thee,
Gives his fword.
And haste thee to the hills top; I'll be there instantly.

Ex. Win.
Suf. No haste I prithee, slowly as thou canst.
Pray let him obey me now: 'tis happily his last

Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of
fight.

Y. *Thor.* Why would you delay? we have no
other

Busines now but to part.

Suf. And will not that, sweet heart, ask a long
time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e're I took in hand.

Y. *Thor.* Fie, fie, why look,
I'll make it plain and easie to you: Farewel. *Kisses.*

Suf. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet.
I must have it read over an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

Y. *Thor.* What a Thorne this Rose grows on?
parting were sweet,

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it?

Come, again and again, farewell. Yet wilt return?

Kisses.

All questions of my journey, my stay, impovement,
And revisitation, fully I have answered all.
There's nothing now behinde, but nothing.

Suf. And that nothing is more hard then any
thing,

Then all the every things. This Request.

Y. *Thor.* What is it?

Suf. That I may bring you through one pasture
more

Up to yon knot of trees: amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Y. *Thor.* Why, 'tis granted: come, walk then.

Suf. Nay, not too fast.

They say flow things have best perfection:

The gentle showre wets to fertility.

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beasts take strength, even from the
womb:

But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. *Exeunt.*

*

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden :
The minde's about it now. One touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorne, Sufan.

Y. Thor. Your request is out : yet will you leave
me ?

Suf. What ? so churlishly ? you'll make me stay
for ever,
Rather then part with such a found from you.

Y. Thor. Why you almost anger me. Pray you be
gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early :
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Suf. Tush, I fear none.
To leave you, is the greatest hurt I can suffer :
Besides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to stir when I came after you :
I know they'll not be long.

Y. Thor. So, I shall have more trouble.

Dog rubs him.

Thank you for that. Then I'll ease all at once.
'Tis done now : what I ne'er thought on. You shall
not go back.

Suf. Why ? shall I go along with thee ? sweet
musick !

Y. Thor. No, to a better place.

Suf. Any place, I :
I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.
Y. Thor. At home ? I'll leave you in your last
lodging.

I must kill you.

Suf. Oh fine ! you'd fright me from you.

Y. Thor. You see I had no purpose : I'm unarm'd.

'Tis this minutes decree, and it must be. Look, this will serve your turn.

Suf. I'll not turn from it, if you be earst,
Sir.

Yet you may tell me wherefore you'll kill me.

Y. Thor. Because you are a whore.

Suf. There's one deep wound already : a whore ?
'Twas even further from me then the thought
Of this black hour : a whore ?

Y. Thor. Yes, I'll prove it,
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine. The word admits no seconf.
I was before wedded to another, have her still.
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.
For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it :
I did not purpose to have added murther ;
The Devil did not prompt me : till this minute
You might have safe returned ; now you cannot :
You have dogg'd your own death. [Stabs her.

Suf. And I deserve it.
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent.
'Twas some good Spirits motion. Die ! Oh, 'twas
time !

How many years might I have slept in sin ?
Sin of my most hated too, Adultery ?

Y. Thor. Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was
past ;
For I meant never to return to you
After this parting.

Suf. Why then I thank you more,
You have done lovingly, leaving your self,
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin : and then I come
A Chrystral Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity
Shall with bold Wings ascend the Doors of Mercy ;
For Innocence is ever her Companion.

Y. *Thor.* Not yet mortal ? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.

Suf. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for
me.

I did not think that death had been so sweet ;
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I staid forty years for preparation :
For I'm in charity with all the World.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven ;
Do to this man as I him free forgive.

And may he better die, and better live. *Moritur.*

Y. *Tho.* 'Tis done ; and I am in : once past our
height,
We scorn the deepest Abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the Weapon :
Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not fail,

[*Wounds himself.*
Light scratches giving such deep ones. The best
I can

To binde my self to this Tree. Now's the storm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow.

[*Dog ties him.*
So, so, I'm fast ; I did not think I could
Have done so well behinde me. How prosperous
And effectual mischief sometimes is ! Help, help ;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, and Old Thorney.

Cart. Ha ! Whom tolls the Bell for ?

Y. *Thor.* Oh, oh !

O. *Thor.* Ah me ! the cause appears too soon :
my Child, my Son.

Cart. *Sufan*, Girl, Child. Not speak to thy
Father ? Hah !

Y. *Tho.* O lend me some assistance to o'retake
this hapless woman.

O. *Thor.* Let's o'retake the murtherers. Speak
whilst thou canst ; anon may be too late. I fear
thou hast deaths mark upon thee too.

Y. Thor. I know them both ; yet such an Oath is
pas'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke ;
I dare not name 'em : think what forc'd men do.

O. Thor. Keep oath with murtherers ? that were
a conscience to hold the Devil in.

Y. Thor. Nay, Sir, I can describe 'em ;
Shall shew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimson lin'd ;
Hose of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.

O. Thor. *Warbeck, Warbeck, Warbeck* : Do you
list to this, Sir ?

Cart. Yes, yes, I listen you : here's nothing to be
heard.

Y. Thor. Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black,
Velvet lin'd his Suit.

O. Thor. I have 'em already : *Somerton, Somerton*.
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the first work
Is to pursue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
Thee mangled bodies hence.

Cart. Sir, take that Carcase there, and give me
this.
I'll not own her now ; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb shew ? No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine ; take you halfe that silence for't.
When I speak, I look to be spoken to : forgetful
Slut ?

O. Thor. Alas ! what grief may do now ?
Look, Sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you,
Sir ?

Y. Thor. O, very ill, Sir.

Cart. Yes, I think so ; but 'tis well you can speak
yet.
There's no mufick but in found, found it must be.
I have not wept these twenty yeers before,

And that I guesf was e're that Girl was born :
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we must all help to
grace
The nimble-footed youth of *Edmonton*,
That are so kinde to call us up to day
With an high Morrice.

Warb. I could wish it for the best, it were the
worst now.
Absurditie's in my opinion ever the best Dancer in a
Morrice.

Som. I could rather sleep then see 'em.

Sir Art. Not well, Sir ?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden ; yet I know no
cause for't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition
highly dispos'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may yet have a Morrice to
help both ;
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you set your selves in Morrice-
ray ? the fore-Bell, second Bell, Tenor and Great Bell ;
Maid-marion for the same Bell. But where's the
Weather-cock now ? the Hobby-horse ?

i. Is not *Banks* come yet ? What a spight 'tis ?

Sir Art. When set you forward, Gentlemen ?

i. We stay but for the Hobby-horse, Sir : all our
Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horse should be behinde
your Foot.

2. Yes, Sir : he goes further about : we can come in at the Wicket, but the broad Gate must be opened for him.

Enter Banks, Hobby-horse and Dog.

Sir Art. Oh, we staid for you, Sir.

Clow. Only my Horse wanted a Shooe, Sir : but we shall make you amends e're we part.

Sir Art. I well said, make 'em drink e're they begin.

Ent. serv. with beer.

Clow. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my Horse, he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [Holds him the bowl.] I pray you : No ? not drink ? You see, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the Water ; he may chuse whether he'll drink or no.

Som. A good Moral made plain by History.

1. Strike up, Father *Sawgut*, strike up.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the best foot forward. How now ? not a word in thy Guts ? I think, Children, my Instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Clow. My *Ningle*'s knavery : black *Tom*'s doing.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father *Sawgut* ?

Clow. Why what would you have him do ? You hear his Fiddle is speechless.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Instrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd *The Flowers in May*, e'en now, as sweet as a Violet ; now 'twill not go against the hair : you see I can make no more Mufick than a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me see, Father *Sawgut*, say, once you had a brave Hobby-horse, that you were beholding

to. I'll play and dance too. *Ningle*, away with it.

[*Dog plays the Morrice*; which ended,
enter a *Constable* and *Officers*.]

Omn. I marry, Sir!

Conſt. Away with jollity, 'tis too sad an hour.
Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your own affiance,
In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehension
Of these two Murderers, *Warbeck* and *Somerton*.

Sir Art. Ha! flat Murtherers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And struck my mirth down flat. Murtherers?

Conſt. The accusation is flat against you, Gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. I hope
You'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Ambo. Oh! with all our hearts, Sir.

Clow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's meat. *Tom* told me he was about a piece of Vilany. Mates and Morrice-men, you fee here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has slain the Morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a Gallop. Come, *Ningle*.

Exe.

Fidl. [Strikes his Fiddle.] I? Nay and my Fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongst us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can. *Exe.*

Sir Art. These things are full of horror, full of pity.
But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger; yet howsoever, Sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

Warb. Oh most willingly, Sir.
'Tis a most sweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir ; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conscience.

Sem. Mine stands so upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. Scæn. I.

Enter Old Banks, and two or three Country-men.

O. Bank. **M**Y Horse this morning runs most pitifully of the Glaunders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any Man's here now coming from the Barbers ; and this I'll take my death upon't is long of this Jadiſh Witch, Mother *Sawyer*.

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town of *Edmonton*, thrashing in my Barn together, such Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market ; and examining my Polecat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd : and what Witch have we about us, but Mother *Sawyer* ?

2. Rid the Town of her, else all our Wives will do nothing else but dance about other Country May-poles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters

fall, and Maid-servants fall ; and we our selves shall not be able to stand, if this Beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. Hamlac, with Thatch and a Link.

Haml. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What hast got there ?

Homl. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers : and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a Witch, she'll come running in.

O. Bank. Fire it, fire it : I'll stand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Sawy. Diseases, Plagues ; the curse of an old Woman follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot ?

O. Bank. You hot Whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail ?

I. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove she is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch ; beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Sawy. Shall I be murthered by a bed of Serpents ? help, help !

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, and a Justice.

Omn. Hang her, beat her, kill her.

Just. How now ? Forbear this violence.

Sawy. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hangmen set to torment me I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a Ring-leader in mischief ? Fie, to abuse an aged woman !

O. Bank. Woman ! a She-hell-cat, a Witch : to prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the Thatch of her House, but in she came running, as if the Devil

had sent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder ; which trick as surely proves her a Witch, as the Pox in a snuffling nose, is a sign a Man is a Whore-master.

Fusl. Come, come ; firing her Thatch ? ridiculous : take heed Sirs what you do : unless your proofs come better arm'd, instead of turning her into a Witch, you'll prove your selves starke Fools.

Omn. Fools ?

Fusl. Arrant Fools.

O. Bank. Pray, Mr. Justice what do you call 'em, hear me but in one thing : This grumbling Devil owes me I know no good will ever since I fell out with her.

Sawy. And brakeſt my back with beating me.

O. Bank. I'll break it worse.

Sawy. Wilt thou ?

Fusl. You must not threaten her : 'tis against Law. Go on.

O. Bank. So, Sir, ever since, having a Dun-Cow tied up in my Back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd I cannot chuse, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (saving your Worship's Reverence) my Cow behinde ; That the whole Town of *Edmonton* has been ready to be pifis themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Fusl. And this is long of her ?

O. Bank. Who the Devil else ? for is any man such an Ass, to be such a Baby, if he were not bewitch'd ?

Sir Art. Nay, if she be a Witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

Fusl. Go, go ; pray vex her not : she is a Subject, and you must not be Judges of the Law to strike her as you please.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to strike her.

O. Bank. I, no lips to kifs but my Cows — ♀

Exeunt.

Sawy. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

Fust. Here's none now, Mother *Sawyer*, but this Gentleman, my self and you ; let us to some milde Questions, have you milde Answers ? Tell us honestly, and with a free confession, (we'll do our best to wean you from it) are you a Witch, or no ?

Sawy. I am none.

Fust. Be not so furious.

Sawy. I am none. None but base Curs so bark at me. I am none. Or would I were ; if every poor old Woman be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten, as I am daily, she to be reveng'd had need turn Witch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng'd have sold your Soul to th' Devil.

Sawy. Keep thine own from him.

Fust. You are too fawcie, and too bitter.

Sawy. Sawcie ? by what commission can he send my Soul on the Divel's Errand, more then I can his ? is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thrust it when he list out of door ?

Fust. Know whom you speak to.

Sawy. A Man : perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whose Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am ; and if I be a Witch, more Witch-like.

Sir Art. Y'are a base Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer shee's bruited for a woman that maintains a Spirit that fucks her.

Sawy. I defie thee.

Sir Art. Go, go, I can, if need be, bring an hundred voyces e'en here in *Edmonton*, that shall lowd proclaim thee for a secret and pernicious Witch.

Sawy. Ha, ha !

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Fuſt. Do you laugh ? why laugh you ?

Sawy. At my name : the brave name this Knight gives me, Witch.

Fuſt. Is the Name of Witch fo pleasing to thine Ear ?

Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue gallop on.

Sawy. A Witch ? who is not ?
Hold not that universal Name in scorne then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts ?
Upon whose Eye-lids Lust fits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in sensual hot desires :
Upon whose naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler shapes then can be wrought.

Fuſt. But thofe work not as you do.

Sawy. No, but far worse :
Theſe, by Inchantments, can whole Lordships change
To Trunks of rich Attire : turn Ploughs and Teams
To *Flanders* Mares and Coaches ; and huge trains
Of ſervitors, to a *French* Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole ſtanding ſhops of wares,
To sumptuous Tables, Gardens of ſtolen ſin ?
In one yeer waſting, what farce twenty win.
Are not theſe Witches ?

Fuſt. Yes, yes, but the Law
Casts not an eye on theſe.

Sawy. Why then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame ? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill-favour'd grown with yeers, if ſhe be poor,
Muſt be call'd Bawd or Witch. Such fo abus'd
Are the course Witches : t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And fo is thine.

Sawy. She on whose tongue a whirlwind fits to blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that Scold a Witch ? The Man of Law
Whose honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
(As Bees by tinkling Basons) to swarm to him,
From his own Hive, to work the Wax in his ;
He is no Witch, not he.

Sir Art. But thefe Men-Witches
Are not in trading with Hells Merchandise,
Like fuch as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do fo :
Am I accus'd for fuch an one ?

Sir Art. Yes, 'twill be sworn.

Sawy. Dare any fwear I ever tempted Maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chafity,
To come and lose her honour ? and being lost,
To pay not a Denier for't ? Some flaves have done it.
Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
pieces

Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing fhe speaks,
I know now fhe's a Witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the Fury.

Fuſt. Let's then away :
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

Exeunt.

Sawy. For his confufion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy welcome.
I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
Clap'd all upon me, and for want of thee :
Comfort me : thou fhalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough : I'll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri'd up

With cursing and with madness ; and have yet
No blood to moysten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kifs me, my *Tommy*,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done ? Let's
tickle,

Haft thou struck the horfe lame as I bid thee ?

Dog. Yes, and nip'd the fucking-childe.

Sawy. Ho, ho, my dainty.

My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The Maid has been churming Butter nine
hours ; but it shall not come.

Sawy. Let 'em eat Cheese and choak.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice.

Sawy. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, *Nan Ratcliff*,
Who for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almost had lam'd it ; Did not I charge
thee,

To pinch that Quean to th' heart ?

Dog. Bough, wough, wough : Look here else.

Enter Anne Ratcliff mad.

Ratc. See, see, fee ; the Man i'th' Moon has
built a new Windmill, and what running there's from
all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding !

Sawy. Ho, ho, ho ! I thank thee, my sweet Mun-
grel.

Ratc. Hoyda ! a-pox of the Devil's false Hopper !
all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purses,
and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry
down ! Are not you Mother *Sawyer* ?

Sawy. No, I am a Lawyer.

Ratc. Art thou ? I prithee let me scratch thy

Face ; for thy Pen has fle'd off a great many mens skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation ; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll sue Mother Sawyer, and her own Sow shall give in evidence against her.

Sawy. Touch her.

Ratc. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hose, and they break. There's a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe in my throat : hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. Welcome Serjeants : welcome Devil. Hands, hands ; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, his Son the Clown, Old Ratcliff, Country-fellows.

O. Ratc. She's here ; alas, my poor wife is here.

O. Bank. Catch her fast, and have her into some close Chamber do, for she's as many Wives are, stark mad.

Clow. The witch, Mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil. [Car. her off.]

O. Ratc. O my dear Wife ! help, Sirs !

O. Bank. You see your work, Mother Bumby.

Saw. My work ? should she & all you here run mad, is the work mine ?

Clow. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a Devil of two years old.

Enter Old Ratcliff, and the rest.

How now ? what's become of her ?

O. Ratc. Nothing : she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempest : spight of our strengths, away she brake ; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the Witch, the Witch, the Devil ; she beat out her own brains, and so died.

Clow. It's any Man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. Banks. Masters, be rul'd by me ; let's all to a Justice. Hag, thou haft done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Sawy. *Banks*, I defie thee.

O. Bank. Get a Warrant first to examine her, then ship her to *Newgate* : here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a Witch. You have a Spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a Dog ; we shall see your Cur at one time or other : if we do, unlesſ it be the Devil himself, he shall go howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in another.

Sawy. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst.

Clow. How, Father ? you send the poor dumb thing howling to th' Goal ? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

O. Bank. Why, foolish Boy, doſt thou know him ?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He's baylable I am ſure by Law. But if the Dog's word will not be taken, mine ſhall.

O. Bank. Thou Bayl for a Dog ?

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend. I'll lie by the heels my ſelf, before Puppifon ſhall : his Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. Bank. What manner of Dog is it ? didſt ever ſee him ?

Clow. See him ! yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court foystling Hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tayl ; neither is it a Citizens Water-Spaniel, enticing his Master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilſt his Wife makes Ducks and Drakes at home : this is no *Paris-Garden* Bandog neither, that keeps a Rough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring their Curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they

run away like Sheep: neither is this the black Dog of New-gate.

O. Bank. No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of Hell-gate.

Clow. I say, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A grofs lye as big as my self. The Devil in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple Bar-Laundress, that washes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. Bank. It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother? so am I a Dog: bough, wough, wough: it was I that bark'd so, Father, to make Cocks-combs of thef Clowns.

O. Bank. However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer: away therefore to th' Justice for a Warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your Needle of Witch-craft.

Sawy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish Fools. *Exe.*

Clow. *Ningle*, you had like to have spoyl'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a sudden, I am bewitch'd, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee—a Pox, that Morrice makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not slay. Farewel, *Ningle*; you whoreson Dogs-nose. Farewel Witch. *Exit.*

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worry-ing: run at a fairer Game: that fowl-mouth'd Knight, scurvy Sir *Arthur*, flie at him, my *Tommy*; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting's con-science.

Sawy. That's a fure Blood-hound. Come, let's
home and play.
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Katherine : *a Bed thrust forth, on it Frank in a flumber.*

Kat. Brother, Brother ! So found asleep ? that's
well.

Frank. No, not I, Sister : he that's wounded here,
As I am ; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kat. My good sweet Brother,
(For now my Sister must grow up in you)
Though her losf strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good Love, sit up :
And if you can give Physick to your self,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for ?

Frank. Nothing, nothing ; but I was thinking,
Sister.

Kat. Dear heart, what ?

Fran. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
a bed,
Having this Room to walk in ?

Kat. Why do you talk so ? would you were fast
asleep.

Frank. No, no, I'm not idle :
But here's my meaning : being rob'd as I am,
Why should my Soul, which married was to hers,

Live in divorce, and not flie after her? Why should not I walk hand in hand with death To finde my Love out?

Kat. That were well, indeed. Your time being come, when death is sent to call you, No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I go without calling?

Kat. Yes, Brother, so you might, were there no place To go to when y're gone, but onely this.

Frank. Troth, Sister, thou sayst true: For when a man has been an hundred yeers, Hard travelling o're the tottering bridge of age, He's not the thousand part upon his way. All life is but a wandring to finde home: When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man, Could here his Voyage end; he should not then Answer how well or ill he fleer'd his Soul, By Heaven's or by Hell's Compas; how he put in (Loofing bleis'd Goodnes's shore) at such a fin; Nor how life's dear provision he has spent: Nor how far he in's Navigation went Beyond Commission. This were a fine Raign, To do ill, and not hear of it again. Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beast: For, Sister our dead pay is sure the best.

Kat. 'Tis so; the best or worst. And I wish Heaven To pay (and so I know it will) that Traytor, That Devil *Somerton* (who stood in mine eye Once as an Angel) home to his defervings. What Villain but himself, once loving me, With *Warbeck's* Soul would pawn his own to Hell, To be reveng'd on my poor Sister?

Frank. Slaves! a pair of merciless Slaves! Speak no more of them.

Kate. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure,

I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.

Eat, if you cannot sleep: you have these two days
Not tasted any food. *Fane*, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kat. I have made ready a rosted Chicken for
you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden—yes—

There's one in the house can play upon a Lute:
Good Girl, let's hear him too.

Kat. You shall, dear Brother. *Lute plays.*
Would I were a Musician, you should hear

How I would feast your ear.

Stay, mend your Pillow, and raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high: am I not, Sister, now?

Kat. No, no; 'tis well: fall to, fall to. A Knife:
here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O Sister, I am ill upon a sudden;
and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you shall. The want of Food
makes you so faint. Ha! here's none in your pocket.
I'll go fetch a Knife. *Exit.*

Frank. Will you? 'Tis well, all's well.

[She gone, he searches first one, then the other Pocket.
Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one side:
the Spirit of Susan his second Wife comes to the
Beds-side. He stares at it; and turning to the
other side, it's there too. In the mean time, Winni-
tride as a Page comes in, stands at his Beds-feet
sadly: he frightened, sits upright. The Spirit
vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost Creature.

Frank. So am I too. *Win?* Ah, my She-Page!

Win. For your sake I put on a shape that's false ;
yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.

Frank. Would mine and thine were Fellows in
one house. Kneel by me here : on this side now ?
How dar'l thou come to mock me on both sides of
my bed ?

Win. When ?

Frank. But just now : out-face me, stare upon me
with strange postures : turn my Soul wilde by a face
in which were drawn a thousand Ghosts leap'd newly
from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-
Sheet.

Win. Believe it, I came no neerer to you then
yon place, at your beds-feet ; and of the house had
leave, calling my self your Horfe-boy, in to come, and
visit my fick Master.

Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill
in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest.

But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
Whose noife cannot ceafe fuddainly : why shoud you
Dance at the wedding of a fecond wife ?
When scarce the Mufick which you heard at mine
Had tane a farewel of you. O this was ill !
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their beſt Limbs.

Frank. Winnifride, the Chamber door fast ?

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down ;
And when th'ſt heard me ſpeak, melt into tears :
Yet I to fave thoſe eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In ſtead of Ink, dip'd my ſad Pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad.
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter,
What Gold foere I got, to make it thine.
To please a Father, I have Heaven displeaſ'd.

Striving to cast two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none.
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead: but you have me
full.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and so I
lose thee too.

Win. Oh me !

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

As they whisper, enter at one end o' th' Stage Old Carter and Katharine, Dog at th' other, pawing softly at Frank.

Kat. I have run madding up and down to find
you, being laden with the heaviest News that ever
poor Daughter carried.

Cart. Why? is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you
are told the Murtherer sings in Prison, and he laughs
here.

This Villaine kil'd my Sister: see else, see,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Cart. Blefs me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. What Knife? *Exit Dog.*

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be
you my Carver, Father.

Cart. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil steels our brows after doing
ill!

Frank. My stomack and my sight are taken from
me; all is not well within me.

Cart. I believe thee, Boy: I that have seen so
many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Fore-
heads to strike them sick, yet mine to scape, and be
well! I that never cast away a Fee upon Urinals, but
am as found as an honest mans Conscience when hee's

dying, I should cry out as thou dost, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor Villaine ! Ah my wounded Raſcal ! all my grief is, I have now ſmall hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons ſay, My wounds are dangerous then ?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. Ile go to fetch him : Ile make an holiday to ſee thee as I wiſh. *Exit to fetch Officers.*

Frank. A wondrous kinde old man.

Win. Your fins the blacker, ſo to abuſe his goodneſſ.

Master, how do you ?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy : I have ſuſh odd qualms come 'crosſ my ſtomack ! Ile fall too : boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm ſure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no : a Wing ? would I had Wings but to ſoar up yon Tower : but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that ?

[*Father with her in a Coffin.*]

Cart. That ? what ? O now I ſee her ; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, ſick to the death : and hearing thee to be an excellent Raſcal for letting blood, ſhe looks out at a Cafement, and crys, Help, help, ſtay that man ; him I muſt have, or none.

Frank. For pities ſake, remove her : ſee, ſhe flares with one broad open eye ſtill in my face.

Cart. Thou putteſt both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art ; yet ſee, ſhe is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy ſelf.

Frank. Old man, thou lieſt.

Cart. So shalt thou i'th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou merciless Slave ! she was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou hast torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers.

Exit. Katherine.

Frank. For whom ?

Cart. For thee, sirrah, sirrah : some knives have foolish Posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one ; look, Oh ! it is enameld with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What faist thou to this evidence ? is't not sharp ? does't not strike home ? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, Sir, strike him no more ; you see he's dead already.

Cart. O, Sir ! you held his Horses, you are as arrant a Rogue as he : up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for she's innocent.

Cart. How ? how ? a woman ? is't grown to a fashion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches ?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, Sir, his Page ; but his first onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How ? how ? more fire i'th' Bed-straw ?

Win. The wrongs which singly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplyed : she lost a life, but I, an Husband and my felse must lose, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then ?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me ?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart ! I am mad to lose thee, and know not what I speak : but if thou didst, I must arraigne this Father for two sins, Adultery and Murther.

*Enter Katherine.**Kat.* Sir, they are come.*Cart.* Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all *Middlesex* knows me better for an honest man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honest woman: rife, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your self for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your Trull shall to th' Goal go with you; there be as fine New-gate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.*Frank.* I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.*Exeunt.*

*A C T. V. Scæn. 1.**Enter Mother Sawyer alone.**Sawy.* **S**Till wrong'd by every Slave? and not
Bark in his Dames defence? I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my self bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my self to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd? not see me in three days?
I'm lost without my *Tomalin*: prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far then life;
Thou art my Raven, on whose cole-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: O my best love!
I am on fire, (even in the midst of Ice)

Raking my blood up, till my shrank knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my
Darling,

If in the Aire thou hover'ft, fall upon me
In some dark Cloud ; and as I oft have seen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i'th' Sea ?
Muste up all the Monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them : so that my bulch
Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not : could I run
Like a swift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !
I must then fall to my old Prayer :

Sanctibiceter nomen tuum.

Not yet come ! worrying of Wolves, biting of mad
Dogs, the Manges and the—

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now ! whom art thou cursing ?

Sawy. Thee. Ha ! No, 'tis my black Cur I am
cursing, for not attending on me.

Dog. I am that Cur.

Sawy. Thou lieft : hence, come not nigh me.

Dog. Baugh, waugh.

Sawy. Why doft thou appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the Ghost of my dear love ?

Dog. I am dogged, lift not to tell thee, yet to
torment thee : my whiteness puts thee in minde of
thy winding Sheet.

Sawy. Am I near death ?

Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee.
When the Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at
thy Throat.

Sawy. Off, Cur.

Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly
of an Otter : devours by Sea and Land. Why am I
in white ? didſt thou not pray to me ?

Sawy. Yes, thou dissembling Hell-hound: why now in white more then at other times?

Dog. Be blasted with the News; whiteness is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shews thy old rivel'd face: Villaines are strip't naked, the Witch must be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Sawy. Must she? she shall not; thou art a lying Spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleneys: glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame out-right.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite such as I shall
set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Sawy. I'll sell my self to twenty thousand Fiends,
to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not: thou art so ripe to fall into Hell, that no more of my Kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Sawy. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come, to curse, and rave
and die.

The Glafs of thy fins is full, and it must run out at
Gallows.

Sawy. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confess nothing;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitched them? I'll not confess one
mouthful.

Dog. Chuse, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sawy. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle
up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'l be
condemn'd.

Sawy. Yes, when?

Dog. And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's
Claws, thou'l confess all.

Sawy. Out Dog!

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Dog. Out Witch ! Thy tryal is at hand :
Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing fland.

*The Dog stands aloof. Enter Old Banks, Ratcliff,
and Countrymen.*

O. Bank. She's here ; attach her : Witch, you must
go with us.

Sawy. Whither ? to Hell ?

O. Bank. No, no, no, old Crone ; your Mittimus
shall be made thither, but your own Jaylors shall re-
ceive you. Away with her.

Sawy. My *Tommie* ! my sweet *Tom-boy* ! O thou
Dog ! dost thou now fly to thy Kennel and forfaze me ?
Plagues and Consumptions—— *Exeunt.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Let not the World, Witches or Devils condemn ;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Young Banks to the Dog.*

Clown. I would fain meet with mine Ingle once
more ; he has had a Claw amongst 'um : my Rival
that lov'd my Wench, is like to be hang'd like an
innocent ; a kinde Cur, where he takes ; but where
he takes not, a dogged Rascall. I know the Villaine
loves me : no. [*Barks.*] Art thou there ? that's
Tom's voice, but 'tis not he ; this is a Dog of another
hair : this ? bark and not speak to me ? not *Tom* then :
there's as much difference betwixt *Tom* and this, as
betwixt white and black.

Dog. Haft thou forgot me ?

Clown. That's *Tom* again : prithee Ningle speak,
is thy name *Tom* ?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old Dame *Sawyer*, 'twas :
I'm gone from her now.

Clown. Gone ? away with the Witch then too :
she'll never thrive if thou leav'ft her ; she knows no
more how to kill a Cow, or a Horse, or a Sow, with-
out thee, then she does to kill a Goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be kill'd for what she has done: she's shortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the Gallows, *Tom.*

Dog. Right: I serv'd her to that purpose, 'twas part of my Wages.

Clown. This was no honest Servants part, by your leave *Tom*: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and so I us'd thee doggedly, not divellishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.

The Wench thou seek'ſt after, thou never spakeſt with, But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeness. Ha, ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of Women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those course Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Louſe or Flea?

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It feems you Devils have poor thin souls, that you can beſtow your ſelves in ſuch ſmall bodies: but pray you *Tom*, one question at parting, I think I ſhall never fee you more; where do you borrow thoſe Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-shape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. Why wouldſt thou know that? fool, it availes thee not.

Clown. Onely for my mindes fake, *Tom*, and to tell ſome of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art fo distant

From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths, Curses and Blafphemies pull him to thine Elbow:

Thou never telst a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purpos
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue flaundering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee : thou play'ft, he bets upon thy
part ;

Although thou lofe, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clown. I ? then he comes in the shape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of some selfe-strangled
wretch

Will sometimes borrow, and appear humane
The Carcase of some disease-flain strumpet,
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first Beauty.
Didst never hear ? if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clow. Yes, I am partly a witness to this, but I
never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, *Tom* ;
well, againe I thank thee, *Tom*, for all this counsel,
without a Fee too ; there's few Lawyers of thy minde
now : certainly *Tom*, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me ? for what ?

Clow. Were it not possible for thee to become an
honest Dog yet ? 'tis a base life that you lead, *Tom*, to
serue Witches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harm-
leſs Cattle, to flroy Corn and Fruit, &c., 'twere better
yet to be a Butcher, and kill for your ſelf.

Dog. Why ? theſe are all my delights, my pleaſures,
fool.

Clow. Or *Tom*, if you could give your minde to
ducking, I know you can ſwim, fetch and carry, ſome
Shop-keeper in *London* would take great delight in
you, and be a tender maſter over you : or if you have
a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I
could prefer you to *Mal-Cutpurſe*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! I should kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, *Tom*, but you must play fair, you should be stav'd off else : or if your stomach did better like to serve in some Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit, your labour could not be much ; when they have Roast-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most, here you might lick your own Toes very well : Or if you could translate your self into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty Offices ; but to creep under an old Witches Coats, and fuck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't ! I have heard beastly things of you, *Tom*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! The worse thou heardst of me, the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, Fool, at the self-same rate ?

Clow. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first ; I know thy qualities too well, Ile give no fuck to such Whelps ; therefore henceforth I defie thee ; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a filly Soul.
I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness ;
There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance :
Serve some Briarean Footcloth-strider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, shall pull down hundreds

To drop and sink with him : I'll stretch my self,
And draw this Bulk small as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the least pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for : hence filly fool,
I scorn to prey on such an Atome foul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur ; I will beat thee out of the bounds of *Edmonton*, and to morrow we go in Procession, and after thou shalt never come in againe : if thou goest to *London*, I'll make thee go

about by Tiburn, stealing in by Theeving Lane: if thou canst rub thy Shoulder against a Lawyers Gown, as thou passest by *Westminster-Hall*, do; if not, to the Stayers amongst the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee.

Exeunt Y. Banks, Dog barking.

Enter Justice, Sir Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Fust. Sir *Arthur*, though the Bench hath mildly censur'd your Errors, yet you have indeed been the Instrument that wrought all their misfortunes: -I would wish you pay'd down your Fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it; but I am glad these Gentlemen are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you safe.

Noife within.

Fust. How now! what noyse is that?

Cart. Young *Frank* is going the wrong way: Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Y. Thorney and Holberts. Enter as to see the Execution, *O. Carter, O. Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride weeping.*

O. Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him: to pres neerer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be joyn'd

But in eternity. I share too much of him that's going thither.

Cart. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault : I grieve to see

Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was shame ;

Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

O. Thor. Daughter, grieve not for what necessity forceth ; rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints !

Win. My griefes are strong upon me : my weakness scarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her ! hang her, Witch !

Enter Sawyer to Execution, Officers with Holberts, country-people.

Cart. The Witch, that instrument of mischief ! did not she witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor Daughter ? do you hear, Mother Sawyer ?

Sawy. What would you have ? cannot a poor old woman have your leave to die without vexation ?

Cart. Did not you bewitch *Frank* to kill his wife ? he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawy. Who doubts it ? but is every Devil mine ? Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces : *Tom* would have don't before he left me.

Cart. Thou did'st bewitch *Anne Ratcliff* to kill her self.

Sawy. Churl, thou ly'st ; I never did her hurt : would you were all as neer your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it.

Countr. I'll be sworn, *Mr. Carter*, she bewitched
Gammer *Washbowl's* Sow, to cast her Pigs a day
before she would have farried; yet they were sent up
to *London*, and sold for as good *Westminster* Dog-Pigs,
at *Bartholomew Fair*, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife
longed for.

Sawy. These Dogs will mad me: I was well
resolv'd
To die in my repentance; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might: yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience
Is fetled as it shall be: all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at last hee'l cheat
you.

Cart. Th'adst best confess all truly.

Sawy. Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my Prayers?
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned Conjurer like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away!

Enter Frank to Execution, Officers, Justice, Sir Arthur,
Warbeck, Somerton.

O. Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must
meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then mis-fortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good Sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

O. Thor. *O Frank, Frank!*
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was act'd.

Frank. To look upon your sorrows, executes me
before my Execution.

Win. Let me pray you, Sir.

Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh for thee,
As he that's onely loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope; nor to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodnes from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, *Winnifride*;
Be that thy comfort.

O. Thor. Let it be thine too.
Untimely lost young man.

Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murthers of Reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd; then though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remediless:
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fact,
Then I my self have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my Child hood:
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monstrous to be nam'd; yet they are mon-
strous.

O. Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.
Win. It speaks

How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my last breath: now this Repentance makes
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow,
Is clearly cancell'd : might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happiness :
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preserve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy ashes
A Widows duty, calling that end best,
Which though it slain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman ; do not
weep :
Farewel. Thou dost forgive me ?

Win. 'Tis my part
To use that Language.

Frank. Oh that my Example
Might teach the World hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather chuse to marry
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues !
Are you there, Gentlemen ? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd : you most ;
I rob'd you of a Daughter ; but she is
In Heaven ; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, she's in Heaven, and I am glad to see
Thee so well prepared to follow her :
I forgive thee with all my heart ; if thou
Had'st not had ill counsel, thou would'st not have
Done as thou didst ; the more shame for them.

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak : I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am sorry for you.

Warb. And so am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her sake, who, I am
sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too : I am ashamed
of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and send me to my
Grave in peace. *Sir Arthur,* Heavens send you a

new heart. Lastly to you, Sir ; and though I have' deserv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave upon my knees, to beg a blessing.

O. Thor. Take it : let me wet thy Cheeks with the last
Tears my griefs have left me. *O Frank, Frank,*
Frank!

Frank. Let me beseech you, Gentlemen, to
Comfort my old Father ; keep him with yee ;
Love this distrefled Widow ; and as often
As you remember what a gracieles man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better Fate,
Then fuch a Son or Husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis just
That Law shou'd purge the guilt of blood and lust. *Exit.*

Cart. Go thy ways : I did not think to have shed
one tear for thee, but thou haft made me water my
plants spight of my heart. *M. Thorne*, chear up,
man ; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not want
help to keep you from falling. We have lost our
Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot
help it : better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, Sir ; you are more kinde
then I have caufe to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. Somerton, is *Kate* yours or no ?

Som. We are agreed.

Kat. And, but my Faith is paſſ'd, I ſhould fear to
be married, Husbands are ſo cruelly unkind : excuse
me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou haſt have no caufe.

Cart. Take comfort Miftris *Winnifride*. Sir
Arthur,

For his abufe to you, and to your Husband,
Is by the Bench enjoyn'd to pay you down
A thouſand Marks.

Sir Art. Which I will foon diſcharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a ſum to be imploym'd upon
my Funeral.

The Witch of Edmonton. 427

Cart. Come, come, if luck had serv'd, *Sir Arthur*, and every man had his due, somebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines : like it as you list. Come to me *Winnifride*, shalt be welcome : make much of her, *Kate*, I charge you : I do not think but she's a good Wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to *Edmonton* with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Fuſt. Joyn Friends in sorrow ; make of all the best : Harms past may be lamented, not redreſt. *Exeunt.*



EPILOGUE.

Wtn. **I** *Am a Widow still, and must not sort
A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some Widows finde, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kinde word for me.*

P H E N.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Virgin Martir.

Of this tragedy there are four editions in quarto (1622, 1631, 1651, and 1661); the last of which is infinitely the worst. The plot is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being everywhere, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

PAGE 8.

So well hath flesh'd his maiden fword.

A curious coincidence of expression with Shakespeare (Hen. IV.) :

“ Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden fword.”

PAGE 9.

Send your fair daughters.

Gifford suggests that we should read “ send for your fair daughters.”

PAGE 13.

*In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usefull;*

There is an allusion to Virgil in the opening of this Speech :—

Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt
Moliri, &c.

PAGE 13.

*And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius.*

It is said that Perseus sent to desire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly : “The favour he asks of me is in his own power : he can procure it for himself.”

PAGE 15.

Fair Venus son, draw forth a leaden dart.

The idea of this double effect is from Ovid :—

Filius huic Veneris ; Figit tuus omnia, Phebe,
Te meus arcus ait :—Parnassi constitit arce,
Eque sagittifera promisit duo tela pharetra
Diverforum operum : fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acuta ;
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.

Met. lib. I. 470.

PAGE 18.

Was almost dead with fear.

The reading of the first quarto is *drad*, which may perhaps be genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb, *Procul a Jove, sed procul a fulmine.*

PAGE 20.

*and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee.*

From the Latin : *ne sis mihi tutor.*

PAGE 27.

Gladst thou in such scorn ?

Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr. Monck Mason

reads, “*Gaddest thou in such scorn?*” He may be right; for Macrinus is evidently anxious to pass on; the reading of the text, however, is that of all the old copies.

PAGE 29.

This Macrinus

The time is, upon which love errands run

Mr. Monck Mason reads “line” instead of *time*. The allusion is to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. Gifford had altered the word to “twine” before he saw Monck Mason’s emendation.

Ib.

To passh your Gods in peeces.

This word is used again in the fourth act. It is now obsolete, which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. Perhaps the latest instance of its use in a proper sense is in the following passage of Dryden:—

“ Thy cunning engines have with labour raised
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and *passh* thee.”

PAGE 31.

And arm, owing Cæsarea.

Gifford reads “awing.”

PAGE 34.

Sirra, bandog,

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter, &c.

A *bandog*, as the name imports, was a dog so fierce as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this play), and always with a reference to their savage nature. If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears; and with the decline of bear-baiting, probably, the animal fell into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic purpose. (See also *The Witch of Edmonton*, pp. 405, 421.)

PAGE 49.

It is the ancientst godling; do not fear him.

So all the old copies: but Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "patient'ft."

PAGE 55.

And to bear money to a sort of rogues.

i. e. fet, parcel, lot. The word occurs so frequently in this sense in our old writers that it is unnecessary to give any examples of it.

Ib.

before that peeving Lady

Had to do with you.

"Peevish" is *foolish*. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant: "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way." Malone was mistaken in supposing this to be one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that she meant to say *precise*. Again, in *God's Revenge against Adultery*: "Albemare kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally *peevish* as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

PAGE 61.

O treasure, &c.

Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "To treasure," and remove the note of interrogation at the end of the second line.

PAGE 62.

you hitherto

Have still had goodness spar'd within your eyes
Let not that orb be broken.

Sparr'd is *shut up*, *enclosed*. But the word *orb* in the last line suggests "sphered" as the more appropriate and probably the correct reading. This emendation was suggested by Monck Mason and adopted by Gifford.

PAGE 65.

ANG. *They are come, sir, at your call.*

Gifford assigns this speech to Macrinus.

PAGE 69.

if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

To buck is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth plank or stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the sides.

PAGE 71.

*Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.*

This is a beautiful allusion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus (lib. ii. Eleg. 6). Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the shafts of the other.

PAGE 73.

*your fain'd Hesperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it.*

See Massinger's *Emperor of the East* (1632), act iv. sc. 2:—

“ Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards
So strongly guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them.”

PAGE 77.

*As a curious Painter
When he has made some admirable piece.*

Instead of *admirable*, the later quartos have “honourable,” and even Gifford has overlooked the true reading of the first edition in this passage.

PAGE 80.

He's at Barli-break, and the laft couple are now in hell.

To the amusement of *barley-break* allusions occur repeatedly in our old writers. (See Dekker's *Honest Whore*, vol. ii. p. 85, 374.) This celebrated pastime was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the

middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities ; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this catching, however, there was some difficulty, as by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard-pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be "in hell," and the game ended.

PAGE 84.

EP. *This happy match, &c.*

Gifford assigns this speech to Maximinus. It is, he says, evident that the King of Epire cannot be the speaker.

PAGE 113.

The Feild of Happiness.

The name bestowed upon this pageant, as is remarked by Malcolm (*Londinium Redivivum*, vol. ii.), "is a quibble upon the name of the mayor, Campbell, reversed into the French words *le bell* or *beau-champ*, a beautiful field or country ; to which were invited, and hither came, Titan, Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver, and Eftas, from their blissful fields, to ride through the dirty streets, and a crowd who knew them not." From an examination of the books of the Ironmongers' Company, he adds, "the sum paid for these pageants, including every expense, was £180. The sea-lion and estridge were preserved, and placed in the hall (of the company), and thirty-two trumpeters were employed."

In Strype's *Stow* we are told that Sir James Campbell was son of Sir Thomas Campbell, ironmonger, who was mayor in 1609, to whom Dekker alludes in the dedication to the pageant here reprinted, and who was himself "son to Robert Campbell, of Fulham, in Norfolk."

A copy of this rare pageant, with two leaves in manuscript in the handwriting of Mr. Rhodes, was sold with the rest of his library, April, 1825 ; this copy is now in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier. A perfect copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

It should be mentioned that two-thirds of the original title-page is occupied by a large woodcut of the ironmongers' arms, which have so encroached upon the usual space, that no imprint appears in either of the copies above alluded to.

PAGE 118.

Sr. John Shaw.

Lord Mayor in 1501.

PAGE 120.

the wilde boare has tuked up his vine.

An allusion to the famous thirty years' war at this time raging on the continent of Europe. It had commenced in 1619, when Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who married the daughter of James the First, accepted the crown of Bohemia. The war was considered as a religious one—a struggle between Catholic and Protestant interests, and was always warmly and favourably advocated in this country, many high-spirited young Englishmen going to fight at their own expense in the cause of the Elector and his wife, who was known as the "Queen of hearts," from her engaging manners.

Dekker's simile is obtained from Psalm lxxx., verses 8 and 13: the vine is the church, or the true faith; the wild boar its enemies.

PAGE 121.

the French Company.

According to Lewis Roberts' *Merchant's Map of Commerce*, 1638, this company traded to France with cloths, kerseys, and bays of English manufacture, and galls, silks, and cottons, from Turkey; their imports being buckrams, canvas, cards, glafs, grain, linens, salt, claret, and white wines, wood, oils, almonds, pepper, with some silk stuffs, and some other petty manufactures. It was an insignificant commercial intercourse, and the company does not appear to have been incorporated.

Ib.

this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life).

This notice, and that on the same page of the "effridge cut

out of timber to the life," are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures used in the pageants; but Gerard Christmas, who was employed in the construction of this year's pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that these figures frequently re-appeared in other years.

PAGE 122.

thunder and lightning.

These words show that some attention to theatrical effects was occasionally indulged in.

PAGE 123.

Sparrowbils to cloute Pan's shoone.

The modern way of spelling the name still given to these nails is *sparables*. Dekker has here given us the true etymology: the name appears to have been derived from their resemblance to the sharp bill of the sparrow.

Ib.

a golden handle make for my wifes fan.

The ladies' feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the most costly kind, as those who have visited the Exhibition of Fans at South Kensington will remember. In the notes to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this subject, and some few engravings of costly fan handles. Steevens says, "mention is made in the *Sydney Papers* of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds."

PAGE 124.

found, in the last line but three, should most probably be *bound*.

PAGE 127.

Go on in your full glories.

In the original it is "Good in your full glories," but this is evidently wrong.

Gerard Chrifmas.

In Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (Dallaway's edition), the best account of this artist occurs. Speaking of Bernard Janfen, who built the greater part of Northumberland House, he says:—“Before the portal of that palace was altered by the present Earl, there was, in a frieze near the top, in large capitals, C. AE., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at the period when the house was built lived Chrifmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Aldersgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the First on horseback, and thence concluded that those letters signified *Chrifmas AEdificavit*. Janfen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Chrifmas.” In a note is added:—“It may be presumed that Gerard Chrifmas was as much sculptor as architect, and, like Nicholas Stone, was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton House (as it was called when first built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profusely ornamented with rich scrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices.”

Brayley (*Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 277) says:—“The entrance gateway still exhibits the original work of Gerard Chrifmas, and is a curious example of his time.”

He was very frequently employed by the city in the construction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their shows, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His sons succeeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honour. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet describing the great ship built at Woolwich.

LODOWICK CARLELL.

Lodowick Carlell was himself a dramatist of no inconsiderable merit. A list of his plays and some account of his life may be found in Langbaine, Gildon, Cibber, and the other dramatic biographers.

PAGE 222.

And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtilloes.

i.e. probably "puntos and putilios." Such a mistake was very easy in printing from a manuscript. The Hostess in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* both use *punto* as a term in fencing.

Ib.

*my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchen chimney, not my nose.*

So in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" You keep your chimnies smocking there, *your nostrils.*"

PAGE 224.

Genoway.

i.e. Genoese.

PAGE 225.

By casting of thy water.

This was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine : it occurs again in Act 2. See *Macbeth* :

" If thou couldst, Doctor, *cast*

The water of my land, find her disease."

And *The Puritan*, Act iv. sc. 1. " There's physicians enough there to *cast his water.*"

PAGE 230.

In such a sea of troubles.

In all probability borrowed from *Hamlet's* famous soliloquy.

PAGE 231.

Commend me to this Angelica.

The Angelica here alluded to, is the renowned princess of Cathay, whose beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. She is called by Milton "the fairest of her sex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphonina to her on this account.

PAGE 236.

I know all, but play on none: I am no Barber.

Barbers, in our author's time, were supposed to be universally able to play on the lute or cittern.

PAGE 242.

I me cut i'th' coxcombe.

"Cut i' the coxcomb," and "cut i' the back" were common phrases when speaking of one drunk.

PAGE 255.

*any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies.*

i.e. misshapen, deformed. In the third part of King Henry VI. the Queen calls Richard

"A foul misshapen *stigmatic*,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,"
And in the *Comedy of Errors*, Adriana says :
" He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worse body'd, shapless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind."

PAGE 267.

*A moath that eats up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after; he's a broker.*

This affords an explanation of a passage in Massinger's play, *A New Way to pay Old Debts* :—

" Over. I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security
And suddenly by mortgage, or by statute
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your *lavender robes* to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a pawn-broker's.

*Ib.**he may be fir'd.*

i.e. afflicted with the venereal disease, which was then called the *brenning*, or burning disease.

PAGE 275.

What sayes my moist moist-handed sweete Lady.

A moist hand in a woman is supposed to indicate a luxurious temperament. So in *Othello*:

"This hand is *moist*, my lady;

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication," &c.

PAGE 277.

But not with the manner my Lady.

A thief who is taken with the stolen goods about his person is in law, said to be "taken with the manner," and is not bailable: Vanni's intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

PAGE 279.

He'e le prove a lustie Larrence.

This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on these occasions. It is found in *The Captain and Tamer Tamed* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

PAGE 285.

I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.

So Shakespeare in *Richard II*:

"Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know

Thus high at least although your knee be low."

PAGE 289.

To the Right Honorable Thomas Wriatheſſly, Earle of Southampton,

Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, succeeded his father

Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. He was eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Russell. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

PAGE 290.

Theophilus Bird.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars." He probably played in *The Lady's Trial* by Ford, to which, as also to Dekker and Ford's *Witch of Edmonton*, he wrote a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the Puritans had enabled them to close the theatres and confine the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ib.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of *The City Madam* from what he calls "the teeth of time."

PAGE 299.

Though I die in totters.

i.e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

PAGE 300.

Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand.

See *Notes and Queries* (3rd S. xi, June 15, 1867, p. 478).

PAGE 301.

The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Gifford considered this an evident misprint for "beams," which word, he, and Mr. Dyce after him, have substituted in the text.

PAGE 301.

To grant what ere thou faist for.

Gifford and Dyce read "fuest."

PAGE 302.

We must descend and leave a while our sphere, &c.

"The 'sphere,' says Gifford, "in which the 'lord of light' appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, *flamas imitante pyropo*, his solar majesty was distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet; but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his *shape* might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Dekker."

PAGE 304.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail, &c

This is a variation of the beautiful song of Trico in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, which runs as follows:—

" What bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
 O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
 ' Jug, jug, jug, jug, Teren,' she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rife.
 Brave prick-song ! who is't now we hear ?
 None but the lark, so shrill and clear ;
 How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note ;
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
 ' Cuckoo !' to welcome in the spring."

PAGE 307.

For shooting glances at her.

Mr. Dyce reads "glances," which is in all probability correct.

Ib.

FOL. *What bird?*

SOL. *A Ring-tayl.*

So in the quarto ; but doubtless Humour asks the question and Folly makes the reply.

PAGE 308.

a Spanish pike.

i.e., a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissars, *needles*, &c., were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene : "He [the tailor] had no other weapon but a plain Spanish needle," &c.

Ib.

What's hee that looks so smickly ?

i.e., so finically, so effeminately. Ford has the word in *Fame's Memorial* :

"he forsook
The smicker use of court humanity."

PAGE 310.

not a Lark that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf, &c.

"I attribute," says Gifford, "without any scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Dekker. Ford, rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets."

PAGE 311.

take this and travel, tell the world.

Gifford and Dyce read, "travel through the world."

PAGE 312.

And in the midle Orpheus shall sit and weep.

Qy? midſt. The previous Speech of *Humour* is hopelessly corrupt.

PAGE 317.

*If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.*

i.e. fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.

Ib.

Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Gifford reads “jocund;” and suggests “joyfome” as an alternative reading nearer the sound of the word in the old text.

PAGE 318.

I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa—

This bombast is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer from Shakespeare to Dekker. The *cobnut* of Africa is less familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but we know of no fruit with that specific name.

PAGE 321.

*He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising, &c.*

Gifford assigns this Speech to Delight. The quantity of the second line may be set right by the insertion of “fo” after the verb.

PAGE 323.

*he stole from them such store
Of light, he shone more bright then e're before.*

Gifford reads “of lights, he shone;” the mistake, he considers,

was occasioned by transferring the *s* from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

PAGE 326.

With what an earnestnes/s he complies
Mr. Dyce reads "compliments."

PAGE 328.

These are the Peans which we sing to him,
And ye wear no bays, &c.

Weber reads "And yet we wear no bays." "I think," says Gifford, "this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn exprefs his devotion to the Sun, observes that he does not wear the *inſignia* of that deity, 'And yet ye wear,' &c.; to which the other replies with a boast of his attachment to Bacchus, 'our cups are only,' &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text." Nor did Mr. Dyce deem it advisable to do so.

Ib.

Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.

There is very little doubt we should read "clad" here instead of *call'd*.

PAGE 333.

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:

"Here," says Gifford, "the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of *The Sun's Darling*; and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus* than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no rela-

tion whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed."

PAGE 334.

What such murmurings does your gall bring forth.

Gifford, following Weber, reads "fullen murmurings," and adds "What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the former edition reads 'fullen,' to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is loud and violent. With a different pointing, the old text might stand."

PAGE 337.

and Turtle-footed Peace

Dance like a Fairie through his realms.

This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury" is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*;

"The throat of War be stopp'd within her land,
And *turtle-footed Peace* *dance* *fairy-rings*
About her court," &c.

Ib.

To feel the ice fal from my crisled skin;

"This word," says Gifford, "is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh*."

PAGE 338.

The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure.

Between this line and that which follows in the text something is evidently lost.

PAGE 341.

his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table.

An inferior table provided in some inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students.—GIFFORD. Probably also a play on the word *Dunstable* (*vide infra*, p. 448).

PAGE 345.

The Witch of Edmonton: a known true Story Composed into a Tragi-Comedy By divers well-esteem'd Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

This tragi-comedy, though not published till 1658, appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623. There is a rude wooden cut on the original title, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog—and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Dekker is placed between those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Ford. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add an “&c.” With these we need not meddle, and we may venture to dismiss Rowley with the allowance of an occasional paſſage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked.

PAGE 347.

W. Mago }
W. Hamluc } two Country-men.

W. Mago and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

PAGE 353.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.

In the original quarto, the first *a* is wanting. Gifford and Dyce insert “thy” in brackets.

PAGE 354.

But what is that to quit.

Gifford and Dyce read "But what is there to quit."

PAGE 355.

Had not my Laundrefs

Given way to your immoderate waste of Virtue.

For *laundrefs* Mr. Dyce suggests we should read "lewdness;" as in the fifth act (p. 422) Winnifrede speaks of her "lust." "The 'laundrefs' and the 'immoderate waste of *virtue*' of Sir Arthur," says Gifford, "are either fragments of lost lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original." Laundrefes may have sometimes had their office to perform in such cases, but the "waste" they had to deal with was of a different description. It is curious that the word is used correctly in a later passage of the same play (page 406): "any Temple Bar *Laundrefs*, that washes and wrings Lawyers."

PAGE 356.

There freeze in your old Cleyfer.

Gifford would read "cold."

PAGE 364.

I am plain Dunstable.

i. e. blunt and honest.

PAGE 365.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

"Thus far," says Gifford, "the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be set down without hesitation to the credit of Dekker."

Ib.

Forespeaks their Cattle.

A very common term for *bewitch*. Thus Burton:—"They are surely *forspoken*, or bewitched."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*. And Jonson, in the *Staple of News*:—"Pray God some on us be not a *witch*, gossip, to *forspeak* the matter thus."

PAGE 367.

Crooked Lane

led from Eastcheap to Fish-street-hill, opposite the Monument.

PAGE 374.

I'll go neer to make at Eaglet else.

Gifford and Dyce read “to make a taglet.”

PAGE 375.

She'll keep a surer compas.

The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise—that is, with a certain elevation—were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

PAGE 377.

In thy chaste brest.

The break in the line probably indicates that the compositor could not make out the word in the manuscript. “The florid and overstrained nature of Frank’s language,” says Gifford, “which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Sufan. If this part of the act be given to Dekker (as I believe it must be), it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought.”

PAGE 383.

if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-Church.

Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

PAGE 387.

*Some door I think it was.**i. e. dor*, a cockchafer or beetle.

PAGE 391.

I'll not turn from it, if you be earft, Sir.

Qr.—“earnest?”

PAGE 404.

Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hose, and they break.

Paned hose were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured cloth or stuff, occasionally intermixed with strips of silk or velvet stitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be seam-rent.

Ib.

You see your work, Mother Bumby.

Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Llyl's comedies, of which she is the heroine ; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.

PAGE 405.

this is no Paris-Garden Bandog neither.

A fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. *Paris-garden*, where these brutal sports were regularly exhibited, was situated on the Bankside in Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, so that there was a delectable communion of amusements. Ben Jonson adverts to this with great bitterness. The *garden* is said to have had its name from one *De Paris*, who built a house there in the reign of Richard II.

PAGE 406.

neither is this the black Dog of Newgate.

There is a tract, in prose and verse, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled *The Black Dog of Newgate*; and we learn from Hemistow's *Diary* that there was a play by Hathway, Day, Smith, &c., with the same title.

PAGE 415.

*so that my bulch
shew but his swarth cheek to me.*

Literally, a calf ; sometimes used, as here, for an expression of kindness ; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.

Serve some Briarean Footcloth-Strider.

Footcloths were the ornamental housings or trappings flung over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. The allusion to "the Dragons Tayl," in the seventh line of the speech, is to Revelation, xii. 4.

THE END.



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